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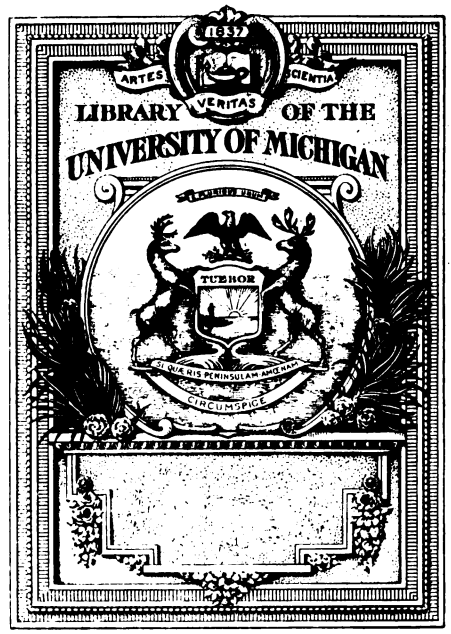
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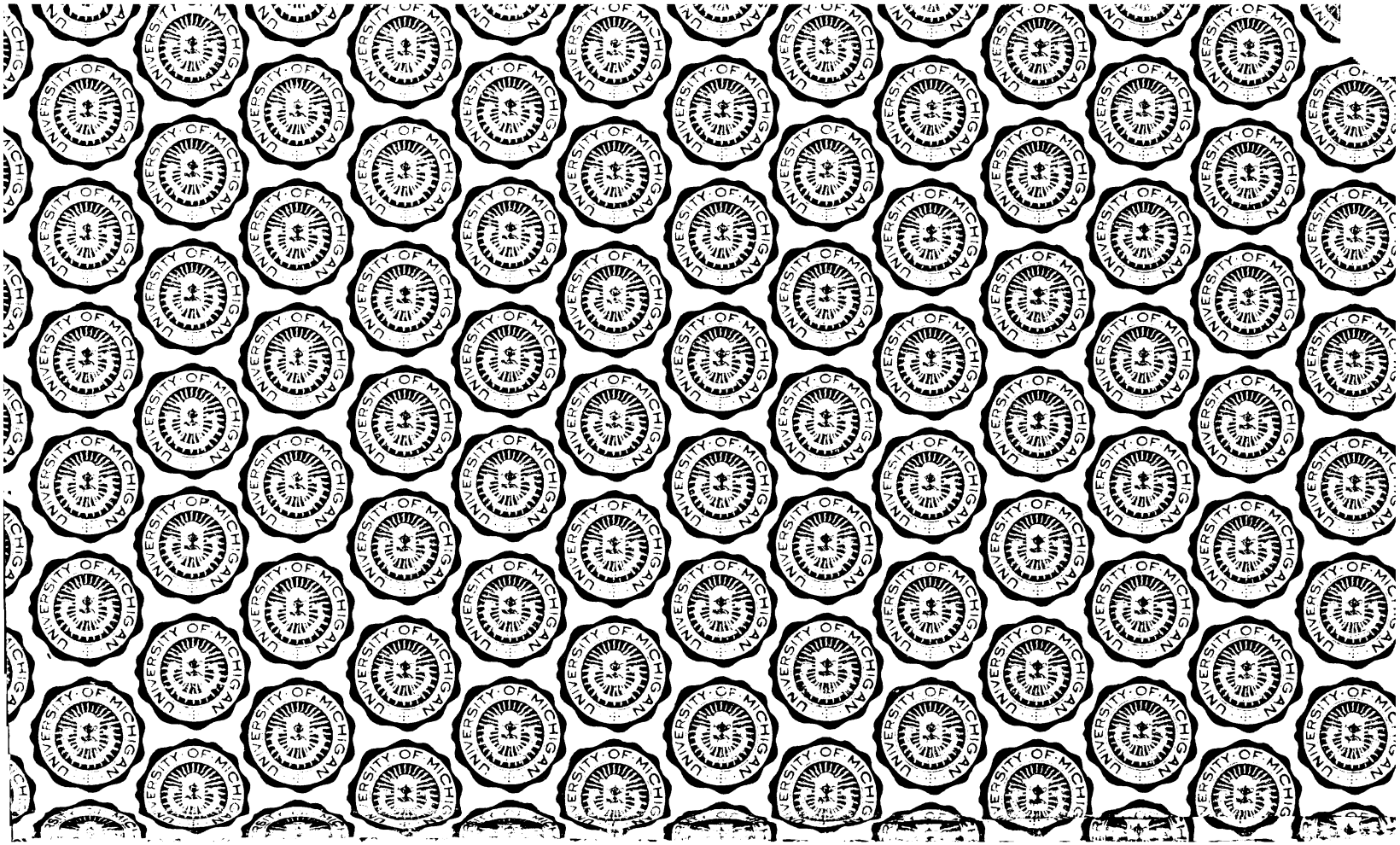
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THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE;

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

AND OTHERS.

A NEW EDITION,

COMPLETE IN NINE VOLUMES.

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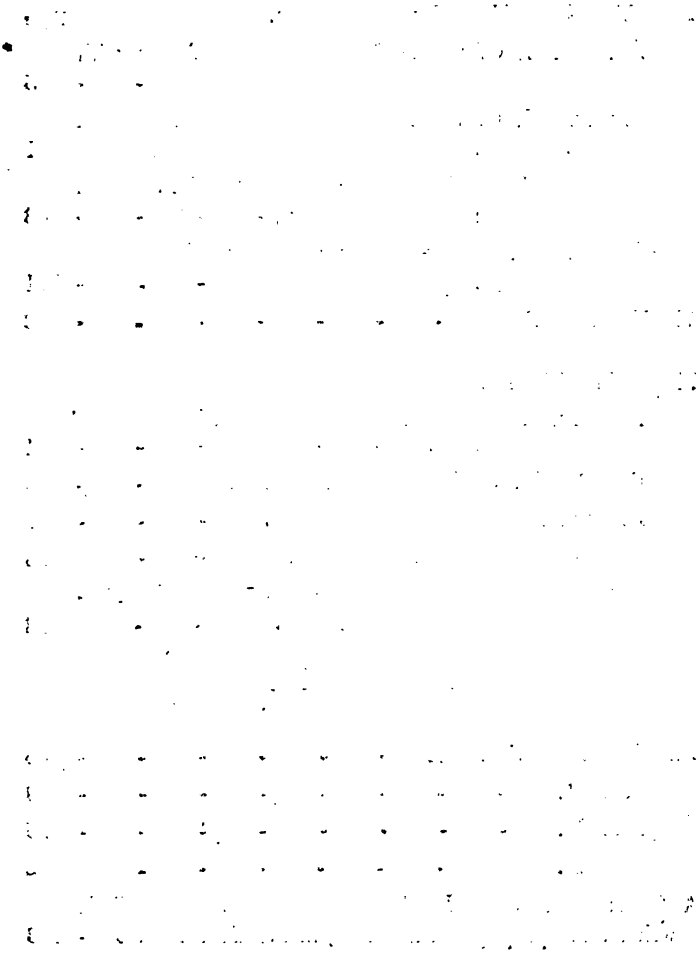

AN

ESSAY ON MAN,

IN FOUR EPISTLES.

TO

H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

THE DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) *come home to Men's Business and Bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering *Man* in the abstract, his *Nature* and his *State;* since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpose* of its *being*.

The science of Human Nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a *few clear points:* there are not *many certain truths* in this world. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The *disputes* are all upon these last, and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the *wits* than the *hearts* of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory, of Morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a *temperate* yet not *inconsistent*, and a *short* yet not *imperfect*, system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts, so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterward: the other may seem odd, but is true. I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in prose itself; and no-

thing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or instruction depends on their *conciseness*. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning: if any man can unite all these without dimunition of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connexion*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are now to follow. Consequently these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the passage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to the UNIVERSE.

Of Man *in the abstract.*—I. *That we can judge only with regard to our* own system, *being ignorant of the* relations *of systems and things,* Ver. 17, &c. II. *That Man is not to be deemed* imperfect, *but a Being suited to his* place *and* rank *in the creation, agreeable to the* general Order *of things, and conformable to* Ends *and* Relations *to him unknown,* Ver. 35, &c. III. *That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future *events, and partly upon the* hope *of a* future *state, that all his happiness in the present depends,* Ver. 77, &c. IV. *The* pride *of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The* impiety *of putting himself in the place of* God, *and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations,* Ver. 109, &c. V. *The* absurdity *of conceiting himself the* final cause *of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world, which is not in the* natural, Ver. 131, &c. VI. *The* unreasonableness *of his complaints against* Providence, *while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to possess any of the* sensitive faculties *in a higher degree, would render him miserable,* Ver. 173, &c. VII. *That throughout the whole visible world, a universal* order *and* gradation *in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a* subordination *of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of* sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason: *that Reason alone countervails all the other faculties,* Ver. 207. VIII. *How much farther this* order *and* subordination *of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected* creation *must be destroyed,* Ver. 233. IX. *The* extravagance, madness, *and* pride, *of such a desire,* Ver. 250. X. *The consequence of all, the* absolute submission *due to Providence, both as to our* present *and* future state, Ver. 281, &c. *to the end.*

If it be a true observation, that for a poet to write happily and well, he must have seen and felt what he describes, and must draw from living models alone; and if modern times, from their luxury and refinement, afford not manners that will bear to be described; it will then follow, that those species of poetry bid fairest to succeed at present, which deliver doctrines, not display events. Of this sort is didactic and descriptive poetry. Accordingly the moderns have produced many excellent pieces of this kind. We may mention the Syphilis of Fracastorius, the Silkworms and Chess of Vida, the Ambra of Politian, the Agriculture of Alamanni, the Art of Poetry of Boileau, the Gardens of Rapin, the Cyder of Philips, the Chase of Somerville, the Pleasures of Imagination, the Art of preserving Health, the Fleece, the Religion of Racine the younger, the elegant Latin poem of Brown on the Immortality of the Soul, the Latin poems of Stay and Boscovick, and the philosophical poem before us; to which, if we may judge from some beautiful fragments, we might have added Gray's didactic poem on Education and Government, had he lived to finish it: and the English Garden of Mr. Mason must not be omitted.

Pope informs us, in his first preface to this Essay, "that he chose this epistolary way of writing, notwithstanding his subject was high, and of dignity, because of its being mixed with argument which of its nature approacheth to prose." He has not wandered into any useless digressions; has employed no fictions, no tale or story, and has relied chiefly on the poetry of his style for the purpose of interesting his readers. His style is concise and figurative, forcible and elegant. He has many metaphors and images, artfully interspersed in the driest passages, which stood most in need of such ornaments. Nevertheless there are too many lines in this performance, plain and prosaic. The meaner the subject is of a preceptive poem, the more striking appears the art of the poet: it is even of use, perhaps, to choose a low subject. In this respect Virgil has the advantage over Lucretius; the latter, with all his vigour and sublimity of genius, could hardly satisfy and come up to the grandeur of his theme. Hope labours under the same difficulty. If any beauty in this Essay be uncommonly transcendent and peculiar, it is brevity of diction; which in a few instances, and those perhaps pardonable, has occasioned obscurity. It is hardly to be imagined how much sense, how much thinking, how much observation on human life, is condensed together in a small compass. He was so accustomed to confine his thoughts in rhyme, that he tells us he could express them more shortly this

way than in prose itself. On its first publication Pope did not own it, and it was given by the public to Lord Paget, Dr. Young, Dr. Desaguliers, and others. Even Swift seems to have been deceived. There is a remarkable passage in one of his letters; "I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of D——— said to me on that occasion; how a judge here, who knows you, told him, that, on the first reading those Essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark: On the second, most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased: On the third, he had no doubt remaining, and then he admired the whole."

The subject of this Essay is a vindication of Providence; in which the poet proposes to prove, That, of all possible systems, Infinite Wisdom has formed the best: That in such a system, coherence, union, subordination, are necessary; and if so, that appearances of evil, both moral and natural, are also necessary and unavoidable: That the seeming defects and blemishes in the universe conspire to its general beauty: That as all parts in an animal are not eyes; and as in a city, comedy, or picture, all ranks, characters, and colours, are not equal or alike; even so excesses and contrary qualities contribute to the proportion and harmony of the universal system: That it is not strange that we should not be able to discover perfection and order in every instance; because, in an infinity of things mutually relative, a mind which sees not infinitely, can see nothing fully. This doctrine was inculcated by Plato and the Stoics, but more amply and particularly by the later Platonists, and by Antonimus and Simplicius.

In illustrating his subject, Pope has been much more deeply indebted to the Theodicée of Leibnitz, to Archbishop King's Origin of Evil, and to the Moralists of Lord Shaftesbury (particularly to the last), than to the philosophers above mentioned. The late Lord Bathurst repeatedly assured me, that he had read the whole scheme of the Essay on Man, in the hand-writing of Bolingbroke, and drawn up in a series of propositions, which Pope was to amplify, versify, and illustrate. In doing which, our poet, it must be confessed, left several passages so expressed, as to be favourable to fatalism and necessity, notwithstanding all the pains that can be taken, and the artful turns that can be given to those passages, to place them out on the side of religion, and make them coincide with the fundamental doctrines of revelation. How

could Pope, in the letter which he wrote to Racine, the son, 1742, venture to say, that his opinions were exactly conformable to those of Pascal, who, throughout all his Thoughts, is incessantly inculcating the absolute necessity of believing that man is in a fallen and degraded state; an opinion which is strongly denied in every line of the Essay on Man? And which opinion of Pope, Racine has justly stated in the following lines; *La Religion, Chant.* 2.

> Quelque abstrait Raisonneur, qui ne se plaint de rien,
> Dans son flegme Anglican, repondra, Tout est bien.
> " Le grand Ordonnateur dont le dessein si sage,
> De tant d'etres divers ne forme qu'un ouvrage;
> Nous place à notre rang pour orner son tableau!"

Pope has indeed inadvertantly borrowed some passages from Pascal, but they have only served to make this system more inconsistent. For how can man be a " chaos of thought and passion all confus'd, and yet be as perfect a being as he ought to be?" The doctrine obviously intended to be inculcated in this Essay is, " That the dispensations of Providence in the distribution of good and evil, in this life, stand in no need of any hypothesis to justify them; all is adjusted in the most perfect order; whatever is, is right; and we have no occasion to call in the notion of a future life to vindicate the ways of God to man, because they are fully and sufficiently benevolent and just in the present." If we cannot subscribe, on one hand, to Dr. Warburton's opinion, " that these epistles have a precision, force, and closeness of connexion, rarely to be met with, even in the most formal treatises of philosophy;" yet neither can we assent to the severe sentence that Dr. Johnson has passed on the other hand; namely, " that penury of knowledge and vulgarity of sentiment, were never so happily disguised as in this Essay; the reader feels his mind full, though he learns nothing; and, when he meets it in his new array, no longer knows the talk of his mother and his nurse."

It has been alleged, that Pope did not fully comprehend the drift of the system communicated to him by Bolingbroke; but the following remarkable words of his intimate friend, Mr. Jonathan Richardson, a man of known integrity and honour, clearly evince that he did: " As for this Essay on Man, as I was witness to the whole conduct of it in writing, and actually have his original manuscripts for it, from the first scratches of the four books, to the several finished copies (of his own neat and elegant writing these last); all which, with the manuscript of his Essay on Criti-

cism, and several of his other works, he gave me himself, for the pains I took in collating the whole with the printed editions, at his request, on my having proposed to him the making an edition of his works in the manner of Boileau's. As to this noblest of his works, I know that he never dreamed of the scheme he afterward adopted; perhaps for good reasons; for he had taken terror about the clergy, and Warburton himself, at the general alarm of its fatalism and deistical tendency; of which, however, we talked with him (my father and I) frequently at Twickenham, without his appearing to understand it otherwise, or even thinking to alter those passages, which he suggested as what might seem the most exceptionable."

To this testimony of Richardson, which is decisive, I will now add that Lord Lyttleton, with his usual frankness and ingenuity, assured me, that he had frequently talked with Pope on the subject, whose opinions were at that time conformable to his own; before he had written his Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul, when he and his friends (not excepting Mr. Gilbert West) were, as he most candidly confessed, too much inclined to deism, but had fortunately become a most serious and earnest believer of Christianity. Is it not more probable and reasonable to suppose, that Pope might also change his opinion, though, at the time of writing the Essay on Man, he was tinctured with principles of another kind; and that he was equally in earnest when he was a disciple of Bolingbroke, as he afterward was when he became a disciple of Warburton? It is incredible that he should not be acquainted with the objections that Bolingbroke held against revealed religion; which objections are perpetually repeated, and pervade all his works. But Pope might not indeed know the real opinions of his guide concerning a particular important topic—the moral attributes of the Deity. These two cases are widely different: and there lies a vast space betwixt these two species of infidelity. A man may be unhappily and unjustly prejudiced against the Christian religion, and yet be fully and firmly persuaded of the belief of a God, and his moral attributes. Mr. Harte more than once assured me, that he had seen the pressing letter Dr. Young wrote to Pope, urging him to write something on the side of revelation; to which he alluded in the first Night-thought:

> "O had he press'd his theme, pursu'd the track
> Which opens out of darkness into day!
> O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
> Soar'd when I sink, and sung immortal man!"

And when Harte frequently made the same request, he used to answer, "No, no! you have already done it;" alluding to Harte's Essay on Reason, which Harte thought a lame apology, and hardly serious. With respect to what has just been mentioned, that Pope was not acquainted with the opinions of his philosophic guide, on the subject of the moral attributes of the Deity, it seems rather strange and incredible that he should not understand the following, among many other passages, to this purpose:

"Clarke, after repeating over and over all the moral attributes, that they are the same in God as they are in our ideas, and that he who denies them to be so, may as well deny the divine physical attributes, insists only on two of the former, on those of justice and goodness. He was much in the right to contract the generality of his assertion. The absurdity of ascribing temperance, for instance, or fortitude, to God, would have been too gross and too risible, even to eyes that prejudice had blinded the most. But that of ascribing justice and goodness to him, according to our notions of them, might be better covered, and was enough for his purpose, though not less really absurd." Vol. iv. p. 298. It is somewhat remarkable, that this very opinion, that we have no clear and adequate ideas of God's moral attributes, is strongly maintained by that excellent man and writer, Archbishop King, in his sermon on Divine Predestination, 1709, which was answered by Anthony Collins, author of the Essay on Freethinking. The person who wrote the spirited and elegant anonymous letter to Dr. Warburton on the supposed severity with which he was thought to have treated Lord Bolingbroke in the View of his Philosophy, was the late Lord Mansfield; and this letter was answered by Dr. Warburton, with much force and apparent mortification, in the apology prefixed to the last edition of this View.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
Let us (since Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

NOTES.

Ver. 12. *Of all who blindly creep,* &c.] *i. e.* Those who only follow the blind guidance of their passions; or those who leave behind them common sense and sober reason, in their high flights through the regions of Metaphysics. Both which follies are exposed in the fourth epistle, where the popular and philosophical errors concerning Happiness are detected. The figure is taken from *animal* life. W.

Ver. 13. *Eye Nature's walks,*] These metaphors, drawn from the field sports of setting and shooting, seem much below the dignity of the subject, and an unnatural mixture of the ludicrous and serious.

Ver. 15. *Laugh where we must,*] "La sottise (says old Mon-

I. Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.

NOTES.

taigne) est une mauvaise qualité; mais ne la pouvoir supporter, et s'en dépiter et rouger, comme il m'advient, c'est une autre sorte de maladie, qui ne doit gueres à la sottise en importunité."

Ver. 16. *But vindicate the ways*] Hinting, by this allusion to the well-known line of Milton,

"And justify the ways of God to man,"

that he intended his poem for a defence of Providence as well as Milton, but he took a very different method in pursuing that end. It cannot be doubted that Warburton seriously intended to do service to religion, by endeavouring to place this poem on the side of Revelation, and to take Pope out of the hands of the infidels. But he laboured in vain, and with an ill-grounded zeal; as would evidently appear if we were to undertake the unpleasing task of collecting all the passages which he has tortured and turned into meanings never dreamt of, or designed by the poet.

Ver. 19, 20. *Of Man, what see we but his station here,*
From which to reason, or to which refer?

The sense is, "We see nothing of Man but as he stands at present in his station here: from which station, all our reasonings on his *nature* and *end* must be drawn; and to this station they must all be referred." The consequence is, that our reasonings on his *nature* and *end* must needs be very imperfect.

But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependances,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

NOTES.

Ver. 29. *But of this frame, the bearings*] "Imagine only some person entirely a stranger to navigation, and ignorant of the nature of the sea or waters, how great his astonishment would be, when finding himself on board some vessel anchoring at sea remote from all land-prospect; whilst it was yet a calm, he viewed the ponderous machine firm and motionless in the midst of the smooth ocean, and considered its foundations beneath, together with its cordage, masts, and sails above. How easily would he see the whole one regular structure, all things depending on one another; the uses of the rooms below, the lodgments, and the conveniences of men and stores! But being ignorant of the intent, or of all above, would he pronounce the masts and cordage to be useless and cumbersome, and for this reason condemn the frame and despise the architect? O my friend! let us not thus betray our ignorance; but consider where we are, and in what universe. Think of the many parts of the vast machine, in which we have so little insight, and of which it is impossible we should know the ends and uses: when, instead of seeing to the highest pendants, we see only some lower deck, and are in this dark case of flesh, confined even to the hold and meanest station of the vessel." I have inserted this passage at length, because it is a noble and poetical illustration of the foregoing lines, as well as of many other passages in this Essay. Characteristics, vol. ii. p. 188.

The whole doctrine of Plato is contained in this one short sentence: *Μέρος μὲν ἕνεκα ὅλου, καὶ οὐχ ὅλον ἕνεκα μέρους ἀπεργάζεται.* See a very fine passage in A. Gellius, lib. 6. cap. 1. containing the opinion of Chrysippus on the origin of evil.

Ver. 32. *Can a part contain the whole?*] "HOBBES (says Dr. Campbell) acknowledged God the author of all things, but thought, or at least pretended he thought, too reverently of him to believe his nature could be comprehended by human understanding. But what gave a handle to some to treat him as an

II. Presumptuous Man! the reason would'st thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

NOTES.

atheist, was, the contempt he expressed for many of those scholastic terms, invented by assuming men, who would impose their own crude notions of the Divine Being, on their fellow-creatures, as so many articles of faith." One of the most false and pernicious tenets of Hobbes, was the debasing and disparaging human nature, and saying, that man was to man a wolf; and attempting, as Cudworth expresses it, to "villanize mankind."

Ver. 35. *Presumptuous Man!*] Voltaire, tom. iv. p. 227, has the following remarkable words: I own it flatters me to see that Pope has fallen upon the very same sentiment which I had entertained many years ago: Vous vous étonnez que Dieu ait fait l'homme si borné, si ignorant, si peu heureux. Que ne vous étonnez-vous, qu'il ne l'ait fait pas plus borné, plus ignorant, et plus malheureux? Quand un Français et un Anglais pensent de meme, il fait bien qu'ils aient raison.

Ver. 41. *Or ask of yonder*, &c.] On these lines M. Voltaire thus descants: "Pope dit que l'homme ne peut savoir pourquoi les Lunes de Jupiter sont moins grandes que Jupiter? Il se trompe en cela, c'est une erreur pardonable. Il n'y a point de Mathematicien qui n'eut fait voir," &c. [Vol. ii. p. 384. Ed. Gen.] And so goes on to shew, like a great mathematician as he is, that it would be very inconvenient for the Page to be as big as his Lord and Master. It is pity all this fine reasoning should proceed on a ridiculous blunder. The poet thus reproves the impious complainer of the order of Providence: "You are dissatisfied with the weakness of your condition: but, in your situation, the nature of things requires just such a creature as you are; in a different situation, it might have required that you should be

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confest
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.

NOTES.

still weaker. And though you see not the reason of this in your own case; yet, that reasons there are, you may see in the case of other of God's creatures.

"Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?"

Here (says the Poet) the ridicule of the *weeds'* and the *Satellites'* complaint, had they the faculties of speech and reasoning, would be obvious to all; because their very situation and office might have convinced them of their folly. Your folly, says the Poet to his complainers, is as great, though not so evident, because the reason is more out of sight; but that a reason there is, may be demonstrated from the attributes of the Deity. This is the Poet's clear and strong reasoning; from whence, we see, he was so far from saying, that Man could not know the cause *why Jove's Satellites were less than Jove*, that all the force of his reasoning turns upon this, that Man did see and know it, and should from thence conclude, that there was a cause of this inferiority as well in the *rational*, as in the *material* Creation. W.

Ver. 53. *In human works,*] Verbatim from Bolingbroke. Fragments 43 and 63.

So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

NOTES.

Ver. 60. *'Tis but a part*] A new method of accounting for the origin of evil has been advanced by Hume in his Dialogues, p. 196. "I scruple not to allow," said Cleanthes, "that I have been apt to suspect the frequent repetition of the word infinite, which we meet with in all theological writers, to savour more of panegyric than of philosophy; and that any purposes of reasoning, and even of religion, would be better served, were we to rest content with more accurate and more moderate expressions. The terms, admirable, excellent, superlatively great, wise, and holy, these sufficiently fill the imaginations of men; and any thing beyond, besides that it leads into absurdities, has no influence on the affections or sentiments. Thus, in the present subject, if we abandon all human analogy, as it seems your intention, Demea, I am afraid we abandon all religion, and retain no conception of the great object of our adoration. If we preserve human analogy, we must for ever find it impossible to reconcile any mixture of evil in the universe with infinite attributes; much less can we ever prove the latter from the former. But supposing the Author of Nature to be finitely perfect, though far exceeding mankind, a satisfactory account may then be given of natural and moral evil, and every untoward phenomenon be explained and adjusted. A less evil may then be chosen, in order to avoid a greater: inconveniences be submitted to, in order to reach a desirable end: and, in a word, benevolence, regulated by wisdom and limited by necessity, may produce just such a world as the present." This seems to have been borrowed from Voltaire. Questions sur l'Encyclopedie, 9 Partie, p. 348. I have heard Dr. Adam Smith say, that these Dialogues concerning Natural Religion were the most laboured of all Hume's works. They were the occasion of Dr. Balguy's publishing that capital treatise, entitled, *Divine Benevolence:* which benevolence he undertakes to vindicate like this Essay on Man, but with greater consistency, and closeness of reasoning, without having recourse to a future existence. Wollaston, in a celebrated passage, has given a striking and pathetic picture of the evils and

When the proud steed shall know why Man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's God:
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passion's, being's, use and end;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven's in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 64. In the former editions,

Now wears a garland an Egyptian God:

altered as above for the reason given in the note.

NOTES.

miseries of this present life, in order to shew (as many divines do in their discourses) the absolute necessity of another, for the defence of the dispensations of Providence. Dr. Balguy, from p. 110 to p. 127, has minutely, and step by step, confuted every part of this statement of the evils and miseries of life; and ends by saying, "that Wollaston has only attended to one side of the question. He has dwelt largely on the melancholy parts of human life; but in great measure overlooked its enjoyments. A pen like his could, with equal ease and success, have painted the happiness of our present state, and given it the appearance of a paradise." This is the passage of Wollaston, which Bolingbroke has so much ridiculed. Works, vol. ii. p. 110.

Ver. 64.—*Egypt's God:*] Called so, because the God *Apis* was worshipped universally over the whole land of Egypt. W.

Ver. 70. *as he ought:*] Consequently man is not in a lapsed or degenerate state. He is as perfect a being as ever his Creator intended him to be; nor, consequently, did he stand in need of any redemption or atonement. The expression, as *he ought*, is imperfect; for, ought *to be.*

His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest to day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer Being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:

NOTES.

Ver. 74. *What matter, soon*] But surely, the sooner and the later, with respect to communicating happiness to any being, is, and must be, a circumstance of great consequence.

Ver. 77. *the book of Fate,*] It would obviate the heavy difficulties in which we are involved, when we argue on the Divine Prescience, and consequent Predestination, if we were to adopt Archbishop King's opinion, and say, "that the knowledge of God is very different from the knowledge of Man, which implies succession, and seeing objects one after another; but the existence and the attributes of the Deity can have no relation to time; for that all things, past, present, and to come, are all at once present to the Divine Mind."

Ver. 81. *The lamb thy riot dooms*] The tenderness of this striking image, and particularly the circumstance in the last line, has an artful effect in alleviating the dryness of the argumentative parts of the Essay, and interesting the reader. No happier passage can be found in our author's works, though Johnson thought otherwise.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest.
The soul (uneasy, and confin'd) from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 88, in the MS.

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
That Virgil's Gnat should die as Cæsar bleed.

Ver. 93, 94. In the first Fol. and Quarto,

What bliss *above* he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bliss *below*.

NOTES.

Ver. 87. *Who sees with equal eye*, &c.] Matt. x. 29.

Ver. 97. *The soul (uneasy, and confin'd)*] "In the old editions, it was, confin'd *at home*, which was altered at the persuasion of the divine, against the sense of the poet. The point to be illustrated is, that hope is implanted in man, to enable him to bear all the evils of life, though it is merely visionary, and has no foundation:

'What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.'

Thus man, confined on his own earth, dreams of imaginary mansions in another world. Hope supplies the reality of them. He hopes, upon the same ground as the Indian does, for a heaven, where his dog shall accompany him. Sorry am I to give this view of the author's creed; but it is too true a representation of it. He makes no difference between the certainty of the Christian's heaven and the Indian's. It will be presumption in

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; 100

NOTES.

me to go farther; and yet I cannot help observing, that, allow Mr. Pope this doctrine, and he will go near to overthrow the whole argument of the divine legation of Moses. God has implanted in mankind a religious fear, and a foreboding of a future state. The divine says, he had this from revelation: the deist, that it supplies the want of one; that it has kept the world in awe from the beginning of the creation, seconded with an opinion of Providence prevailing even in this world." From MS. notes of our learned printer Mr. Bowyer.

Ver. 99. *Lo, the poor Indian!* &c.] The Poet having bid Man comfort himself with expectation of future happiness; having shewn him that this HOPE is an earnest of it; and put in one very necessary caution,

"Hope *humbly* then, with *trembling* pinions soar;"

provoked at those miscreants whom he afterward (Ep. iii. ver. 263.) describes as building *Hell on spite, and Heaven on pride,* he upbraids them (from ver. 98 to 113.) with the example of the poor Indian, to whom also Nature hath given this *common* HOPE of *Mankind:* but though his untutor'd mind had betrayed him into many childish fancies concerning the nature of that future state, yet he is so far from excluding any part of his own species (a vice which could proceed only from the *pride* of false Science), that he humanely, though simply, admits even his *faithful dog to bear him company.* W.

Pope has indulged himself in but few digressions in this piece; this is one of the most poetical. Representations of undisguised nature and artless innocence always amuse and delight. The simple notions which uncivilized nations entertain of a future state are many of them beautifully romantic, and some of the best subjects for poetry. It has been questioned, whether the circumstance of the dog, although striking at the first view, is introduced with propriety, as it is known that this animal is not a native of America. The notion of seeing God in clouds, and hearing him in the wind, cannot be enough applauded. Buffon says, the Americans had no domestic animals about them when that continent was discovered.

His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy Opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, Here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If Man alone engross not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 108, in the first Ed.

But does he say the Maker is not good,
Till he's exalted to what state he would:
Himself alone high Heav'n's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will, and where?

NOTES.

Ver. 120. *Alone made perfect here,*] The obvious meaning is, "Be content with the present life; it is your pride only that makes you think yourself ill-treated, and induces you to look for another and more perfect state."

Bolingbroke is for ever repeating the same note, and saying, "It is profane even to insinuate, and much more to affirm pe-

Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his justice, be the GOD of GOD.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:

NOTES.

remptorily, that the proceedings of God towards man, in the present life, are unjust; and, if that could be admitted, it would be absurd to admit that this may be set right; which means, if the words have any meaning, that this injustice must cease to be injustice, on the received hypothesis of his proceedings towards man in another life. One is profane, notwithstanding all the questions they beg to support the charge: the other is absurd, on the very principles on which they argue, and according to our clearest and most distinct ideas or notions of human justice."

It is a singular fact, and not sufficiently attended to, that neither the ancient philosophers nor poets, though they abound in complaints of the unequal distribution of good and evil at present, yet do not ever infer or draw any arguments, from this supposed inequality, for the necessity of a future life, where such inequality will be rectified, and Providence vindicated.

Ver. 126. *Men would be angels,*] Verbatim from Bolingbroke, vol. v. p. 465; as are many other passages. How are we to interpret the assertion, that Pope did not really understand the principles of Bolingbroke, when the latter says to him, "These subjects have been so often treated of between you and me, that I shall say nothing of them here." The following passage, relating to the caution and timidity of Pope, may give us a key to his conduct, vol. iv. p. 190. "Read," says Bolingbroke to him, "the entire passage; consult your memory; look round you, and then you shall tell me what you think of Clarke's argument. You shall tell it in my ear: I expect no more; for I know how desirous you are to keep fair with orders, whatever liberties you take with particular men."

Ver. 127. *If Angels fell,*] It may mortify our pride to consider how little we know of the Fall of Angels; on which event depends

And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, sins against th' Eternal Cause. 130
V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:

NOTES.

the Fall of Man, effected by the agency of the chief of these Fallen Angels. Revelation is not express on this important subject. All is imperfect conjecture. We have only a few hints on the subject: Such as that in Isaiah, c. xiv. v. 12; and in Ezekiel, c. xxviii. v. 14; and in the Apocalypse, concerning the seven-headed dragon. "I had rather know the history of Lucifer," says Burnet, in his Theory, "than of all the Babylonian and Persian kings; nay, than of all the kings of the earth: what the birthright was of that mighty prince; what his dominions; where his imperial court and residence; how he was deposed; for what crime, and by what power; how he still wages war against heaven in his exile; what confederates he hath; what is his power over mankind, and how limited."

Milton, in book v. copies from the Rabbinical writers, from the fathers, and some of the schoolmen, the causes of the rebellion of Satan and his associates; but seems more particularly to have in view an obscure Latin poem written by Odoricus Valmarana, and printed at Vienna in 1627, entitled, "Dæmonomachiæ, sive de Bello Intelligentiarum super Divini Verbi Incarnatione;" in which the revolt of Satan, or Lucifer, is expressly ascribed to his envy at the exaltation of the Son of God. See Newton's Milton, vol. i. p. 407. But the commentators on Milton have not observed that there is still another poem which he seems to have copied, "L'Angeleida di Erasmo di Valvasone," printed at Venice, in quarto, in 1590, describing the battle of the Angels against Lucifer, and which Gordon de Porcel, in his Library of Romances, tom. ii. p. 190, thought related to Angelica, the heroine of Boiardo and Ariosto. I beg leave to add, that Milton seems also to have attended to a poem of Tasso, not much noticed, on the Creation, "Le Sette Giornate del Mondo Creato," in 1607.

Ver. 131. *Ask for what end*, &c.] If there be any fault in these lines, it is not in the general sentiment, but in the ill choice of instances made use of in illustrating it. It is the highest absurdity to think that *Earth is* man's *foot-stool*, his *canopy the Skies*,

For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew,
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies."
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,

NOTES.

and the *heavenly bodies* lighted up principally for his use; yet, surely, it is very excusable to suppose fruits and minerals given for this end. W.

There is most assuredly a fault.

Ver. 141. *But errs not Nature*] The whole of this doctrine is thus clearly stated in some valuable manuscripts of the late James Harris, Esq.

"Whence evil in the universe, and why? Some things, perhaps, which thou thinkest such, are not evil, but in appearance. Where the whole is vastly great, the connexions will be innumerable. When, therefore, a part only is seen, many of these connexions will be inexplicable. Being inexplicable, they will often exhibit appearances of evil, where yet in fact is no evil, but only good, not understood.

"Again, throughout the whole there is more good than evil: for in the system of the heavens we know of no evil at all. The same perhaps is true in many other parts of the whole. And with respect even to men, 'tis their interest to be good, if it be true that by Nature they are rational and social. So that if, by vice of any kind, they chance to introduce evil, 'tis by deviating from Nature, and thwarting her original purpose. Indeed, all evil in general appears to be of the casual kind; not something intended by the Maker of the world (for all his preparations plainly tend towards good), but something which follows, without being intended, and that perhaps necessarily, from the nature and essence of things. Indeed, the nature and essence of every being is im-

When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?

NOTES.

mutable; and, while it exists itself, all its attributes will exist likewise. To say, therefore, a thing should be, without its inseparable and constitutive attributes, is the same as to say, it should be, and not be. A miller works in his mill, and becomes white: a collier works in his mine, and becomes black: yet were neither of these incidents intended by either; but, other and better ends being purposed to be answered, they were necessarily attended by these collateral incidents. So it is in the universe. The good leads, the evil follows: the good is always designed, the evil only admitted: the good has existence, by being the final cause of all things; the evil has existence, because it cannot be avoided: the good appears to be something in character and form, which all beings some way or other are framed to enjoy: the evil, on the contrary, appears to be something which all beings some way or other are framed to avoid; some by talons, others by teeth; some by wings, others by fins; and, lastly, man, by genius ripened into arts, which alone is superior to the sum of all other preparations.

"Again, some evil, though evil, is yet productive of good, and therefore had better be, than not be, else there had not been the good. For example, human nature is infirm; exposed to many and daily hardships; to pinching colds and scorching heats; to famines, droughts, diseases, wounds. Call this all of it evil, if you please. Yet what a variety of arts arise from this evil, and which, if this evil had not urged, had never existed? Where had been agriculture, architecture, medicine, weaving, with a thousand other arts too many to enumerate, had man been born a self-sufficient animal, superior to the sensations of want or evil? Where had been that noble activity, that never-ceasing energy of all his various powers, had not the poignancy of evil awakened them from the very birth, and dispelled all symptoms of lethargy and drowsiness? Nay more; courage, magnanimity, prudence, and wise indifference; patience, long-suffering, and acquiescence in our lot; a calm and manly resignation to the will of God, whatever he dispenses, whether good or bad; these heroic virtues could never have had existence, had not those things called evils first established them into habit, and afterward given occasion for them to energize, and become

" No ('tis reply'd), the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;

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conspicuous. But the most important circumstance of all is, that the very being and essence of society itself is derived from the wants and infirmities of human nature. 'Tis these various infirmities, so much more numerous and lasting in man than in other animals, which make human societies so eminently necessary; which extend them so far beyond all other animal associations, and knit them together with such indissoluble bands. Let each individual be supposed self-sufficient, and society at once is dissolved and annihilated. For why associate without a cause? And what need of society, if each can support himself? But mark the consequence; if society be lost, with it we lose the energy of every social affection; a loss, in which every man loses something, but in which a good man loses his principal and almost his only happiness: for what then becomes of friendship, benevolence, love of country, hospitality, generosity, forgiveness, with all the charities

Of father, son, and brother?

A man detached from human connexions and relations (if such a monster may indeed be supposed) is no better than an ignorant inhuman savage; a mere Cyclops, devoid of all that is amiable and good."

In another part of the same manuscripts he adds, " But a few days ago, and 'twas a lovely world. All was florid, cheerful, and gay. Yesterday my friend's house was burnt. To-day arrived the news of the death of an old servant, who was diligent, careful, and of long-approved fidelity. Now 'tis all disastrous, black, and dismal. Wretched man! Wretched universe! how miserable a mansion, and how helpless its inhabitants! Happy existence may indeed well be desired; but what value is existence only pregnant with anxiety? Wisely murmured! cries the leading principle, the god-like particle of reason and common sense. The events which thou lamentest are strange and unheard of. Thou never knewest before that thy species was mortal, or that fire could do any thing but prepare thee thy food. Murmur on, and grieve thee with a laudable obstinacy. 'Twill infallibly cancel what is gone and over; render past, not past; and done, not done: for what so easy, so practicable, and obvious? Besides, thou, for thy part, hast no desire

Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
And what created perfect?—Why then Man?

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to acquire those virtues which none can learn, but who have been partakers of the pains, the crosses, and calamities, and disasters, of human life. Man-like constancy, brave steady endurance, a cheerful acquiescence in the universal dispensation, are to thee but trifles of mean importance. They are only of use in a bustling world, when the winds rage, the storms descend, thunders roll,

'With terror thro' the dark aërial hall.'

Thou hast never dreamt of a world like this: thou hast never framed thyself but for a fine Elysian one, where spring perpetual smiles with verdant flowers; where sunshine and zephyrs are happily blended; just exactly such a spot as thou hast ever found old England, where never was a frost, never a fog, never a day but was delicious and serene. But hold, Reason! we have never found old England that paradise which thou describest.—Fools then, and idiots! why act you as though you had? Why are your tempers and manners adapted to one kind of world, while your real situation is found to be in another?—Would you travel to Greenland in your shirt, and not be cold?—to Guinea in your cloak, and not be warm? Must things submit to you, or you to things? Or is it not as absurd to suppose that the world should be new-modelled, that it might correspond to the weakness and caprices of mankind, as that the foot should be fitted to the shoe, and not the shoe to the foot; the horse to the saddle, and not the saddle to the horse?—Be thankful rather to that Divine Providence, who hath given thee powers to make even this life a happy one; who hath wisely contrived, that, where proper care is had, from the greatest of calamities may be learnt, if thou wilt endeavour, the noblest of all virtues."

Ver. 148. *And what created perfect?*] No position can be more true and solid; for perfect happiness is as incommunicable as omnipotence. But the objector will not be equally satisfied by being told, that there can be any exceptions or any change under the guidance of a gracious and powerful Creator. Bayle is for ever repeating, in answer to his antagonists, "I only maintain, that the objections concerning the origin of evil cannot be solved by the mere strength of reason; and I always believed that this

If the great end be human Happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As Men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?

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was saying no more than what all our divines confess concerning the incomprehensibility of predestination."

Ver. 150. *Then Nature deviates*, &c.] "While comets move in very eccentric orbs, in all manner of positions, blind Fate could never make all the planets move one and the same way in orbs concentric; some inconsiderable irregularities excepted, which may have risen from the mutual actions of comets and planets upon one another, and which will be apt to increase, till this system wants a reformation." *Sir Isaac Newton's Optics, Quest. ult.*

Ver. 155. *If plagues*, &c.] What hath misled Mr. De Crousaz in his censure of this passage, is his supposing the comparison to be between the effects of *two things in this sublunary world;* when not only the elegancy, but the justness of it, consists in its being between the effects of a thing in the *universe at large*, and the familiar known effects of one *in this sublunary world.* For the position enforced in these lines is this, *that partial evil tends to the good of the whole:*

"Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all." Ver. 51.

How does the Poet enforce it? If you will believe this Critic, in illustrating the effects of partial moral evil in a particular system, by that of partial natural evil in the *same* system, and so he leaves his *position* in the lurch. But the Poet reasons at another rate. The way to prove his point, he knew, was to illustrate the effect of partial moral evil in the *universe*, by partial natural evil in a *particular system.* Whether partial moral evil tend to the good of the Universe, being a question which, by reason of our igno-

Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind? 160

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rance of *many* parts of that Universe, we cannot decide but from known effects; the rules of good reasoning require that it be proved by *analogy, i. e.* setting it by, and comparing it with, a thing *clear and certain;* and it is a thing *clear and certain*, that partial natural evil tends to the good of our *particular system.* W.

" All ills arise from the order of the universe, which is absolutely perfect. Would you wish to disturb so divine an order for the sake of your own particular interest? What if the ills I suffer arise from malice or oppression? But the vices and imperfections of men are also comprehended in the order of the universe.

'If plagues,' &c.

Let this be allowed, and my own vices will be also a part of the same order."

Such is the commentary of the academist on these famous lines.

Voltaire, having written his poem on the dreadful earthquake at Lisbon, in direct opposition to the maxim of " Whatever is, is right," speaks of it thus in a letter to his friend, M. de Cideville, 1756; " Comme je ne suis pas en tout de l'avis de Pope, malgré l'amitié que j'ai eu pour sa personne, et l'estime sincere que je conserverai toute ma vie pour ses ouvrages, j'ai cru devoir lui rendre justice dans ma preface, aussi-bien qu'à notre illustre ami M. l'Abbé du Resnel, qui lui a fait l'honneur de le traduire, et souvent lui a rendu le service d'adoucir les duretés des ses sentimens."

Ver. 157. *Who knows but He,* &c.] The sublimity with which the great Author of Nature is here characterized, is but the second beauty of this fine passage. The greatest is the making the very dispensation objected to, the periphrasis of his title. W.

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit.
Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But ALL subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of Life.
The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

NOTES.

Ver. 162. *Account for moral,*] Their natures are so very dissimilar, that they cannot, and ought not, to be accounted for by the same arguments. Men suffer and feel; elements, and unconscious inanimate beings, cannot. Evil must be felt before it is evil. Such different objects require different treatment. "If Nature," says the commentator, "or the inanimate system on which God hath imposed his laws, which it obeys, as a machine obeys the hand of the workman, may, in course of time, deviate from its first direction, as the best philosophy shews it may, where is the wonder that man, who was created a free agent, and hath it in his power every moment to transgress the eternal rule of right, should sometimes go out of order?" Are free agents, and beings accountable, because they are free, to be put on the same footing as the inanimate system? The infidel is for ever asking, Why was man endowed with a faculty so dangerous, and so easily abused?

Ver. 167. *That never air or ocean*] An acute critic asks if it should not be—That never earth or ocean?—not air.

Ver. 169. *But All subsists,* &c.] See this subject extended in Epistle ii. from Ver. 90 to 112, 155, &c.

Ver. 171. *The general Order,*] It seems utterly impossible to explain these two remarkable lines in a way at all reconcilable to the doctrine of a lapsed condition of man, which opinion is

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than Angels, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say, what their use, had he the pow'rs of all;
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;

NOTES.

the chief foundation of the Christian revelation, and the capital argument for the necessity of redemption.

"That system of philosophy," says an able writer, "which professes to justify the ways of God to man, without having recourse to the doctrine of a future state, must ever be considered as in the highest degree inimical to religion, whose very nature and essence it is to direct our views beyond the narrow limits of the present state of existence." See Essays Philosophical, Historical, and Literary, p. 399, for some very acute observations on the Essay on Man.

Pope in these lines uses almost the very words of Bolingbroke: "To think worthily of God, we must think that the natural order of things has always been the same; and that a being of infinite wisdom and knowledge, to whom the past and the future are like the present, and who wants no experience to inform him, can have no reason to alter what infinite wisdom and knowledge have once done." Section 58. Essays to Pope.

Ver. 174. *And little less than Angels*, &c.] *Thou hast made him a little lower than the Angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour*. Psalm viii. 9.

Ver. 182. *Here with degrees of swiftness*, &c.] It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that in proportion as they are formed for strength, their swiftness is lessened; or as they are formed for swiftness, their strength is abated. P.

All in exact proportion to the state ;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate,
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own :
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone ?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all ?
The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not Man a microscopic eye ?
For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n ?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore ?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain ?
If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,

NOTES.

Ver. 183. *All in exact proportion*] I cannot forbear thinking, that a little French treatise on Providence, published at Paris, 1728, formed on the principles of Leibnitz, somewhat moderated, had fallen into the hands both of Bolingbroke and Pope, from the great similarity of the reasoning there employed.

Ver. 186. *Is Heav'n unkind to Man,*] Cudworth, Leibnitz, King, Shaftesbury, Hutcheson, Balguy, have all strenuously argued for the prepollency of good to evil in our present system; but none more forcibly than Balguy from p. 103 to p. 125 of his Divine Benevolence.

Ver. 202. *And stunn'd him*] The argument certainly required an instance drawn from real sound, and not from the imaginary music of the spheres. Locke's illustration of this doctrine is not

How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:

NOTES.

only proper but poetical: "If our sense of hearing were but one thousand times quicker than it is, how would a perpetual noise distract us; and we should, in the quietest retirement, be less able to sleep or meditate, than in the middle of a sea-fight." In line before 193, the expression of microscopic eye is from Locke.

Ver. 207. *Far as Creation's ample range extends,*] He tells us (from Ver. 206 to 233), that the complying with such extravagant desires would not only be useless and pernicious to Man, but would be breaking into the order, and deforming the beauty, of God's Creation, in which *this* animal is subject to *that*, and every one to Man; who by his Reason enjoys the sum of all their powers. W.

In the present improved state of Reason, poets of philosophy will be preferred to poets of fancy. It may be doubted whether our author has excelled Dryden in the art of reasoning in rhyme, whose Religio Laici, and Hind and Panther, are in this respect admirable; though the fable of the latter abounds in absurdities and inconsistencies.

Ver. 209. *Mark how it mounts,*] When it is said that Pope was guilty of some contradictions and some inconsistencies in his reasonings on the *best*, let us also remember that so also was his guide and philosophical friend, who, it is to be wished, had always expressed himself as in the following terms, p. 121. v. 5.

"Methinks I hear a sincere and devout theist, in the midst of such meditations as these, cry out, 'No; the world was not made for man, nor man only to be happy. The objections urged by atheists and divines against the wisdom and goodness of the Supreme Being, on these arbitrary suppositions, destroy their own foundations. Mankind is exposed, as well as other animals,

What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:

NOTES.

to many inconveniences and to various evils, by the constitution of the world. The world was not, therefore, made for him, nor he to be happy. But he enjoys numberless benefits, by the fitness of his nature to this constitution, unasked, unmerited, freely bestowed. He returns, like other animals, to the dust; yet neither he nor they are willing to leave the state wherein they are placed here. The wisdom and the goodness of God are therefore manifest. I thank thee, O my Creator! that I am placed in a rank, low in the whole order of being, but the first in that animal system to which I belong: a rank wherein I am made capable of knowing thee, and of discovering thy will, the perfection of my own nature, and the means of my own happiness. Far be it from me to repine at my present state, like those who deny thee; or like those who own thee, only to censure thy works and the dispensations of thy providence. May I enjoy thankfully the benefits bestowed on me by thy divine liberality! May I suffer the evils, to which I stand exposed, patiently, nay willingly! None of thy creatures are made to be perfectly happy like thyself; nor did thy goodness require that they should be so. Such of them as are more worthy objects of it than thy human creatures, superior natures that inhabit other worlds, may be affected in some degree or other by physical evils, since these are effects of the general laws of matter and motion. They must be affected too, in some degree or other, by moral evil, since moral evil is the consequence of error, as well as of disorderly appetites and passions, and since error is the consequence of imperfect understanding. Less of this evil may prevail among them. But all that is finite, the most exalted intelligences, must be liable to some errors. Thou, O God! that Being who is liable to none, and to whom infallibility and impeccability belong,

> 'Duc me, parens celsique dominator poli,
> Quocumque placuit. Nulla parendi mora est,
> Adsum impiger*.'"

Ver. 210. *From the green myriads*] These lines are admirable patterns of forcible diction. The peculiar and discriminating

* Sen. Ep. 107.

Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!

NOTES.

expressiveness of the epithets ought to be particularly regarded. Perhaps we have no image in the language more lively than that of the last verse: "To live along the line," is equally bold and beautiful. In this part of the epistle the poet seems to have remarkably laboured his style, which abounds in various figures, and is much elevated. Pope has practised the great secret of Virgil's art, which was to discover the very single epithet that precisely suited each occasion. If Pope must yield to other poets in point of fertility of fancy, or harmony of numbers, yet in point of propriety, closeness, and elegance of diction, he can yield to none. Very inferior is the translation of Abbé du Resnel, of all this fine passage, to the original, though it is evident he took pains about it. See his four lines on the spider:

Contemplez l'araignée en son réduit obscur;
Que son toucher est vif, qu'il est prompt, qu'il est sur;
Sur ces pieges, tendus sans cesse vigilante,
Dans chacun de ses fils elle paroit vivante.

Ver. 213. *The headlong lioness*] The manner of the lions hunting their prey in the deserts of Africa is this: At their first going out in the night-time they set up a loud roar, and then listen to the noise made by the beasts in their flight, pursuing them by the ear, and not by the nostril. It is probable the story of the jackall's hunting for the lion, was occasioned by the observation of this defect of scent in that terrible animal. P.

'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier?
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection, how ally'd;
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!
And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?

NOTES.

Ver. 224. *For ever sep'rate*, &c.] *Near* by the similitude of the operations; *separate* by the immense difference in the nature of the powers. W.

Ver. 226. *What thin partitions*, &c.] So *thin*, that the Atheistic Philosophers, as Protagoras, held that THOUGHT *was only* SENSE; and from thence concluded, that *every imagination or opinion of every man was true:* Πᾶσα φαντασία ἐστὶν ἀληθής. But the Poet determines more philosophically; that they are really and essentially different, how *thin* soever the partition be by which they are *divided.* Thus (to illustrate the truth of this observation), when a geometer considers a triangle, in order to demonstrate the equality of its three angles to two right ones, he has the picture or image of some sensible triangle in his mind, which is *sense;* yet notwithstanding, he must needs have the motion or idea of an intellectual triangle likewise, which is *thought;* for this plain reason, because every image or picture of a triangle must needs be obtusangular, or rectangular, or acutangular; but that which, in his mind, is the subject of his proposition is the ratio of a triangle, *undetermined* to any of these species. On this account it was that Aristotle said, Νοήματα τίνι διοίσει τοῦ μὴ Φαντάσματα εἶναι, ἢ οὐδὲ τἄλλα φαντάσματα, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἄνευ φαντασμάτων. *The conceptions of the mind differ somewhat from sensible images; they are not sensible images, and yet not quite free or disengaged from sensible images.*

Ver. 232. *Is not thy Reason*] "Such then is the admirable distribution of nature, her adapting and adjusting not only the stuff or matter to the shape itself and form, to the circumstance,

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go!
Around, how wide, how deep extend below!
Vast chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,

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Ver. 238. Ed. 1st.
Ethereal essence, spirit, substance, man.

NOTES.

place, element, or region; but also the affections, appetites, sensations, mutually to each other, as well as the matter, form, action, and all besides; all managed for the best, with perfect frugality and just reserve: profuse to none, but bountiful to all: never employing in one thing more than enough: but with exact economy retrenching the superfluous, and adding force to what is principal in every thing: And is not thought and reason principal in man? would we have no reserve for these; no saving for this part of his engine?" Shaftesbury, in the Moralist, vol. ii. p. 99.

Ver. 235. *Above, how high,*] This is a magnificent passage. Thomson had before said, in Summer, v. 333.

——Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From infinite Perfection, to the brink
Of dreary Nothing, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought recoiling turns?

See also Locke, vol. ii. p. 49.

Ver. 240. *No glass can reach;*] "There are," says Hooke the naturalist, "8,280,000 *animalcula* in one drop of water." "Nature, in many instances," says Themistius, "appears to make her transitions so imperceptibly, and by little and little, that in some beings it may be doubted whether they are animal or vegetable.

From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the Whole must fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and stars run lawless through the sky;

NOTES.

Ver. 244. *the great scale's destroy'd*:] All that can be said of the supposition of a scale of beings gradually descending from perfection to nonentity, and complete in every rank and degree, is to be found in the third chapter of King's Origin of Evil, and in a note of the Archbishop, marked G, p. 137. of Law's translation, ending with these emphatical words: "Whatever system God had chosen, all creatures in it could not have been equally perfect; and there could have been but a certain determinate multitude of the most perfect: and, when that was completed, there would have been a station for creatures less perfect, and it would still have been an instance of goodness to give them a being as well as others."

Ver. 245. *From Nature's chain*] Almost the words of Marcus Antoninus, l. v. c. 8.; as also v. 265, from the same.

Ver. 251. *Let Earth unbalanc'd*] *i. e.* Being no longer kept within its orbit by the different directions of its progressive and attractive motions; which, like equal weights in a balance, keep it in an equilibre. W.

It is observable, that these noble lines were added after the first folio edition. It is a pleasing and useful amusement to trace out the alterations that a great and correct writer gradually makes in his works. At first it ran,

> How instinct varies! What a hog may want
> Compar'd with thine, half-reasoning Elephant.

Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh Madness! Pride! Impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing MIND OF ALL ordains.

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And again;

What the advantage if his finer eyes
Study a mite, not comprehend the skies.

Which lines at present stand thus:

How instinct varies in the growling swine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning Elephant, with thine:
Say what the use were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the Heav'n.

Formerly it stood thus:

No self-confounding faculties to share,
No senses stronger than his brain can bear.

At present;

No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.

It appeared at first very exceptionably;

Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man,
A mighty maze! of walks without a plan.

Which contradicted his whole system, and it was altered to,

A mighty maze! but not without a plan!

Ver. 255. *Just as absurd, &c.*] See the prosecution and application of this in Ep. iv.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;

NOTES.

Ver. 266. *The great directing Mind*, &c.] "Veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium. Deus enim sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam FATUM et NATURA." *Newtoni Princip. Schol. gener. sub finem.*

Ver. 267. *All are but parts*] These are lines of a marvellous energy and closeness of expression. They are exactly like the old Orphic verses quoted in Aristotle, De Mundo. Edit. Lugd. folio, 1590, p. 378; and line 289 as minutely resembles the doctrine of the sublime hymn of Cleanthes the Stoic; not that I imagine Pope or Bolingbroke ever read that hymn, especially the latter, who was ignorant of Greek.

Ver. 268. *Whose body Nature is*, &c.] Mr. de Crousaz remarks, on this line, that "A Spinozist would express himself in this manner." I believe he would; for so the infamous Toland has done, in his Atheist's Liturgy, called PANTHEISTICON: but so would St. Paul likewise, who, writing on this subject, the omnipresence of God in his Providence, and in his Substance, says, in the words of a pantheistical Greek Poet, *In him we live, and move, and have our being; i. e.* we are parts of him, *his offspring:* and the reason is, because a religious theist and an impious pantheist both profess to believe the omnipresence of God. But would Spinoza, as Mr. Pope does, call God *the great directing Mind of all*, who hath intentionally created a perfect Universe? Or would a Spinozist have told us,

"The workman from the work distinct was known?"

a line that overturns all Spinozism from its very foundations.

But this sublime description of the Godhead contains not only the *divinity* of St. Paul; but, if that will not satisfy the men he writes against, the *philosophy* likewise of Sir Isaac Newton.

The Poet says,

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;" &c.

The Philosopher:—"In ipso continentur et moventur universa, sed absque mutua passione. Deus nihil patitur ex corporum motibus; illa nullam sentiunt resistentiam ex omnipresentia Dei.—Corpore omni et figura corporea destituitur.—Omnia re-

That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame; 270

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git et omnia cognoscit—Cum unaquæque Spatii particula sit semper, et unumquodque Durationis indivisibile momentum, ubique certe rerum omnium Fabricator ac Dominus non erit nunquam, nusquam."

Mr. Pope;

"Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals, all."

Sir Isaac Newton:—"Annon ex phænomenis constat esse entem incorporeum, viventem, intelligentem, omnipræsentem, qui in spatio infinito, tanquam sensorio suo, res ipsas intime cernat, penitusque perspiciat, totasque intra se præsens præsentes complectatur."

But now admitting there were an ambiguity in these expressions so great that a Spinozist might employ them to express his own particular principles; and such a thing might well be, because the Spinozists, in order to hide the impiety of their principle, are wont to express the Omnipresence of God in terms that any religious Theist might employ; in this case, I say, how are we to judge of the Poet's meaning? Surely by the whole tenor of his argument. Now take the words in the sense of the Spinozists, and he is made, in the conclusion of his epistle, to overthrow all he had been advancing throughout the body of it: for Spinozism is the destruction of a Universe, where every thing tends, by a foreseen contrivance in all its parts, to the perfection of the Whole. But allow him to employ the passage in the sense of St. Paul, *That we and all creatures live, and move, and have our being, in God;* and then it will be seen to be the most logical support of all that had preceded. For the Poet having, as we say, laboured through his Epistle to prove, that every thing in the Universe tends, by a foreseen contrivance, and a present direction of all its parts, to the perfection of the Whole; it might be objected, that such a disposition of things

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all Life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;

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implying in God a painful, operose, and inconceivable extent of Providence, it could not be supposed that such care extended to *all*, but was confined to the more noble parts of the creation. This gross conception of the First Cause the Poet exposes, by shewing that God is equally and intimately present to every particle of Matter, to every sort of Substance, and in every instant of Being. W.

Ver. 269. *That, chang'd thro' all,*] "Every ear," says a critic of the truest taste, "must feel the ill effect of the monotony in these lines. The cause of it is obvious. This verse consists of ten syllables, or five feet. When the pause falls on the fourth syllable, we shall find that we pronounce the six last in the same time that we do the four first; so that the couplet is not only divided into two equal lines, but each line, with respect to time, is divided into two equal parts." Webb's Remarks on the Beauties of Poetry.

Ver. 270. *Great in the earth,*] It is remarkable that perhaps the most solid refutation of Spinoza is in the fifth volume of Bayle's Dictionary, p. 199.

Ver. 274. *operates unspent;*] To Lucretius, who, in these very bold and magnificent lines, has asked,

"Quis regere immensi summam? quis habere profundi
Indu manu validas potis est moderanter habenas?
Quis pariter cœlos omneis convertere, et omneis
Ignibus ætheriis terras suffire feraceis?
Omnibus inque locis esse omni tempore præsto?

To this question, I say, we may answer, "That Great Being who is so powerfully described by Pope in this passage."

See on this subject the fine and convincing Discourse of Socrates with Aristodemus, in the first book of Xenophon's Memorabilia.

Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph, that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals, all.

NOTES.

Ver. 276. *In a hair as heart;*] How much superior to a conceit of Cowley, addressed to J. Evelyne, Esq.

"If we could open and intend our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy,
E'en in a Bush, the radiant Deity!"

Very sublime is the idea of the Great First Cause in a fragment of Empedocles:

——Φρὴν ἱερὴ, καὶ ἀθέσφατος ἔκλυτο μοῦνον,
Φροντίσι κόσμον ἅπαντα καταΐσσουσα θοῇσι.

Ammonius, p. 199.

M. du Resnel has translated all this passage of Pope unfairly and absurdly.

Our author strove hard to excel four fine lines of his master Dryden, and has succeeded in the attempt; they are in a speech of Raphael in the "State of Innocence," amidst much trash:

"Where'er thou art, he is; th' eternal Mind
Acts thro' all places; is to none confin'd:
Fills ocean, earth, and air, and all above,
And thro' the universal mass does move."

Ver. 280. *He fills, he bounds,*] This is a noble passage. Akenside entered the lists on this subject with our author. It will be pleasant to compare two such writers:

——"Thee, O Father, this extent
Of matter; Thee, the sluggish earth and tract
Of seas, the heavens and heavenly splendours feel
Pervading, quickening, moving. From the depth
Of thy great essence, forth dids't thou conduct
Eternal Form; and there, where Chaos reign'd,
Gav'st her dominion to erect her seat,
And sanctify the mansion. All her works

X. Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

VARIATIONS.

After Verse 282 in the MS.

Reason, to think of God when she pretends,
Begins a Censor, an Adorer ends.

NOTES.

Well-pleas'd thou did'st behold. The gloomy fires
Of storm or earthquake, and the purest light
Of Summer; soft Campania's new-born rose;
And the slow weed, which pines on Russian hills,
Comely alike to thy full vision, stand:
To thy surrounding vision, which unites
All essences and powers of the great world
In one sole order; fair alike they stand,
As features well consenting, and alike
Requir'd by Nature ere she could attain
Her just resemblance to the perfect shape
Of universal beauty, which with Thee
Dwelt from the first."——

Book. i. 569. The Pleasures of Imagination.

I will here add, as the best commentary on the prevailing doctrines of this first Epistle, a very exalted passage from Plotinus, in which he has introduced a subline prosopopœia of Nature, or the Universe, speaking of the design of Creation; and I will give it in the forcible and energetic translation of Cudworth, book i. p. 881, without apology for any antiquated expressions that this truly great divine and philosopher has made use of:

"That which God made was the Whole, as One thing; which he that attends to may hear it speaking to him after this manner: 'God Almighty hath made Me, and from thence came I perfect and complete, and standing in need of nothing, because in Me are contained all things; plants, and animals, and good souls, and men happy with virtue; and innumerable demons, and many gods. Nor is the earth alone in me adorned with all manner of plants and variety of animals; or does the power of soul extend at most no farther than to the seas, as if the whole air, and ether, and heaven, in the mean time, were quite devoid of soul, and altogether unadorned with living inhabitants. More-

Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:

NOTES.

over, all things in me desire good, and every thing reaches to it, according to its power and nature. For the whole world depends upon that first and highest good, the gods themselves, who reign in my several parts, and all animals and plants, and whatsoever seems to be inanimate in me. For some things in me partake only of being, some of life also, some of sense, some of reason, and some of intellect above reason. But no man ought to require equal things from unequal; nor that the finger should see, but the eye; it being enough for the finger to be a finger, and to perform its own office. As an artificer would not make all things in an animal to be eyes; so neither has the Divine λόγος, or Spermatic Reason of the World, made all things gods; but some gods, but some demons, and some men, and some lower animals: not out of envy, but to display its own variety and fecundity: but we are like unskilful spectators of a picture, who condemn the limner, because he hath not put bright colours every where; whereas he had suited his colours to every part respectively, giving to each such as belonged to it. Or else are we like those who would blame a comedy or tragedy, because they were not all kings or heroes that acted in it, but some servants and rustic clowns introduced also, talking after their rude fashion. Whereas the dramatic poem would neither be complete, nor elegant and delightful, were all those worser parts taken out of it.'"

The learned reader will be highly gratified by turning to a fine passage on this subject in Plutarch, De Animi Tranquillitate, vol. ii. p. 473. folio, 1620, and to the noble lines of Euripides there quoted: and would be gratified still more by attentively perusing the short treatise of Aristotle, Περὶ Κόσμου, concerning the beauty and concord of the Universe arising from Contrarieties; which treatise, notwithstanding the different form of its composition, ought to be ascribed to this philosopher, for the reasons assigned by Petit in his Observations, b. ii.; and by a dissertation of Daniel Heinsius, as well as the opinion of our truly learned Bishop Berkeley.

Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:

NOTES.

Ver. 287. *Safe in the hand*] "Be there two worlds, or be there twenty, the same God is the God of all; and wherever we are, we are equally in his power. Far from fearing my Creator, that all-perfect Being whom I adore, I should fear to be no longer his creature." Bolingbroke.

Si sic omnia dixisset!

Ver. 289. *All Nature is but Art,*] Cudworth observes, upon Lucretius's having said,

"Usque adeo res humanas vis abdita quædam
Obterit,"——

that here he reeled and staggered in his atheism; or was indeed a Theist, and knew it not.

"Nature is the art whereby God governs the world," says Hobbes.

Ver. 291. *All Discord, Harmony*] The words of Plato, in the Thæot, are, καὶ τοῦτο μεγίστης τέχνης ἀγαθοποιεῖν τὰ κακά. "This must be acknowledged to be the greatest of all arts, to be able to bonifie evils, or tincture them with good."

Cudworth, p. 221. Intellectual System.

I was surprised to see this philosophical doctrine amply illustrated in one of our quaint old writers, Feltham, in his Resolves, p. 130, 1633.

"The whole world is kept in order by Discord; and every part of it is but a more particular composed jarre. Not a man, not a beast, not a creature, but have something to ballast their lightnesse. One scale is not alwaies in depression, nor the other lifted ever high, but the alternate wave of the beame keepes it ever in the play of motion. From the pismire on the tufted hill, to the monarch in the raised throne, nothing but hath somewhat to awe it. Wee are all here like birds that boys let fly in strings; when

And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

NOTES.

we mount too high wee have that which puls us downe againe. What man is it which lives so happily, which feares not something that would sadden his soule if it fell? Nor is there any whom calamity doth so much tristitiate, as that hee never sees the flashes of some warming joy. Beasts with beasts are terrified and delighted. Man with man is awed and defended. States with states are bounded and upholded. And, in all these, it makes greatly for the Maker's glory that such an admirable harmony should be produced out of such an infinite discord. The world is both a perpetuall warre, and a wedding. Heraclitus call'd a Discord and Concord the universall Parents. And to raile on Discord, saies the Father of the Poets, is to speake ill of Nature. As in musick sometimes one string is lowder, sometimes another; yet never one long, nor never all at once. So sometimes one state gets a monarchy, sometimes another; sometimes one element is violent, now another; yet never was the whole world under one long; nor were all the elements raging together. Every string has his use, and his tune, and his turne."

Feltham, we might imagine, did not know that this was a doctrine so old as Heraclitus, who speaks of Παλίντροπος ἁρμονία κόσμου, a versatile harmony of the world, whereby things reciprocate backwards, and forwards, &c.; quoted by Cudworth, chap. iv. b. i. from Plutarch, De Iside et Osiride, of two principles, a good God and an evil Demon; the Manichean doctrine.

BAYLE was the person who, by stating the difficulties concerning the Origin of Evil, in his Dictionary, 1695, with much acuteness and ability, revived the Manichean controversy that had been long dormant. He was soon answered by Le Clerc in his Parrhasiana, and many articles in his Bibliotheques. But by no writer was Bayle so powerfully attacked, as by the excellent Archbishop King, in his Treatise de Origine Mali, 1702. About 1705, Lord Shaftesbury frequently visited Bayle, at Rotterdam, whose wit and learning he admired, and made him a present of an elegant watch by a delicate stratagem; and offered him a fine

collection of books, which that philosopher declined to accept. He had many conversations and disputes with Bayle on the Manichean controversy; and in 1709 wrote the famous Dialogue entitled The Moralists, as a direct confutation of the opinions of Bayle; though he had before touched on this subject, 1699, when the first edition of the Enquiry concerning Virtue and Merit was published: as did his disciple Hutcheson, 1725. In 1710, Leibnitz wrote his famous Theodicée; without entering into the metaphysical refinements of that piece, it may be more amusing to our reader just to mention the agreeable fiction with which he ends his philosophical disquisition. He feigns (in continuance of a Dialogue of Laurentius Valla), that Sextus the son of Tarquin goes to Dodona to complain to Jupiter of the crime which he was destined to commit, the rape of Lucretia. Jupiter answers him, that he had nothing to do but to abstain from going to Rome: but Sextus declares positively, that he could not renounce the hope of being a king, and accordingly to Rome he goes. After his departure, the high priest, Theodorus, asks Jupiter, why he did not give another will to Sextus? Jupiter sends Theodorus to Athens to consult Minerva; she shews to Theodorus the great palace of the Destinies, in which were placed all the pictures and representations of all possible worlds, from the worst model to the best. Theodorus beholds, in the latter, the crime which Sextus was doomed to commit; from which crime arose the liberty of Rome, and a mighty empire; an event so interesting to a great part of the human race. Theodorus was silenced.

In 1720 Dr. John Clarke published his Enquiry into the Cause and Origin of Evil, a work full of sound reasoning; but almost every argument on this most difficult of all subjects had been urged many years before any of the above-mentioned treatises appeared, namely, 1678, by that truly great scholar and divine Cudworth, in that inestimable treasury of learning and philosophy his Intellectual System, to which so many authors have been indebted, without owning their obligations.

I thought this little account of the writers who had preceded Pope, on the subject of this Essay, not improper to be subjoined in this place.

Voltaire wrote his Candide with the professed design of ridiculing the fundamental doctrine of this Essay; and in his philosophical Dictionary; in his poem on the Destruction of Lisbon; in his additions to the Encyclopedie; and in many parts of his Works and Letters; he seized every opportunity of combating

and exposing the opinion of Optimism. And he joined with Hume in saying, " That the only solid method of accounting for the Origin of Evil, consistently with the other attributes of God, is not to allow that his power is infinite." " Sa puissance est très grande ; mais qui nous a dit qu'elle est infinie, quand ses ouvrages nous montrent le contraire ? Certes, j'aime mieux l'adorer borné que mechant. Il ne reste que d'avouer que Dieu ayant agi pour le mieux, n'a pu agir mieux. Cette necessité tranche toutes les difficultés et finit toutes les disputes. Nous n'avons pas le front de dire, Tout est bien ; nous disons tout est le moins mal qu'il se pouvoit." " We ought," says Hume, " to allow that the Creator of the universe possesses that precise degree of power, intelligence, and benevolence, which actually appears in his workmanship ; nothing farther can ever be justly proved ; and the supposition of farther attributes is mere hypothesis." Thus endeavouring to deprive us of our most comfortable hopes, and most salutary expectations. But he should remember, that, if this be all that reason and philosophy can be able to prove, life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel. Notwithstanding these loose principles of Voltaire, yet, one is glad to find, from the same hand, a full confutation of the impious tenets advanced in the Systeme de la Nature. Tom. iv. of Questions sur l'Encyclopedie, page 285. And in the beginning of this article, in this same volume, he has confuted Spinoza, and pointed out his many contradictions, sophisms, and obscurities ; proving clearly that he did not understand his own opinions. In vol. vii. of the same work, page 283, he has demolished the artful arguments of Bayle, who endeavoured to prove that atheism was a tenet less mischievous to the happiness of man than idolatry.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Himself *as an Individual.*

I. *The business of Man not to pry into* God, *but to study* himself. *His* Middle Nature; *his Powers and Frailties,* Ver. 1 to 19. *The Limits of his* Capacity, Ver. 19, &c. II. *The two Principles of Man,* Self-love *and* Reason, *both necessary,* Ver. 53, &c. Self-love *the stronger, and why,* Ver. 67, &c. *Their end the same,* Ver. 81, &c. III. *The* PASSIONS, *and their use,* Ver. 93 to 130. *The* Predominant Passion, *and its force,* Ver. 132 to 160. *Its Necessity, in directing Men to different purposes,* Ver. 165, &c. *Its providential Use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue,* Ver. 177. IV. Virtue *and* Vice *joined in our* mixed Nature; *the limits near, yet the things* separate *and* evident: *What is the Office of* Reason, Ver. 202 to 216. V. *How odious* Vice *in itself, and how we deceive ourselves in it,* 217. VI. *That, however, the* Ends *of* Providence *and* general Good *are answered in our Passions and Imperfections,* Ver. 238, &c. *How usefully these are distributed to all* Orders of Men, Ver. 241. *How useful they are to* Society, Ver. 251. *And to* Individuals, Ver. 263. *In every* state, *and every* age *of life,* Ver. 273, &c.

EPISTLE II.

I. KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of Mankind is Man.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 2. Ed. 1st,

The only science of Mankind is Man.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Know then thyself,*] Not content with the fame acquired by writing those fine tragedies, Zaire, Alzire, Merope, and Mahomet, Voltaire must needs descend to didactic poetry; for a descent it is; out of an ambition to be a universal genius; and produced, in emulation of Pope, five Discourses on Man: the first is, on the Equality of Happiness in the different Conditions of Man; the second, on the Freedom of man; the third, on the Mischiefs of Envy, and that it is the chief Obstacle to our Happiness; the fourth, to shew that, to be Happy, we must be moderate in all Things; the fifth, that Pleasure must proceed from God; the sixth, that Perfect Happiness cannot be attained in this Life, and that Men ought not to complain; the seventh and last is, to shew that Virtue chiefly consists in Acts of Beneficence to our Fellow-creatures. A close resemblance is visible in the following lines of the sixth discourse to the Essay on Man. Ep. i. v. 173.

" Un vieux Lettre Chinois, qui toujours sur les bancs
Combattit la raison par de beaux argumens,
Plein de Confucius, et sa Logique en tête,
Distinguant, concluant, présenta sa requête.
Pourquoi suis-je en un point resserré par le tems?
Mes jours devroient aller par-dela vingt mille ans;
Ma taille pour le moins dût avoir cent condées,
D'où vient que je ne puis, plus promt que mes idées,
Voyager dans la Lune, et reformer son cours?
Pourquoi faut-il dormir un grand tiers de mes jours;
Pourquoi ne puis-je, au gré de ma pudique flâme;
Faire au moins en trois mois cent enfans à ma femme;

Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A Being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;

NOTES.

Pourquoi suis-je en un jour si las de ses attraits?
Tes pourquoi, dit le Dieu, ne finiraient jamais,
Bientot tes questions vont etre decidées:
Vas chercher ta réponse au pays des idées;
Pars!"——

Though there are many sensible and sprightly passages in these discourses, yet their inferiority to Pope is indisputable. As much as we may lament and reprobate the loose and libertine principles wantonly scattered up and down in the writings of Voltaire, yet is it impossible not to admire the fertility of his genius, the brilliancy of his wit, and the variety of his talents? It is vain to think it possible to destroy and depreciate the man who, with such an unparalleled versatility of mind, could produce, not only the tragedies just mentioned, and some parts of the Henriade, but Comic Tales, a certain Mock-Heroic Poem, and Familiar Epistles in verse, equal to the facility and naïveté of La Fontaine; as well as such histories as that of Charles XII. Louis XIV. and the Essay on General History; which last work has had the great merit of giving a new turn to historical compositions, and carrying them from accounts of battles, and sieges, and negotiations alone, to investigations of the progress of manners, laws, and arts; and this in a style of marvellous perspicuity and precision: so that his prose is quite equal to his verse, perhaps superior. They who are fond of attributing the disorders and enormities in France to the influence of Voltaire's writings, ought in common justice to be reminded, that even in one of his most exceptionable works, the Dictionnaire Philosophique, are various passages, strongly pointed, against Atheism, Equality, and Democracy, and the very impious tenets of the Systeme de la Nature.

Ver. 3. *on this isthmus*] From Cowley, in the Ode on Life and Fame. As also line 205, in the 4th Epistle,

To Kings, or to the Favourites of Kings.

In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle, of the world!

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 18 in the MS.

For more perfection than this state can bear
In vain we sigh, Heav'n made us as we are.
As wisely sure a modest Ape might aim
To be like Man, whose faculties and frame
He sees, he feels, as you or I to be
An Angel thing we neither know nor see.

NOTES.

Ver. 11. *Alike in ignorance*, &c.] *i. e.* The proper sphere of his reason is so narrow, and the exercise of it so nice, that the too immoderate use of it is attended with the same ignorance that proceeds from the not using it at all. Yet though, in both these cases, he is *abused by himself*, he has it still in his own power to *disabuse himself*, in making his passions subservient to the *means*, and regulating his Reason by the *end* of life. W.

Ver. 12. *Whether he thinks too little*,] It was observed by Bayle above a hundred years ago, "that philosophy might be compared to certain powders, so very corrosive, that, having consumed the proud and spongy flesh of a wound, they would corrode even the quick and sound flesh, rot the bones, and penetrate to the very marrow. Philosophy is proper at first to confute errors, but if she be not stopped there, she attacks truth itself; and, when she has her full scope, she generally goes so far that she loses herself, and knows not where to stop." What would Bayle have said if he had seen the uses to which philosophy has been applied in the present times?

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, soar with Plato, to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;

VARIATIONS.

Observe how near he edges on our race;
What human tricks! how risible of face!
It must be so—why else have I the sense
Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
Why else to walk on two so oft essay'd?
And why this ardent longing for a Maid?
So Pug might plead, and call his Gods unkind,
Till set on end and married to his mind.
Go, reas'ning thing! assume the Doctor's chair,
As Plato deep, as Seneca severe:
Fix moral fitness, and to God give rule,
Then drop into thyself, &c.——

Ver. 21. Ed. 4th and 5th.
Shew by what rules the wand'ring planets stray,
Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his way.

NOTES.

Ver. 20. *Go, measure earth,* &c.] Alluding to the noble and useful labours of the modern Mathematicians, in measuring a degree at the equator and the polar circle, in order to determine the true figure of the earth; of great importance to astronomy and navigation; and which proved of equal honour to the wonderful sagacity of Newton. W.

Ver. 22. *Correct old Time,* &c.] This alludes to Newton's Grecian Chronology, which he reformed on those two sublime conceptions, the difference between the reigns of kings, and the generations of men; and the position of the colours of the equinoxes and solstices at the time of the Argonautic expedition. W.

As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool.
Superior Beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an Ape.

NOTES.

Ver. 29, 30. *Go, teach Eternal Wisdom*, &c.] These two lines are a conclusion from all that had been said from Ver. 18 to this effect: Go now, vain Man, elated with thy acquirements in *real* science, and *imaginary* intimacy with God; go, and run into all the extravagances I have exploded in the first epistle, where thou pretendest to teach Providence how to govern; then drop into the obscurities of thy own nature, and thereby manifest thy ignorance and folly. W.

Ver. 31. *Superior Beings*, &c.] In these lines the Poet speaks to this effect: "But to make you fully sensible of the difficulty of this study, I shall instance in the great Newton himself; whom, when superior beings, not long since, saw capable of unfolding the whole law of Nature, they were in doubt whether the owner of such prodigious sagacity should not be reckoned of their order; just as men, when they see the surprising marks of Reason in an Ape, are almost tempted to rank him with their own kind." And yet this wondrous Man could go no farther in the knowledge of himself than the generality of his species. M. Du Resnel, who understood nothing of all this, translates these four celebrated lines thus,

"Des celestes Esprits la vive intelligence
Regarde *avec pitie notre foible Science ;*
Newton, le grand Newton, que nos admirons tous
Est peut-être pour eux, *ce qu'un Singe est pour nous.*"

But it is not the *pity*, but the *admiration*, of those celestial Spirits which is here spoken of. And it was for no slight cause they admired; it was *to see a mortal man unfold the whole law of Nature.* By which we see it was not Mr. Pope's intention to bring any of the Ape's *qualities*, but its *sagacity*, into the comparison. W.

Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide:
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 35. Ed. 1st.

Could he, who taught each Planet where to roll,
Describe or fix one movement of the Soul?
Who mark'd their points to rise or to descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?

NOTES.

Ver. 34. *as we shew an Ape.*] Evidently borrowed from the following passage in the Zodiac of Palingenius, and not, as hath been suggested by Dr. Hurd, from Plato. Pope was a reader and publisher of the modern Poets of Italy who wrote in Latin. The words are,

"Simia Cœlicolûm risusque jocusque Deorum est
Tunc Homo, cum temere ingenio confidit, et audet
Abdita Naturæ scrutari, arcanaque Divûm."

Ver. 37. *Who saw its fires here rise, &c.*] Sir Isaac Newton, in calculating the velocity of a Comet's motion, and the course it describes, when it becomes visible in its descent to and ascent from the Sun, conjectured, with the highest appearance of truth, that Comets revolve perpetually round the Sun, in ellipses vastly eccentrical, and very nearly approaching to parabolas. In which he was greatly confirmed, in observing between two Comets a coincidence in their perihelions, and a perfect agreement in their velocities. W.

Ver. 44. *First strip off*] The abuses of learning are enumerated with brevity and elegance in these few lines. It was a favourite subject with our author; and it is said he intended to have

Deduct what is but Vanity, or Dress,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;

NOTES.

written four epistles on it, wherein he would have treated of the extent and limits of human reason; of arts and sciences useful and attainable; of the different capacities of different men; of the knowledge of the world; and of wit. Such censures, even of the most unimportant parts of literature, should not, however, be carried too far; and a sensible writer observes, that there is not indeed any part of knowledge which can be called entirely useless. "The most abstracted parts of mathematics, and the knowledge of mythological history, or ancient allegories, have their own pleasures, not inferior to the more gay entertainments of painting, music, or architecture; and it is for the advantage of mankind that some are found who have a taste for these studies. The only fault lies in letting any of those inferior tastes engross the whole man to the exclusion of the nobler pursuits of virtue and humanity*." We may here apply an elegant observation of Tully, who says, in his Brutus, "Credo, sed Atheniensium quoque plus interfuit firma tecta in domiciliis habere, quam Minervæ signum ex ebore pulcherrimum: tamen ego me Phidiam esse mallem quam vel optimum fabrum lignarium; quare non quantum quisque prosit, sed quanti quisque sit, ponderandum est: præsertim cum pauci pingere egregie possint aut fingere, operarii autem aut bajuli deesse non possint."

Ver. 47. *Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,*] Such as the mathematical demonstrations concerning the *small quantity of matter*; the *endless divisibility* of it, &c. W.

Ver. 48. *Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;*] *i. e.* when *Admiration* has set the mind on the rack. W.

Ver. 49. *Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts*
Of all our Vices have created Arts;]

i. e. Those parts of Natural Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Poetry, &c. which administer to luxury, deceit, ambition, effeminacy, &c.

* Hutcheson's Nature and Conduct of the Passions, p. 179.

Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!
II. Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;

NOTES.

Ver. 53. *Two Principles*, &c.] The Poet having shewn the difficulty which attends the study of Man, proceeds to remove it, by laying before us the elements or true principles of this science, in an account of the *Origin*, *Use*, and *End*, of the PASSIONS; which, in my opinion, contains the truest, clearest, shortest, and consequently the best, system of Ethics that is any where to be met with. He begins (from Ver. 52 to 59) with pointing out the two grand Principles in human nature, SELF-LOVE and REASON. Describes their general nature: The first sets Man upon acting, the other regulates his action. However, these principles are *natural*, not *moral*; and therefore, in themselves, neither good nor evil, but so only as they are directed. This observation is made with great judgment, in opposition to the desperate folly of those Fanatics, who, as the Ascetic, vainly pretend to eradicate Self-love; or, as the Mystic, are more successful in stifling Reason; and both, on the absurd fancy of their being *moral*, not *natural*, principles. W.

Ver. 54. *Self-love, to urge,*] Such popular writers as Pascal, Nicole, and Rochefoucault, having given a wrong and improper definition of Self-love, and mistaken the origin of it for its end, having argued unfairly and inconclusively on the subject, and represented this first spring of all human actions, as base, mean, and disgraceful. Our Author, more wise and temperate, has endeavoured to reconcile Self-love with social, and private good with universal happiness. He had the hint from Shaftesbury: "If there can possibly be supposed in a creature such an affection towards self-good, as is actually, in its natural degree, conducing to his private interest, and at the same time inconsistent with the public good; this may indeed be called still a vicious affection. And on this supposition a creature cannot really be good and natural in respect of his society or public, without being ill and unnatural towards himself. But if the affection be then only injurious to society when it is immoderate, and not so when it is moderate, duly tempered, and allayed, then is the immoderate degree of the affection truly vicious, but not the moderate." Cha-

Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all Good; to their improper Ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
Most strength the moving principle requires:
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.

NOTES.

racteristics, vol. ii. p. 22. He had said before, vol. i. p. 120, speaking of those who had written on Self-love, "If these gentlemen who delight so much in the play of words, but are cautious how they grapple closely with definitions, would tell us only what Self-interest was, and would determine Happiness and Good, there would be an end of this enigmatical wit." See also pages 78, 79, 80, 87, 139, 140, of volume the second. Pope does not appear to have read, though published before this Essay, Hutcheson's admirable Illustrations and Defence of the Moral Sense, and his fine Treatise on the Passions. Burlamaqui's work, Principes du Droit Naturel, was not yet published, by which our Author might have profited much.

Ver. 59. *Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;*] The Poet proceeds (from Ver. 58 to 67) more minutely to mark out the distinct offices of these two Principles, which offices he had before assigned only in general; and here he shews their necessity; for without Self-love, as the *spring*, Man would be inactive: and without Reason, as the *balance*, active to no purpose. W.

Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 86 in the MS.

Of good and evil Gods what frighted Fools,
Of good and evil Reason puzzled schools,
Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught——

NOTES.

Ver. 81. *Let subtle schoolmen, &c.*] From this description of Self-love and Reason it follows, as the Poet observes (from Ver. 80 to 93), that both conspire to one end, namely human happiness, though they be not equally expert in the choice of the means; the difference being this, that the first hastily seizes every thing which hath the appearance of good; the other weighs and examines whether it be indeed what it appears.

This shews, as he next observes, the folly of the schoolmen, who consider them as two opposite principles, the one good and the other evil. The observation is seasonable and judicious: for this dangerous school-opinion gives great support to the Manichean or Zoroastrian error, the confutation of which was one of the Author's chief ends in writing. For if there be *two principles*

Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call:
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;

NOTES.

in Man, a *good* and *evil*, it is natural to think him the joint product of the two Manichean Deities (the first of which contributed to his *Reason*, the other to his *Passions*) rather than the creature of one Individual Cause. This was Plutarch's opinion, and, as we may see in him, of some of the more ancient theistical Philosophers. It was of importance, therefore, to reprobate and subvert a notion that served to the support of so dangerous an error: and this the Poet hath done with much force and clearness. W.

Ver. 101. *In lazy Apathy*] Swift observes that "the Stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our passions, is like cutting off our legs for want of shoes." How easy is it to expose assertions which were never asserted; to refute tenets which were never held; to become St. George when we make our own dragons? What says old Epictetus, who knew Stoicism better than these men? Οὐ γὰρ δεῖ με εἶναι ΑΠΑΘΗ ὡς Ἀνδριάντα, &c. "I am not to be Apathetic, or void of passions, like a statue. I am to discharge all the relations of a social and friendly life, the

Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.

NOTES.

parent, the husband, the brother, the magistrate." These words are copied from a valuable manuscript of my late excellent friend James Harris, Esq. author of Hermes, and other admirable treatises. Perhaps a stronger example cannot be found, of taking notions upon trust without any examination, than the universal censure that has been passed upon the Stoics, as if they constantly and strenuously inculcated a total insensibility with respect to passion, to which these lines of Pope allude; when it is certain the Stoics meant only, a freedom from strong perturbation, from irrational and excessive agitations of the soul; and no more.

Ver. 105. *The rising tempest puts in act the soul,*] As it was from observation of the evils occasioned by the passions, that the Stoics thus extravagantly projected their extirpation, the Poet recurs (from Ver. 104 to 111) to his grand principle so often before, and to so good purpose, insisted on, that *partial Ill is universal Good;* and shews, that though the tempest of the passions, like that of the air, may tear and ravage some few parts of nature in its passage, yet the salutary agitation produced by it preserves the Whole in life and vigour. This is his *first* argument against the Stoics, which he illustrates by a very beautiful similitude, on a hint taken from Scripture:

"Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind." W.

From factions, and ferments, and political agitations, and commotions, and wars, arise the most striking and vigorous exertions of the human mind. Witness what happened in Greece, and Rome, and modern Italy; in France after the league; and in England after, and in, our civil war. Great occasions call forth great and latent abilities; and every man becomes capable of every exertion. A Socrates and a Sophocles were found, alone, in the time of Themistocles and Thrasybulus. The dead calm of despotism, in such a government as China for instance, crushes and overwhelms all effort and all emulation.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 108 in the MS.

A tedious Voyage! where how useless lies
The compass, if no pow'rful gusts arise?

NOTES.

Ver. 108. *Reason the card,*] This passage is exactly copied from Fontenelle, tom. i. p. 109.

"Ces sont les passions qui font et qui defont tout. Si la raison dominoit sur la terre, il ne s'y passeroit rien. On dit que les pilotes craignent au dernier point ces mers pacifiques, ou l'on ne peut naviger, et qu'ils veulent du vent, au hazard d'avoir des tempêtes. Les passions sont chez des hommes des vents qui sont necessaires, pour mettre tout en mouvement, quoiqu'ils causent souvent les orages." He had also copied Fontenelle before, in Epistle i. v. 290.

All chance direction which thou canst not see,

"Tout est hazard dans le monde, pourvû que l'on donne ce nom à un ordre que l'on ne connoit point." Tom. i. p. 81.

Ver. 109. *Nor God alone* in the still calm *we find,*
He mounts the storm, *and walks upon the wind.*]

The translator turns it thus,

"Dieu lui-même, Dieu sort de *son profond repos.*"

And so makes an *Epicurean* God of the Governor of the Universe. M. De Crousaz does not spare this expression of *God's coming out of his profound repose.* "It is," says he, "excessively poetical, and presents us with ideas which we ought not to dwell upon," &c. and then, as usual, blames the Author for the blunder of his Translator." *Comm.* p. 158. W.

Ver. 109. *Nor God alone,* &c.] These words are only a simple affirmation in the poetic dress of a similitude, to this purpose: Good is not only produced by the subdual of the Passions, but by the turbulent exercise of them. A truth conveyed under the most sublime imagery that poetry could conceive or paint. For the author is here only shewing the providential issue of the Pas-

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These, 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 112 in the MS.

The soft reward the virtuous, or invite;
The fierce, the vicious punish or affright.

NOTES.

sions; and how, by God's gracious disposition, they are turned away from their natural destructive bias, to promote the Happiness of Mankind. As to the method in which they are to be treated by Man, in whom they are found, all that he contends for, in favour of them, is only this, that they should not be quite rooted up and destroyed, as the Stoics, and their followers, in all Religions, foolishly attempted. For the rest, he constantly repeats this advice,

"The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to Reason still attend." W.

Ver. 110. *walks upon the wind.*] In Dryden's Ceyex and Alcione is,

"And now sublime she rides upon the wind."

Ver. 117. *Love, Hope, and Joy,*] This beautiful group of allegorical personages, so strongly contrasted, how does it act? The prosopopœia is unfortunately dropped, and the metaphor changed immediately in the succeeding lines, viz.

"These mix'd with art," &c.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act, they cease, in prospect, rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;

NOTES.

Ver. 128. *On diff'rent senses*] A didactic poet, who has happily indulged himself in bolder flights of enthusiasm, supported by a more figurative style than our Author used, has thus nobly illustrated this very doctrine:

——— "Diff'rent minds
Incline to diff'rent objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence, when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And Ocean, groaning from the lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs
All on the margin of some flow'ry stream,
To spread his careless limbs, amid the cool
Of plantane shades."———

Ver. 133. *As Man, perhaps*, &c.] "Antipater Sidonius Poeta omnibus annis uno die natali tantum corripiebatur febre, et eo consumptus est satis longa senecta." *Plin.* l. vii. *N. H.* This *Antipater* was in the times of Crassus; and is celebrated for the quickness of his parts by Cicero. W.

The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's disease, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.
We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!

NOTES.

Ver. 147. *Reason itself*, &c.] The Poet, in some other of his epistles, gives examples of the doctrines and precepts here delivered. Thus, in that *Of the Use of Riches*, he has illustrated this truth in the character of Cotta. W.

Ver. 148. *Turns vinegar*] Taken from Bacon, De Calore; and the preceding verse, and comparison, 132.

"Like Aaron's serpent,"———

is from Bacon likewise.

Ver. 149. *We, wretched subjects,*] The weakness and insufficiency of Human Reason is here painted in the strongest colours: from whence the necessity and the utility of Revelation may be justly inferred.

Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak Passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Through life 'tis follow'd, even at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this Passion our best principle:

NOTES.

Ver. 157. *Proud of an easy*] From the Duc de la Rochefoucault, Maxim. 10; as is also Verse 170 from Maxim. 266; and also Verse 272, from the same author, Maxim. 36.

The late excellent Duke de la Rochefoucault, in a letter to Dr. Adam Smith, dated Paris, 3 Mars. 1778, speaks thus of the Maxims of his ingenious grandfather, as too severe on Human Nature: "Perhaps it may be urged to excuse him, that he had seen and known men chiefly in a court, or in the time of a civil war; deux theatres sur lesquels ils sont certainement plus mauvais qu'ailleurs."

'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.
  As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal, and fortitude, supply;
Ev'n avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms of womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave,
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 194 in the MS.

How oft with Passion, Virtue points her charms!
Then shines the Hero, then the Patriot warms.
Peleus' great Son, or Brutus, who had known,
Had Lucrece been a Whore, or Helen none!
But Virtues opposite to make agree,
That, Reason! is thy task; and worthy Thee.
Hard task, cries Bibulus, and Reason weak.
—Make it a point, dear Marquess! or a pique.
Once, for a whim, persuade yourself to pay
A debt to Reason, like a debt at play.
For right or wrong have mortals suffer'd more
B— for his prince, or ** for his Whore?
Whose self-denials Nature must control?
His, who would save a Sixpence, or his Soul?

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd:
Reason the bias turns from good to ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:

VARIATIONS.

Web for his health, a Chartreux for his Sin,
Contend they not which soonest shall grow thin?
What we resolve, we can: but here's the fault,
We ne'er resolve to do the thing we ought.

NOTES.

Ver. 197. *Reason the bias*, &c.] But lest it should be objected, that this account favours the doctrine of Necessity, and would insinuate that men are only acted upon, in the production of good out of evil; the Poet teacheth (from Ver. 196 to 203) that Man is a free agent, and hath it in his power to turn the natural passions into virtues or into vices, properly so called:

"Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will."

Secondly, If it should be objected, that though he doth, indeed, tell us some actions are beneficial and some hurtful, yet he could not call those *virtuous*, nor these *vicious*, because, as he hath described things, the motive appears to be only the gratification of some passion; give me leave to answer for him, that this would be mistaking the argument, which (to Ver. 249 of this epistle) considers the passions only with regard to *Society*, that is, with regard to their *effects* rather than their *motives:* that, however, it is his design to teach that actions are *properly virtuous and vicious;* and though it be difficult to distinguish genuine virtue from spurious, they having both the same appearance, and both the same public effects, yet that they may be disentangled. If it be asked, by what means? He replies (from Ver. 202 to 205) by conscience;—*the God within the mind;*—and this is to the purpose; for it is a Man's own concern, and no one's else, to know whether his virtue be pure and solid; for what is it to others, whether this virtue (while, as to them, the effect of it is the same) be real or imaginary? W.

The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
  This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.
  Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man they join to some mysterious use;
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.
  Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

NOTES.

Ver. 205. *Extremes in Nature equal ends produce*, &c.] But still it will be said, Why all this difficulty to distinguish true virtue from false? The Poet shews why (from Ver. 204 to 211), That though indeed vice and virtue so invade each other's bounds, that sometimes we can scarce tell where one ends and the other begins, yet great purposes are served thereby, no less than the perfecting the constitution of the Whole, as lights and shades, which run into one another insensibly in a well-wrought picture, make the harmony and spirit of the composition. But on this account, to say there is neither vice nor virtue, the Poet shews (from Ver. 210 to 217), would be just as wise as to say, there is neither black nor white; because the shade of that, and the light of this, often run into one another, and are mutually lost:

> "Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
> 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain."

This is an error of *speculation*, which leads men so foolishly to conclude, that there is neither vice nor virtue. W.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 220, in the 1st Edition, followed these,

A Cheat! a Whore! who starts not at the name,
In all the Inns of Court or Drury-lane?

After Ver. 226 in the MS.

The Col'nel swears the Agent is a dog,
The Scriv'ner vows th' Attorney is a rogue.
Against the Thief, th' Attorney loud inveighs,
For whose ten pound the County twenty pays.
The Thief damns Judges, and the Knaves of State;
And dying, mourns small Villains hang'd by great.

NOTES.

Ver. 217. *Vice is a monster*, &c.] There is another Error, an error of *practice*, which hath more general and hurtful effects; and is next considered (from Ver. 216 to 221). It is this, that though, at the first aspect, Vice be so horrible as to fright the beholder, yet, when by habit we are once grown familiar with her, we first suffer, and in time begin to lose the memory of her nature; which necessarily implies an equal ignorance in the nature of virtue. Hence men conclude, that there is neither one nor the other. W.

"Hence we find," says that amiable moralist Hutcheson, "that the basest actions are dressed in some tolerable mask:" "What others call avarice, appears to the agent a prudent care of a family or friends; fraud, artful conduct; malice and revenge, a just sense of honour; fire, and sword, and desolation, among enemies, a just, thorough defence of our country; persecution, a zeal for truth, and for the eternal happiness of men, which heretics oppose."

No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he;
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
But HEAV'N's great view is One, and that the Whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;

NOTES.

Ver. 231. *Virtuous and vicious*] A fine and just reflection, and well calculated to subdue and extinguish that petulant contempt and unmerited aversion which men too generally entertain of each other, and which gradually diminish and destroy the social and kind affections. "Our emulation," says the amiable and sagacious Hutcheson, "our jealousy or envy, should be restrained in a great measure by a constant resolution of bearing always in our minds the lovely side of every character." And Plato observes, in the Phædon, that there is something amiable in almost every man living. This charitable doctrine of putting candid constructions on actions that appear blamable, nay, detestable and deformed, is illustrated and enforced, with great strength of argument and of benevolence, by King, in the 5th ch. of the Origin of Evil, when he endeavours to evince the prevalence of moral good in the world.

Ver. 234. *by fits, what they despise.*] Χαλεπὸν ἐσθλὰν ἔμμεναι, was a saying of Pittacus, quoted and commented upon by Plato, in the Protagoras.

Ver. 239. *That counter-works each folly and caprice;*] The men-

That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from Vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory, of Mankind.
Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,

NOTES.

tion of this principle, that *Self* directs vice and virtue, and its consequence, which is, that

"Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal,"

leads the Author to observe,

"That HEAV'N's great View is One, and that the Whole."

And this brings him naturally round again to his main subject, namely, *God's producing good out of ill*, which he prosecutes from Ver. 238 to 249. W.

Ver. 249. *Heav'n forming each on other to depend,*] I. Hitherto the Poet hath been employed in discoursing of the use of the Passions, with regard to Society at large; and in freeing his doctrine from objections: This is the *first* general division of the subject of this epistle.

II. He comes now to shew (from Ver. 248 to 261) the use of these Passions, with regard to the more confined circle of our friends, relations, and acquaintance: and this is the *second* general division.

III. The Poet having thus shewn the use of the Passions in *Society*, and in *Domestic* life, comes, in the last place (from Ver. 260 to the end), to shew their use to the *Individual*, even in their illusions; the imaginary happiness they present, helping to make the real miseries of life less insupportable: And this is his *third* general division:

——"OPINION gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a VANITY is giv'n in vain."

Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.

NOTES.

Which must needs vastly raise our idea of God's goodness; who hath not only provided more than a counterbalance of *real happiness* to human miseries, but hath even, in his infinite compassion, bestowed on those who were so foolish as not to have made this provision, an *imaginary happiness;* that they may not be quite overborne with the load of human miseries. This is the Poet's great and noble thought; as strong and solid as it is new and ingenious: It teaches, that these illusions are the faults and follies of Men, which they wilfully fall into; and thereby deprive themselves of much happiness, and expose themselves to equal misery: but that still, God (according to his universal way of working) graciously turns these faults and follies so far to the advantage of his miserable creatures, as to become, for a time, the solace and support of their distresses:

——" Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise." W.

It was an objection constantly urged by the ancient Epicureans, that Man could not be the creature of a benevolent Being, as he was formed in a state so helpless and infirm: Montague took it, and urged it also. They never considered or perceived that this very infirmity and helplessness were the cause and cement of society; that if men had been perfect and self-sufficient, and had stood in no need of each other's assistance, there would have been no occasion for the invention of the arts, and no opportunity for the exertion of the affections. The lines, therefore, in which Lucretius proposes this objection, are as unphilosophical and inconclusive, as they are highly pathetic and poetical.

"Tum porro puer, ut sævis projectus ab undis
Navita, nudus humi jacet, infans, indigus omni
Vitali auxilio, cum primum in luminis oras
Nixibus ex alvo matris natura profudit;
Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est,
Cui tantum in vita restet transire malorum*."

There is a passage in the Moralists which I cannot forbear

* Lib. v. ver. 223.

Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.

NOTES.

thinking Pope had in his eye, and which I must not therefore omit, as it serves to illustrate and confirm so many parts of the Essay on Man; I shall therefore give it at length, without apology:

"The young of most other kinds are instantly helpful to themselves, sensible, vigorous, know how to shun danger, and seek their good: a human infant is of all the most weak, helpless, infirm. And wherefore should it not have been so ordered? Where is the loss in such a species? Or what is Man the worse for that defect, amidst such large supplies? Does not this defect engage him the more strongly to society, and force him to own that he is purposely, and not by accident, made rational and sociable; and can no otherwise increase or subsist than in that social intercourse and community which is his natural state? Is not both conjugal affection, and natural affection to parents, duty to magistrates, love of a common city, community, or country, with the other duties and social parts of life, deduced from hence, and founded in these very wants? What can be happier than such a deficiency, as it is the occasion of so much good? What better, than a want so abundantly made up, and answered by so many enjoyments? Now, if there are still to be found among mankind, such as even, in the midst of these wants, seem not ashamed to affect a right of independency, and deny themselves to be by nature sociable; where would their shame have been had nature otherwise supplied their wants? What duty or obligation had been ever thought of? What respect or reverence of parents, magistrates, their country, or their kind? Would not their full and self-sufficient state more strongly have determined them to throw off nature, and deny the ends and author of their creation?"

Ver. 253. *Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally*
The common int'rest, &c.

As these lines have been misunderstood, I shall give the reader their plain and obvious meaning. To these frailties (says he) we owe all the endearments of private life; yet, when we come to that age, which generally disposes men to think more seriously of the true value of things, and consequently of their provision for a future state, the consideration, that the grounds of those joys, loves,

To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests, to resign;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse.

NOTES.

and friendships, are wants, frailties, and passions, proves the best expedient to wean us from the world; a disengagement so friendly to that provision we are now making for another state. The observation is new, and would in any place be extremely beautiful, but has here an infinite grace and propriety, as it so well confirms, by an instance of great moment, the general thesis, *That God makes Ill, at every step, productive of Good.* W.

Ver. 266. *with the care of Heav'n.*] It is, alas! with difficulty we can persuade the Poor, that they are as much the favourites of Heaven as the Rich.

Ver. 270. *the poet in his Muse.*] The Author having said, that no one could change his own profession or views for those of another, intended to carry his observations still farther, and shew that men were unwilling to exchange their own acquirements even for those of the same kind, confessedly larger, and infinitely more eminent, in another.

To this end he wrote,

> "What partly pleases, totally will shock:
> I question much, if *Toland* would be *Locke*."

See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:

NOTES.

But wanting another proper instance of this truth, he reserved the lines above for some following edition of this Essay; which he did not live to give. W.

Ver. 271. *See some strange comfort*] How exquisite is this stanza of an unfinished Ode of Gray!

"Still where rosy Pleasure leads
See a kindred Grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Misery treads,
Approaching Comfort view:
The hues of Bliss more brightly glow,
Cherish'd by sabler tints of Woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life."

Ver. 272. *And pride*] From La Rochefoucault, whose words are; "Nature, who so wisely has fitted the organs of our body to make us happy, seems likewise to have bestowed pride on us, on purpose, as it were, to save us the pain of knowing our own imperfections." Maxim 36.

Ver. 274. *Hope travels through,*] Is this Hope then no more than one of those strange comforts, those delusive pleasures, those sorts of groundless happiness, that constitute the chief enjoyment of the sot, the chemist, the poet, and the lunatic?

Ver. 280. *And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:*] A Satire on what is called, in Popery, the *Opus operatum*. As this is a description of the circle of human life returning into itself by a second child-hood, the Poet has with great elegance concluded

Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days:
Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd,
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;

NOTES.

his description with the same image with which he set out—*And life's poor play is o'er.* W.

Ver. 280. *the toys of age:*] Exactly what Fontenelle says,

" Il est des hochets pour tout age."

And Prior,

" Give us play-things for old age."

Yet it is certain that Fontenelle could not have taken this verse from Prior, for he did not understand English, though prior wrote it more than twenty years before Fontenelle.

De Lisle, whose translation of Virgil's Georgics is so frequently and so unjustly praised by Voltaire, has also translated, but not published, the Essay on Man. Millot has given another, published 1762.

Ver. 286. *And each vacuity of sense by Pride:*] An eminent Casuist, *Fqther Francis Garasse*, in his *Somme Theologique*, has drawn a very charitable conclusion from this principle; which he hath well illustrated: " Selon la Justice" (says this equitable Divine) " tout travail honnête doit être recompensé de loüange ou de satisfaction. Quand les bons esprits font un ouvrage excellent, ils sont justement recompensés par les suffrages du Public. Quand un pauvre esprit travaille beaucoup, pour fair un mauvais ouvrage, il n'est pas juste ni raisonnable, qu'il attende des loüanges publiques; car elles ne lui sont pas dues. Mais afin que ses travaux ne demeurent pas sans recompense, DIEU lui donne une satisfaction personnelle, que personne ne lui peut envier sans une injustice plus que barbare; tout ainsi que Dieu, qui est juste, donne de la satisfaction aux Grenoüilles de leur chant. Autrement le blâme public, joint à leur mécontentement, seroit suffisant pour les réduire au desespoir." W.

One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain;
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

NOTES.

Ver. 290. *And not a vanity*] Dr. Balguy has given us some bold and original thoughts on this subject:

"In single persons, it must be owned, the balance of the passions is very frequently destroyed; seldom indeed preserved with exactness and truth. But then the defects to be found in one man are supplied by the excesses in another. So that, if you consider the *whole* species, you will neither find too much, nor too little, of any one principle in the human mind. Indolence and ambition, avarice and sensuality, resentment and compassion, if not in the same persons, yet in different persons, counteract and balance each other. Nor is there a single sentiment implanted in our nature which can either be increased, or lessened, in the *whole* race of mankind, without loss or harm to the human species; unless, indeed, you assume a liberty of altering *many* things at a time; of forming a new and fantastic system, perhaps made up of inconsistent parts, and beyond the bounds of possibility itself. So true is that celebrated passage of Cicero, de Nat. Deorum, lib. ii. c. 34; "Si quis corrigere aliquid volet, aut deterius faciet, aut id, quod fieri non potuit, desiderabit." Divine Benevolence, p. 100.

Ver. 294. *'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool,*] A little time after the second edition of this Epistle was published, Voltaire writes thus, July 24, 1733, to Mons. Thiriot, his friend, in London:

"A propos d'epitre, dites à M. Pope, que je l'ai très-bien reconnu, in his Essay on Man (which Pope had not owned at that time); 'tis certainly his style; now and then there is some obscurity: but the whole is charming." Lettres de M. Voltaire, tome i. p. 165. And, speaking of it again, p. 291, he says, "C'est un ouvrage qui donne quelquefois de la peine aux lecteurs Anglois." And in a long letter to La Marquise du Deffant, in the year 1736, p. 337, he tells her, "Tout l'ouvrage de Pope, fourmille de pareilles obscurités. Il y a cent eclairs admirables qui per cent

NOTES.

à tous momens cette nuit, et votre imagination brillante doit les aimer." I am informed by Lord Orford, an intimate friend of this accomplished lady, that she communicated a great number of Voltaire's letters to the publishers of his Works, which they returned, and would not insert, because they bore very hard on many of the philosophers of Paris, and particularly on Helvetius.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society.

I. *THE whole Universe one system of Society,* Ver. 7, &c. *Nothing made wholly for* itself, *nor yet wholly for* another, Ver. 27. *The happiness of* Animals *mutual,* Ver. 49. II. Reason *or* Instinct *operate alike to the good of each Individual,* Ver. 79. Reason *or* Instinct *operate also to Society, in all animals,* Ver. 109. III *How far* Society *carried by Instinct,* Ver. 115. *How much farther by Reason,* Ver. 128. IV. *Of that which is called the* State *of* Nature, Ver. 144. *Reason instructed by Instinct in the Invention of* Arts, Ver. 166; *and in the Forms of* Society, Ver. 176. V. *Origin of Political Societies,* Ver. 196. *Origin of Monarchy,* Ver. 207. *Patriarchal Government,* Ver. 212. VI. *Origin of true Religion and Government, from the same principle, of Love,* Ver. 231, &c. *Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle, of Fear,* Ver. 237, &c. *The Influence of Self-love operating to the* social *and* public *Good,* Ver. 266. *Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first principle,* Ver. 285. *Mixt Government,* Ver. 288. *Various Forms of each, and the true end of all,* Ver. 300, &c.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we rest: "The Universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. In several Edit. in 4to.
Learn, Dulness, learn! "The Universal Cause," &c.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *The Universal Cause*] Voltaire concludes his objections to Optimism with the following words: "Ce systême, du tout est bien, ne represente l'auteur de toute la nature que comme un roi puissant et mal-faisant, qui ne s'embarrasse pas qu'il en coute la vie à quatre ou cinq cent mille hommes, et que les autres trainent leurs jours dans la disette et dans les larmes, pourvû qu'il vienne à tout de ses desseins. Loins donc que l'opinion du meilleur des mondes possible console, elle est désespérante pour les philosophes qui l'embrassent. La question du bien et du mal demeure un cahos indebrouillable pour ceux qui cherchent de bonne foi; c'est un jeu d'esprit pour ceux qui disputent; ils sont des forçats qui jouent avec leurs chaines. Pour le peuple non pensant, il ressemble assez à des poissons qu'on a transporter d'une riviére dans un reservoir; ils ne se doutent pas qu'ils sont là pour être mangés le carême; aussi ne sçavons-nous rien du tout par nous-mêmes des causes de notre destinée. Mettons à la fin de presque tous les chapitres de Metaphysique les deux lettres des juges Romains quand ils n'entendent pas une cause. N. L. non liquet, cela n'est pas clair."

Ver. 3. *superfluous health,*] Immoderate labour and immoderate study are equally the impairers of health: They, whose stations sets them above both, must needs have an abundance of it, which not being employed in the common service, but wasted in Luxury and Folly, the Poet properly calls a *superfluity*. W.

Ver. 4. *impudence of wealth,*] Because *wealth* pretends to be

Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.
Look round our World; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.

NOTES.

wisdom, wit, learning, honesty, and, in short, all the virtues in their turns. W.

Ver. 3, 4, 5, 6. M. Du Resnel, not seeing into the admirable purpose of the caution contained in these four lines, hath quite dropped the most material circumstances contained in the last of them; and, what is worse, for the sake of a foolish antithesis, hath destroyed the whole propriety of the thought in the two first: and so, between both, hath left his Author neither sense nor system.

"Dans le sein du bonheur, *ou de l'adversité.*"

Now of all men, those in adversity have least need of this caution, as being least apt to forget, *That God consults the good of the whole, and provides for it by procuring mutual happiness by means of mutual wants;* it being seen that such who yet retain the smart of any fresh calamity, are most compassionate to others labouring under distresses, and most prompt and ready to relieve them. W.

Ver. 7. *Look round our World,* &c.] He introduceth the system of human Sociability (Ver. 7, 8), by shewing it to be the dictate of the Creator; and that Man, in this, did but follow the example of general Nature, which is united in one close system of benevolence. W.

"The bush protects that acorn which becomes an oak. The grass maintains the noblest animals. Thus does the vegetable nature both help itself and help the animal. Again, blights and blasts destroy the tender plant, and breed contagions and pests among animals. Thus does the vegetable, or at least inanimate nature, both hurt itself and hurt the animal. By the industry of man and the dung of animals, the vegetable nature is fertilized and cultivated. The parent animal nourishes its young, and defends them at a season when of themselves defenceless. Thus does the animal nature both keep itself and help the vegetable. Again, by man and beast are vegetables destroyed; and by man and beast are man and beast destroyed. Thus does the animal nature both hurt itself and hurt the vegetable. Friendship and strife are concurrent principles. By friendship are prevented

See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:

NOTES.

chaos and confusion; by strife are prevented sloth and lethargy. By strife all powers are roused to action; and by friendship they are tempered into harmony and concord." MSS. of Harris.—And again;

"Hence we perceive the meaning of what Heraclitus says in Plutarch, when he calls War the father, and king, and lord, of all things; and asserts that when Homer prayed

'That strife be banish'd both from God and men,'

he was not aware that he was cursing the generation of all things, as in fact, they deduce their rise out of contest and antipathy."

Ver. 12. *Form'd and impell'd*, &c.] To make Matter so cohere as to fit it for the uses intended by its Creator, a proper *configuration* of its insensible parts is as necessary as that quality so equally and universally conferred upon it, called *Attraction*. To express the first part of this thought, our author says *form'd:* and to express the latter *impell'd*. W.

Ver. 15. *See dying vegetables*] Pope has again copied Shaftesbury so closely in this passage, as to use almost his very words; "Thus, in the several terrestrial forms, a resignation is required: a sacrifice, and mutual yielding of nature, one to another. The vegetables, by their death, sustain the animals; and the animal bodies dissolved enrich the earth, and raise again the vegetable world. The numerous insects are reduced by the superior kinds of birds or beasts: and these again are checked by man, who in his turn submits to other natures, and resigns his form a sacrifice in common to the rest of things. And if in natures so little exalted or pre-eminent above each other, the sacrifice of interest can appear so just; how much more reasonably may all inferior

All forms that perish other forms supply
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die),

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natures be subjected to the superior nature of the world!" The Moralist, p. 130.

Whatever censures Shaftesbury has incurred for his many indecent and groundless objections against the Christian religion, yet we ought candidly to confess, that two of his treatises, The Enquiry concerning Virtue, and the Moralists, deserve attention and applause. The former is written with great perspicuity of method and closeness of argument, and with a purity and simplicity of style very different from the over-ornamented, tumid style of many of his other works. The latter is perhaps the finest imitation of the manner of Plato, as Lord Monboddo has shewn at large, in our language. In both are advanced the most cogent arguments for an Intelligent First Cause, and the benevolence, wisdom, and goodness, of a superintending Providence. Our author has therefore been guilty of manifest injustice in insinuating, in the last book of the Dunciad, ver. 418, that the very Theocles, from whom he has copied so much, and so many of whose sentiments and arguments he has adopted, is a preacher of Fate and Naturalism. And what is still more inexcusable, the words of Theocles are imperfectly quoted in the note of this passage of the Dunciad, in order to give a colour to the insinuation; for after the words "empowered Creatress," the two following ones—"or Thou," are unfairly omitted. See Characteristics, vol. ii. p. 345. The first book of the Enquiry ends with a sentence far remote from irreligion and epicurism: "Hence we may determine justly the relation which virtue has to piety; the first being not complete without the latter; since, where the latter is wanting, there can be neither the same benignity, firmness, nor constancy; the same good composure of the affections, nor uniformity of mind. And thus the perfection and height of virtue must be owing to the belief of a God!" Vol. ii. p. 76.

In a letter of Dr. Warburton, transcribed from the manuscripts of Dr. Birch, in the British Museum, by the late Mr. Maty, are these remarkable words: "As to the passages of Mr. Pope that correspond with Leibnitz, you know he took them from Shaftesbury; and that Shaftesbury and Leibnitz had one common original, Plato, whose system at the best, when pushed as far as Leibnitz has carried it, must end in Fate." A strange opinion once

Like bubbles on the sea of Matter born,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;

NOTES.

prevailed, that Leibnitz was not serious in his Theodicée. Le Clerc and De Maiseaux were of this opinion. But Mr. Jourdan, in his entertaining Voyage Literaire, p. 150, has produced a letter of the celebrated and learned Mr. Le Croze, that effectually destroys this absurd supposition.

I shall add to this long note, that it seems to be an insufferable instance of affectation in Bolingbroke, never once to have mentioned Shaftesbury, who was much his superior in learning and philosophy, and from whom he has borrowed so many sentiments and opinions. See also Letters of Shaftesbury to a Young Clergyman.

Ver. 19, 20. *Like bubbles*, &c.] M. Du Resnel translates these two lines thus:

"*Sort du neant y réntre*, et reparoit au jour."

He is here, indeed, consistently wrong: for having (as we said) mistaken the Poet's account of the *preservation* of *Matter* for the *creation* of it, he commits the very same mistake with regard to the *vegetable* and *animal* systems; and so talks now, though with the latest, of the *production of things out of nothing*. Indeed, by his speaking of their *returning into nothing*, he has subjected his author to M. Du Crousaz's censure. "Mr. Pope descends to the most vulgar prejudices, when he tells us that *each being returns to nothing*: the Vulgar think that what disappears is annihilated," &c. *Comm.* p. 221. W.

Ver. 22. *One all-extending, all-preserving Soul*] Which, in the language of Sir Isaac Newton, is, "Deus omnipræsens est, non per virtutem solam, sed etiam per substantiam: nam virtus sine substantia subsistere non potest." *Newt. Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.* W.

Ver. 23. *Greatest with the least;*] As acting more strongly and immediately in beasts, whose instinct is plainly an external rea-

All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.
Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of Heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.
Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.

NOTES.

son; which made an old schoolman say with great elegance, "Deus est anima brutorum:"

"In this 'tis God directs"— W.

Ver. 43. *Know, Nature's children all*] The poetry of these lines is as beautiful as the philosophy is solid. "They who imagine that all things in this world were made for the immediate use of Man alone, run themselves into inextricable difficulties. Man, indeed, is the head of this lower part of the creation; and perhaps it was designed to be absolutely under his command. But that all things here tend directly to his own use, is, I think, neither easy nor necessary to be proved. Some manifestly serve for the food and support of others, whose souls may be necessary to prepare and preserve their bodies for that purpose, and may at the

While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the pow'rful still the weak control;
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 46, in the former Editions,

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as Goose could judge, he reason'd right;
But as to Man, mistook the matter quite.

NOTES.

same time be happy in a consciousness of their own existence. It is probable they are intended to promote each other's good reciprocally: nay, Man himself contributes to the happiness, and betters the condition, of the brutes in several respects, by cultivating and improving the ground; by watching the seasons; by protecting and providing for them, when they are unable to protect and provide for themselves." These are the words of Dr. Law, in his learned Commentary on King's Origin of Evil, first published in Latin, 1701, a work of penetration and close reasoning; which, it is remarkable, Bayle had never read, but only some extracts from it, when he first wrote his famous article of the Paulicians, in his Dictionary.

Ver. 45. *See all things for my use!*] On the contrary, the wise man hath said, *The Lord hath made all things for himself.* Prov. xvi. 4. W.

Ver. 46. *Replies a pamper'd goose:*] Taken from Peter Charron; but such a familiar and burlesque image is improperly introduced among such solid and serious reflections.

Ver. 50. *Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:*] Alluding to the *witty* system of that Philosopher, which made animals mere Machines, insensible of pain or pleasure; and so encouraged Men in the exercise of that *Tyranny* over their fellow-creatures, consequent on such a principle. W.

Nature that Tyrant checks; He only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his Pleasure, yet for more his Pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it, but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:

NOTES.

Ver. 51. *Nature that Tyrant checks;*] What an exquisite assemblage is here (down to Ver. 70) of deep reflection, humane sentiments, and poetic imagery! It is finely observed, that compassion is exclusively the property of Man alone.

Ver. 68. *Than favour'd Man,* &c.] Several of the ancients, and many of the Orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of Heaven. P.

Ver. 68. *By touch ethereal slain.*] The expression is from Milton's Comus.

The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with Reason or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, Reason never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 84 in the MS.

While Man, with op'ning views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of Knowledge strays.
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste.

NOTES.

Ver. 97. *And Reason raise o'er Instinct*] Charron, of whom

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food? 100

NOTES.

Pope and Bolingbroke were so fond, has treated this subject with so much freedom of thought, and endeavoured to raise Instinct so much above Reason, that Stanhope, his translator, deemed it necessary to obviate the tendency of his tenets, by a long Appendix to the 34th chapter of the first book. It appears a little strange, that so orthodox a divine as Stanhope should translate two books that are supposed to favour libertinism and scepticism—the Wisdom of Charron and the Maxims of Rochefoucault. Bayle has stated the difficulties, that arise in accounting for the actions of brutes, with his usual acuteness and force of argument.

Hume has gone farther than any other writer on the subject; "Though animals," he says, "learn many parts of their knowledge from observation and experience, there are also many parts of it which they derive from the original hand of Nature, which much exceed the share of capacity they possess on ordinary occasions, and in which they improve little or nothing by the longest practice and experience. These we denominate Instincts, and are so apt to admire as something very extraordinary and inexplicable by all the disquisitions of human understanding. But our wonder will perhaps cease or diminish, when we consider that the experimental reasoning itself, which we possess in common with beasts, and on which the whole conduct of life depends, is nothing but a species of Instinct, or mechanical power, that acts in us unknown to ourselves; and, in its chief operations, is not directed by any such relations or comparisons of ideas as are the proper objects of our intellectual faculties. Though the Instinct be different, yet still it is an Instinct which teaches a man to avoid the fire; as much as that which teaches a bird with such exactness the art of incubation, and the whole economy and order of its nursery." Of the Reason of Animals, Essay, p. 432.

Father Bougeant's little treatise on the Language of Beasts is an amusing work; in which he has placed the notion of Des Cartes, that they are mere machines, in a strong light, as well as the difficulties that arise from the opinion of their having immortal souls. Bougeant was severely censured by his brother jesuits for this little work. He had better have kept to politics.

Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand;
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De-moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:

NOTES.

He wrote the History of the Treaty of Westphalia. Posterity will look on this as a curious work: the state of Europe being now so totally changed, this history will read like a romance.

Ver. 99. *Who taught*] This passage is highly finished; such objects are more suited to the nature of poetry than abstract ideas. Every verb and epithet has here a descriptive force. We find more imagery from these lines to the end of the epistle, than in any other parts of this Essay. The origin of the connexions in social life, the account of the state of nature, the rise and effects of superstition and tyranny, and the restoration of true religion and just government; all these ought to be mentioned as passages that deserve high applause, nay, as some of the most exalted pieces of English poetry.

Ver. 109. *God, in the nature of each being*, &c.] The Author now cometh to the main subject of his epistle, the proof of Man's SOCIABILITY, from the two general societies composed by him; the *natural*, subject to *paternal* authority; and the *civil*, subject to that of a *magistrate*. This he hath the address to introduce, from what had preceded, in so easy and natural a manner, as sheweth him to have the art of giving all the grace to the dryness and severity of Method, as well as wit to the strength and depth of Reason. The philosophic nature of his work requiring he should shew by what means those Societies were introduced, this affords him an opportunity of sliding gracefully and easily from the preliminaries into the main subject; and so of giving his work that perfection of method, which we find only in the compositions of great writers. For having just before, though

But as he fram'd the Whole, the Whole to bless,
On mutual Wants built mutual happiness:
So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all quick'ning ether keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace!
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend;

NOTES.

to a different purpose, described the power of bestial Instinct to attain the happiness of the *Individual*, he goeth on, in speaking of Instinct as it is serviceable both to that, and to the *Kind* (from Ver. 108 to 147), to illustrate the original of *Society*. He sheweth, that though, as he had before observed, God had founded the proper bliss of each creature in the nature of its own existence; yet these not being independent individuals, but parts of a Whole, God, to bless that Whole, built mutual happiness on mutual wants: now, for the supply of mutual wants, creatures must necessarily come together: which is the first ground of Society amongst Men. He then proceeds to that called *natural*, subject to *paternal* authority, and arising from the union of the two sexes; describes the imperfect image of it in brutes; then explains it at large in all its causes and effects. And lastly shews, that, as in *fact*, like mere animal Society, it is founded and preserved by mutual wants, the supplial of which causeth mutual happiness; so is it likewise in *right*, as a rational Society, by equity, gratitude, and the observance of the relation of things in general. W.

The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest, and the love;
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits, rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those:
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
The State of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and Social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint-tenant of the shade;

NOTES.

Ver. 152. *Man walk'd with beast,*] Lucretius, agreeably to his more uncomfortable system, has presented us with a different and more horrid picture of this state of Nature. The calamitous condition of Man is exhibited by images of much energy and

The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:

NOTES.

wildness of fancy; see ver. 980, book v; and particularly when he represents, at ver. 991, some of these wretched mortals mangled by the wild beasts, into whose caverns they had retreated for shelter in tempestuous seasons, and running distracted with pain through the woods, with their wounds undressed and putrefying:

—tremulas super ulcera tetra tenentes
Palmas, horriferis accibant vocibus Orcum.

Pain is most forcibly expressed by the action here described, and by the epithet "tremulas."

The continuance and universality of the savage state of Man, in the earliest ages of the world, has been the favourite opinion of many late philosophical writers, particularly of Lord Kaimes in his Sketches, which has been answered with much learning and acuteness by Dr. Doig, 1792.

Ver. 156. *All vocal beings*, &c.] This may be well explained by a sublime passage of the Psalmist, who, calling to mind the age of Innocence, and full of the great ideas of those

"Chains of Love
Combining all below and all above,
Which to one point, and to one centre bring,
BEAST, MAN, or ANGEL, *Servant*, *Lord*, or *King*;"

breaks out into this rapturous and divine apostrophe, to call back the devious Creation to its pristine rectitude; that very state our author describes above: "Praise the Lord, all angels; praise him, all ye hosts. Praise ye him, sun and moon; praise him, all ye stars of light," &c. W.

Ver. 157. *undrest*, *Unbrib'd*, *unbloody*,] Alliteration is here used with effect. But is the assertion consistent with the usual interpretation of the Scripture account of the origin of sacrifice?

Ver. 158. *Unbrib'd*, *unbloody*, &c.] *i. e.* the state described from

Heav'n's attribute was Universal Care,
And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the Man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.
See him from Nature rising slow to Art!
To copy Instinct then was Reason's part;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
"Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take:

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Ver. 262 to 269, was not yet arrived. For then, when Superstition was become so extreme as to bribe the Gods with *human sacrifices;* Tyranny became necessitated to woo the priest for a favourable answer. W.

Ver. 162. *the butcher and the tomb;*] Plutarch has written a treatise against animal food; tom. ii. 995. Thomson, with his usual tenderness, has done the same; Spring, v. 330.

Ver. 171. *Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake——*
"Go, &c.]

M. Du Resnel has translated the lines thus,

"La Nature *indignée* alors se fit entendre;
Va, *malheureux* mortel, va, lui dit elle, apprendre."

One would wonder what should make the Translator represent Nature in such a passion with Man, and calling him names, at a time when Mr. Pope supposed her in her best good-humour. W.

Ver. 171. *the voice of Nature*] The prosopopœia is magnificent, and the occasion important, no less than the origin of the arts of life. Nature is personified by Lucretius, and introduced speaking with suitable majesty and elevation: She is chiding

Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;

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her foolish and ungrateful children for their vain and impious discontent:

" Quid tibi tantopere est, mortalis, quod nimis ægris
Luctibus indulges? quid mortem congemis, ac fles?—
Aufer abhinc lacrymas, barathro et compesce querelas."

There is an authoritative air in the brevity of this sentence, as also in the concluding line of her speech; and particularly in the very last words:

" Æquo animoque, agedum, jam aliis concede:—necesse est."

This fine prosopopœia in our Author is not, as Dr. Warburton asserted, the most sublime that ever entered into the human imagination, for we see Lucretius used it before.

The Romans have left us scarcely any piece of poetry so striking and original as the beginning and progress of arts, at the end of the fifth book of Lucretius; who perhaps, of all the Roman poets, had the strongest imagination. The Persians distinguish the different degrees of Fancy in different poets, by calling them painters or sculptors. Lucretius, from the force of his images, should be ranked among the latter. He is in truth a Sculptor Poet. His images have a bold relief. Of this noble prosopopœia, in Lucretius, Addison seems to have thought, in a well-known passage of Cato:

———" All Nature cries aloud
Thro' all her Works."———

Ver. 173. *Learn from the birds*, &c.] It is a caution commonly practised amongst Navigators, when thrown upon a desert coast, and in want of refreshments, to observe what fruits have been touched by the Birds: and to venture on these without farther hesitation. P.

Ver. 173. *Learn from the birds*] Taken, but finely improved, from Bacon's Advancement of Learning, p. 48. " They who discourse of the inventions and originals of things, refer them rather to Beasts, Birds, and Fishes, and Serpents, than to Men. So that it was no marvaile (the manner of antiquity being to consecrate Inventors) that the Ægyptians had so few human idols in their temples, but almost all brute. Who taught the

Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind:
Here subterranean works and cities see;
There towns aërial on the waving tree.
Learn each small People's genius, policies,
The Ants' republic, and the realm of Bees;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And Anarchy without confusion know;

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raven in a drowth to throw pebbles into a hollow tree when she spied water, that the water might rise so as she might come to it? Who taught the bee to sayle thro' such a vast sea of air, and to find the way from a field in flower a great way off to her hive? Who taught the ant to bite every graine of corne she burieth in her hill, least it should take roote and grow?" See, in the Philosophical Transactions, the marvellous account of the white ants in Africa, and their buildings and arts.

It is somewhat remarkable, that Solomon, in the Proverbs, when he speaks of the wonderful instincts of certain animals, does not mention the bee.

Ver. 174. *Learn from the beasts*, &c.] See Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* l. viii. c. 27, where several instances are given of Animals discovering the medical efficacy of herbs, by their own use of them; and pointing out to some operations in the art of healing, by their own practice. W.

Ver. 177. *Learn of the little Nautilus*, &c.] Oppian Halieur, lib. ii. describes this fish in the following manner: "They swim on the surface of the sea, on the back of their shells, which exactly resemble the hulk of a ship; they raise two feet like masts, and extend a membrane between, which serves as a sail: the other two feet they employ as oars at the side. They are usually seen in the Mediterranean."

And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey;
And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."
V. Great Nature spoke; observant Men obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197. In the first Editions,

Who for those Arts they learn'd of BRUTES before,
As Kings shall crown them, or as Gods adore.

"Les Sauvages racontent que ce fut *Michabou* [le DIEU des Eaux] qui apprit à leurs Ancêtres à pêcher, qu'il inventa les Rèts, et que ce fut la toile d'ARAIGNE'E qui lui en donne l'idée." ——*Journal d'un Voyage dans l'Amerique Sept. par Charlevoix.* Vol. v. p. 417. *Par.* 1744. 8vo. W.

Ver. 201. *Here rose one little state; &c.*] In the MS. thus,

The neighbours leagu'd to guard their common spot;
And Love was Nature's dictate, Murder, not.
For want alone each animal contends;
Tigers with Tigers, that remov'd, are friends.
Plain Nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and streams, around.
No Treasure then for rapine to invade;
What need to fight for sun-shine, or for shade?
And half the cause of contest was remov'd,
When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and Love mankind may strongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus States were form'd; the name of King unknown,
Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one.

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Ver. 208. *When Love was Liberty,*] *i. e.* When men had no need to guard their native liberty from their governors by civil factions; the love which each master of a family had for those under his care being their best security. W.

Ver. 209. *Thus States were form'd;*] Having thus explained the original of Civil Society, he shews us next (from Ver. 208 to 215) that to this Society a *civil magistrate*, properly so called, did belong: and this in confutation of that idle hypothesis, which pretends that God conferred the regal title on *the Fathers* of families; from whence men, when they had instituted Society, were to fetch their Governors. On the contrary, our Author shews, that a King was unknown, till common interest, which led men to institute civil government, led them at the same time to institute a Governor. However, that it is true that the same wisdom or valour, which gained regal obedience from sons to the sire, procured kings a paternal authority, and made them considered as fathers of their people. Which probably was the original (and, while mistaken, continues to be the chief support) of that slavish error: Antiquity representing its earliest monarchs under the idea of a common father, πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν. Afterward, indeed, they became a kind of foster-fathers, ποιμένα λαῶν, as Homer calls one of them: till at length they began to devour that flock they had been so long accustomed to shear; and, as Plutarch says of Cecrops, ἐκ χρηστοῦ βασιλέως ἄγριον καὶ δρακοντώδη γενόμενον TYPANNON. W.

From the manuscripts of James Harris, Esq. "The highest order of men are wise and honest legislators: next to them come wise and honest magistrates: next to these, military command-

'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.

VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch sate,
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state,
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,

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ers, whether naval or terrestrial: next to these, the tribe of artists, as well the elegant as the necessary: next to these, farmers, hinds, and labourers; then come idle men of great family, patent-gatherers, knights, and baronets, mumpers, fortune-tellers, gypsies, gentlemen without possessions; all who injure society either by fraud or rapine, or at least by ingratitude, in partaking of its benefits, without regarding the great duty of contributing their own endeavours."

Ver. 211. *'Twas Virtue only,* &c.] Our Author hath good authority for this account of the origin of kingship. Aristotle assures us, that it was Virtue only, or in arts or arms: Καθίσταται Βασιλεὺς ἐκ τῶν ἐπιεικῶν καθ' ὑπεροχὴν ἀρετῆς, ἢ πράξεων τῶν ἀπὸ τῆς ἀρετῆς, ἢ καθ' ὑπεροχὴν τοιούτου γένους. W.

Ver. 214. *A Prince the Father*] Joinville relates, that he had frequently seen St. Louis, after having heard mass in the summer, seat himself at the foot of an old oak in the forest of Vincennes, where any one of his subjects might approach him, and lay his business or complaint before this good king. Our Author would have much improved all that he says of Government, if he had lived to have read one of the best, perhaps, of all treatises on politics, that of the President Montesquieu.

Ver. 219. *He from the wond'ring*] A finer example can perhaps scarce be given of a compact and comprehensive style. The manner in which the four elements were subdued is comprised in these four lines alone. Pope is here, as Quintillian says of

Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound;
Or fetch the aërial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great first father, and that first ador'd.

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another, "densus et brevis, et instans sibi." There is not a useless word in this passage; there are but three epithets, wondering, profound, aërial; and they are placed precisely with the very substantive that is of most consequence: if there had been epithets joined with the other substantives, it would have weakened the nervousness of the sentence. This was a secret of versification Pope well understood, and hath often practised with peculiar success.

Ver. 225. *Then looking up*, &c.] The Poet here maketh their more serious attention to Religion to have arisen, not from their gratitude amidst abundance, but from their inability in distress; by shewing, that, in prosperity, they rested in *second causes*, the immediate authors of their blessings, *whom they revered as God;* but that, in adversity, they reasoned up to the *First:*

"Then, looking up from sire to sire," &c.

This, I am afraid, is but too true a representation of humanity. W.

Ver. 225 to Ver. 240.] M. Du Resnel, not apprehending that the Poet was here returned to finish his description of the State of Nature, has fallen into one of the grossest errors that ever was committed. He has mistaken this account of *true Religion* for an account of the *origin of Idolatry;* and thus he fatally embellishes his own blunder:

"Jaloux d'en conserver les traits et la figure,
Leur zèle industrieux inventa la peinture.
Leurs neveux, attentifs à ces hommes fameux,
Qui par le droit du sang avoient régné sur eux,
Trouvent-ils dans leur suite *un grand, un premier pere,*
Leur aveugle respect l'adore et le révere."

Here you have one of the finest pieces of reasoning turned at once into a heap of nonsense. The unlucky term of *Great first Father*, was mistaken by our Translator to signify a *Great Grand*

Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;

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Father. But he should have considered, that Mr. Pope always represents God under the idea of a FATHER: He should have observed that the Poet is here describing those men who

"To *Virtue*, in the paths of pleasure trod
And own'd a *Father*, where they own'd a *God*." W.

Ver. 226. *that first ador'd.*] In Hume's celebrated discourse on the Natural History of Religion, he endeavours to prove, that, "considering the improvement of human society, from rude beginnings to a state of greater perfection, Polytheism or Idolatry was, and necessarily must have been, the first religion of mankind: and that the past ideas of religion arose not from a contemplation of the works of Nature, but from a concern with regard to the events of life, and from the incessant hopes and fears which actuate the human mind." This was answered by Bishops Warburton and Hurd.

Ver. 227. *that this All begun,*]

"Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head;
And found that one first Principle must be:
But what, or who, that Universal He;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving All;
Or various atoms interfering dance,
Leapt into form (the noble work of Chance);
Or this great All was from eternity;
Not e'en the Stagyrite himself could see;
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he;
As blindly grop'd they for a future state;
As rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll
Without a centre where to fix the soul;
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end;
How can the less the greater comprehend?
Or finite Reason reach infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than he."

This passage is from the Religio Laici of Dryden. It is a pleasing and useful amusement, to compare the didactic style of

The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one:
Ere wit oblique had broken that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To Virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of Man.
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;

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Pope with that of his master, and see which of them has the art of reasoning best in verse.

Ver. 231. *Ere Wit oblique*, &c.] A beautiful allusion to the effects of the prismatic glass on the rays of light. W.

Ver. 232. *Man, like his Maker,*] It was before the Fall of Man, as the sacred historian tells us, that God pronounced—That all was good. But we must bear in mind that our Author never adverts to, or argues from, or supposes, any lapsed condition of Man.

Ver. 241. *Who first taught*] "What flatterers of princes often tell us, that monarchy was the earliest form, is rather dishonourable to it; importing, indeed, that it at first pleased a rude and inexperienced populace, but could not continue to please upon experience and the increase of wisdom. And indeed in nothing could one less expect that the first essays could be perfect, than in a constitution of civil policy; a work requiring the greatest knowledge and prudence, to be acquired only by much thought and experience of human life. The several great inconveniences attending each of the simple forms, shew the necessity of having recourse to the mixed and complex; and the several great advantages peculiar to each of the simple, shew that those mixed

That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cause?
Force first made Conquest, and that conquest, law;
Till Superstition taught the Tyrant awe. 246

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forms are best where all the three kinds are artfully compounded: and this was the opinion of the wisest men of antiquity—Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, Cicero."

These are the words of that most amiable and candid philosopher, Hutcheson.

Ver. 242. *Th' enormous faith,* &c.] In this Aristotle placeth the difference between a King and a Tyrant, that the first supposeth himself made for the People: the other, that the People are made for him: Βούλεται δ' ὁ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ εἶναι φύλαξ, ὅπως οἱ μὲν κεκτημένοι τὰς οὐσίας μηδὲν ἄδικον πάσχωσιν, ὁ δὲ δῆμος μὴ ὑβρίζηται μεθέν· ἡ δὲ ΤΥΡΑΝΝΙΣ πρὸς οὐδὲν ἀποβλέπει κοινὸν, εἰ μὴ τῆς ἰδίας ὠφελείας χάριν. Pol. lib. v. cap. 10. W.

Ver. 245. *Force first made Conquest,* &c.] All this is agreeable to fact, and shews our Author's knowledge of human nature. For that *Impotency* of mind (as the Latin writers call it), which gives birth to the enormous crimes necessary to support a Tyranny, naturally subjects its owner to all the vain, as well as real terrors of Conscience: hence the whole machinery of SUPERSTITION.

It is true, the Poet observes, that afterward, when the Tyrant's fright was over, he had cunning enough, from the experience of the effect of Superstition upon himself, to turn it, by the assistance of the Priest (who for his reward went shares with him in the Tyranny) against the justly dreaded resentment of his subjects. For a Tyrant naturally and reasonably supposeth all his Slaves to be his Enemies.

Having given the Causes of Superstition, he next describeth its objects:

" Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust," &c.

The ancient Pagan Gods are here very exactly described. This fact evinces the truth of that original, which the Poet gives to Superstition; for if these phantasms were first raised in the imagination of Tyrants, they must needs have the qualities here assigned to them. For Force being the Tyrant's Virtue, and Luxury his Happiness, the attributes of his God would of course be

Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of subjects made:
She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;

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Revenge and *Lust;* in a word, the antitype of himself. But there was another and more substantial cause of the Resemblance between a Tyrant and a Pagan God; and that was, the making *Gods of Conquerors,* as the Poet says; and so canonizing a tyrant's vices with his person. W.

Ver. 246. *Till Superstition taught*] Notwithstanding these Verses are so spirited and splendid, yet how much are they excelled by the sublime and terrific figure painted by Lucretius with such force and energy, that Michael Angelo might have worked from the sketch of the gigantic Demon of Superstition putting out his head from the heavens, and looking down with a horrible aspect on the miserable and trembling sons of men!

"Quæ caput a cœli regionibus ostendebat,
Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans!"

Ver. 257. *Gods partial, changeful,*] "It were better," says Bacon, in his 17th Essay, "to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for one is unbelief, the other is contumely: and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. And as the contumely is greater towards God, so the danger is greater towards men. Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation; all which may be guides to an outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth

Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the Flamen tasted living food;
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, through just and through unjust,
To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:

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an absolute monarchy in the minds of men. Therefore Atheism did never perturbe states; for it makes men wary of themselves, as looking no farther."

It is extremely remarkable, that this last paragraph comprehends all that Bayle has said of the effects of Atheism in his celebrated Thoughts on Comets. And yet Bacon has never been censured for it, nor numbered among Infidels.

Ver. 262. *And hell was built on spite,*] How mortifying is it to consider, says one, that Locke, Newton, and Clarke, would have been persecuted in France, imprisoned at Rome, and burnt at Lisbon!

Ver. 269. *So drives Self-love,* &c.] The inference our Author draws from all this (from Ver. 268 to 283) is, that SELF-LOVE driveth through right and wrong; it causeth the Tyrant to violate the rights of mankind; and it causeth the People to vindicate that violation. For Self-love being common to the whole species, and setting each individual in pursuit of the same objects, it became necessary for each, if he would secure his own, to provide for the safety of another's. And thus Equity and Benevolence arose from that same Self-love which had given birth to Avarice and Injustice;

"His Safety must his Liberty restrain;
All join to guard what each desires to gain."

The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall we keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

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The Poet hath not any where shewn greater address, in the disposition of this work, than with regard to the inference before us; which not only giveth a proper and timely support to what had been advanced in the second epistle concerning the nature and effects of Self-love, but is a necessary introduction to what follows, concerning the Reformation of Religion and Society; as we shall see presently. W.

Ver. 272. *Government and Laws,*] "However men might submit voluntarily, in the simplicity of early ages, or be subjected by conquest, to a government without a constitution; yet they were never long in discovering," in the words of Hooker, "that to live by one man's will, became the cause of all men's misery; and therefore they soon rejected the yoke, or made it sit easy on their necks."

Ver. 273. *For, what one likes*] These two lines express with brevity and clearness the following sentiments of Hooker: "The like natural inducement hath brought men to know, that it is no less their duty to love others than themselves: for seeing those things which are equal must needs all have one measure; if I cannot but wish to receive good, even as much at every man's hands as any man can wish unto his own soul, how should I look to have any part of my desire herein satisfied, unless my self be careful to satisfy the like desire which is undoubtedly in other men?"

'Twas then, the studious head, or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,
POET or PATRIOT, rose but to restore
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;

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Ver. 283. *'Twas then, the studious head,* &c.] The Poet hath now described the rise, perfection, and decay, of civil Policy and Religion in the more early times. But the design had been imperfect, had he dropped his discourse here: there was, in after ages, a recovery of these from their several corruptions. Accordingly, he hath chosen that happy era for the conclusion of his Song. But as good and ill governments and religions succeed one another without ceasing, he now leaveth facts, and turneth his discourse (from Ver. 282 to 295) to speak of a more lasting reform of mankind, in the Invention of those philosophic Principles, by whose observance a Policy and a Religion may be for ever kept from sinking into Tyranny and Superstition:

"'Twas then, the studious head, or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,
Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;" &c.

The easy and just transition into this subject from the foregoing is admirable. In the foregoing he had described the effects of Self-love; and now, with great art, and high probability, he maketh Men's *observations* on these effects the occasion of those discoveries which they have made of the true principles of Policy and Religion, described in the present paragraph; and this he evidently hinteth at in that fine transition,

"'Twas THEN, the studious head," &c.

The Poet seemeth here to mean the polite and flourishing age of Greece; and those benefactors to Mankind, which he had principally in view, were SOCRATES and ARISTOTLE; who, of all the pagan world, spoke best of God, and wrote best of Government. W.

Ver. 285. *Poet or Patriot, rose*] "No constitution is formed by concert; no government is copied from a plan. The members of a small state contend for equality; the members of a greater find themselves classed in a certain manner that lays a foundation for monarchy. They proceed from one form of government

Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught Pow'r's due use to People and to Kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring int'rests, of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd State.

NOTES.

to another; by easy transitions, and frequently under old names, adopt a new constitution. The seeds of every form are lodged in human nature: they spring up and ripen with the season. The prevalence of a particular species is often derived from an imperceptible ingredient mingled in the soil. We are therefore to receive, with caution, the traditionary histories of ancient legislators and founders of states. Their names have long been celebrated; their supposed plans have been admired; and what were probably the consequences of an early situation, is, in every instance, considered as an effect of design. An author and a work, like cause and effect, are perpetually coupled together. This is the simplest form under which we can consider the establishment of nations: and we ascribe to a previous design what came to be known only by experience, what no human wisdom could foresee, and what, without the concurring humour and disposition of his age, no authority could enable an individual to execute." Ferguson, in his History of Civil Society; a work highly commended by the late Lord Mansfield.

Ver. 294. *Th' according music*] This is the very same illustration that Tully uses in that beautiful fragment, De Republica: "Ut in fidibus, ac tibiis, atque cantu ipso, ac vocibus, concentus est quidam tenendus ex distinctis tonis, quem immutatum, ac discrepantem aures eruditæ ferre non possunt, isque concentus ex dissimillimarum vocum moderatione concors tamen efficitur et congruens; sic, ex summis et infimis, et mediis interjectis ordinibus, ut tonis, moderata ratione civitas consensu dissimili morum concinit, et quæ harmonia a musicis dicitur in cantu, ea est in civitate concordia, arctissimum atque optimum omni in Republica vinculum incolumitatis; quæ sine justitia nullo pacto esse potest."

Such is the World's great Harmony, that springs
From Order, Union, full Consent of things: 296

NOTES.

Such is the happy and inestimable constitution of Great Britain! Letthose, who talk and think of absolute equality, remember the words of one whom they must allow was a lover of freedom:

——"And if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist."
Par. Lost, Book V. v. 791.

Thucydides, in three words, describes a just and well-poised government, which ought to be, *αὐτόνομον, αὐτόδικον, αὐτοτελῆ*.

Ver. 295. *Such is the World's great Harmony*, &c.] This doctrine was taken up by Leibnitz; but it was to ingraft upon it a most pernicious fatalism. Plato said, God *chose* the best: Leibnitz said, he *could not but* choose the best, as he could not act without, what this philosopher called, a *sufficient reason*. Plato supposed freedom in God to choose one of two things equally good: Leibnitz held the supposition to be absurd: however, admitting the case, he still held that God could *not* choose one of two things equally good. Thus it appears, the first went on the system of Freedom; and that the latter, notwithstanding the most artful disguises of his principles, in his *Theodicée*, was a thorough Fatalist: for we cannot well suppose he would give that freedom to Man which he had taken away from God. The truth of the matter seems to be this: he saw, on the one hand, the monstrous absurdity of supposing, with Spinoza, that blind Fate was the author of a coherent Universe; but yet, on the other, he could not conceive with Plato, how God could foresee and conduct, according to an archetypal idea, a World, of all possible Worlds the best inhabited by *free Agents*. This difficulty therefore, which made the Socinians take Prescience from God, disposed Leibnitz to take Free-will from Man: and thus he fashioned his fantastical hypothesis; he supposed that when God made the body, he impressed on his new-created Machine a certain series or suite of *motions*; and that when he made the fellow soul, he impressed a correspondent series of *ideas*; whose operations, throughout the whole duration of the union, were so exactly timed, that whenever an *idea* was excited, a correspondent *motion* was ever ready to satisfy the volition. Thus, for in-

Where small and great, where weak and mighty made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
For Forms of Government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:

NOTES.

stance, when the mind had the *will* to raise the arm to the head, the body was so precontrived, as to raise, at that very moment, the part required. This he called the PRE-ESTABLISHED HARMONY; and with this he promised to do wonders. W.

Ver. 297. *Where small and great,*] Swift's opinion about property is remarkable, in his Various Thoughts, p. 394. "In all well-instituted commonwealths, care has been taken to limit men's possessions; which is done for many reasons, and among the rest, for one, which is perhaps not often considered; that when bounds are set to men's desires, after they have acquired as much as the laws will permit them, their private interest is at an end, and they have nothing to do but to take care of the public."

Ver. 303. *For Forms of Government*] But surely some Forms of Government are better calculated to produce and continue a good administration than others, or alter and reform bad administrations. "It is a great question with several, Whether there be any essential difference," says Hume, "betwixt one form of Government and another? and, Whether every form may not become good or bad, according as it is well administered? Were it once admitted, that all Governments are alike, and that the only difference consists in the character and conduct of the governors, most political disputes would be at an end, and all zeal for one constitution above another, must be esteemed mere bigotry and folly. But though a friend to moderation, I cannot forbear condemning this sentiment, and should be very sorry to think that human affairs admit of no greater stability than what they receive from the casual humours and characters of particular men.

"'Tis true, those who maintain that the goodness of all Government consists in the goodness of the administration, may

For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight; 305
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:

NOTES.

cite many particular instances in history, where the very same Government, in different hands, has varied suddenly into the opposite extremes of good and bad. Compare the French Government under Henry III. and under Henry IV. Oppression, levity, artifice, on the part of the rulers: faction, sedition, treachery, rebellion, disloyalty, on the part of the subjects: these compose the character of the former miserable era. But when the patriot and heroic prince, who succeeded, was once firmly seated on the throne, the government, the people, every thing seemed to be totally changed, and all from the difference of the temper and sentiments of these two sovereigns. An equal difference of a contrary kind may be found on comparing the reigns of Elizabeth and James, at least with regard to foreign affairs: and instances of this kind may be multiplied, almost without number, from ancient as well as modern history.

"But here I would beg leave to make a distinction. All absolute Governments (and such that of England was, in great measure, till the middle of the last century, notwithstanding the numerous panegyrics on ancient English liberty) must very much depend on the administration: and this is one of the great inconveniences of that form of Government. But a republican and free Government would be a most obvious absurdity, if the particular checks and controls, provided by the constitution, had really no influence, and made it not the interest, even of bad men, to operate for the public good. Such is the intention of these forms of Government, and such is their real effect where they are wisely constituted: as, on the other hand, they are the sources of all disorders, and of the blackest crimes, where either skill or honesty has been wanting in their original frame and institution.

"So great is the force of laws, and of particular forms of Government, and so little dependance have they on the humours and temper of men, that consequences almost as general and certain may be deduced from them, on most occasions, as any which the mathematical sciences afford us."

Hear also the opinion of the Cambridge Professor, Dr. Rutherforth, on this subject, which is an important one: "Politicians are very well employed in comparing and balancing the advan-

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:

NOTES.

tages and inconveniences of each form of Government with one another. For though the result of their inquiries will never determine what form it is which any particular nation has agreed to establish, yet it may serve to shew every nation what is the most desirable form, and may lead them, as they have opportunity, to make such alterations in their own as will bring them nearer to that point, if they cannot quite reach it. Certainly our English Poet has but little reason on his side, when he represents such an inquiry as the business of fools; and maintains, that the only difference between civil constitutions of Government consists in the better or worse administration of them: for that constitution is, in his judgment, to be called the best, let it be what it will, which is best administered. Whatever public benefit depends upon the character of the persons in power, it is derived from their wisdom and goodness, and not from the nature of the form of government. So that to call that form the best, which is best administered, seems to be speaking improperly. Or if we will call it the best, we must in the mean time allow, that it is the best by accident only, and not in its own nature. In the common course of human affairs, it is almost impossible to prevent the civil power from coming into the hands of weak and bad men, whatever the constitution is. That form of Government, therefore, is best in itself, which guards most effectually against this evil; or, if this evil ever does happen, which lays the persons in power under such checks and restraints as are most likely to prevent them from abusing their trust; or, lastly, if this trust is abused, which has provided the readiest means for correcting the abuses. An absolute monarchy is a constitution which has so little title to these characters, that it can have no pretension to be thought the only natural, and much less the only possible, form of Government, upon account of its being the best form." In that elegant and valuable publication, entitled Athenian Letters, written by some of the most respectable persons of the present age, and in which subjects of literature, philosophy, and politics, are treated with uncommon candour and penetration, is an excellent discourse on Forms of Government, by the honourable Charles Yorke, p. 216. London. 4to. 1781.

A penetrating writer has well observed, "that all Forms of

All must be false that thwart this one great End;
And all of God, that bless Mankind or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Plannets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;

NOTES.

Government, in fact, mutually approach each other, or recede, by many, and often insensible gradations?" Aristotle is of opinion, in the seventh chapter of the seventh book of his Politics, that there are some nations who cannot live under a free Government.

Ver. 305. *For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight;*] These latter ages have seen so many scandalous contentions for *modes of faith*, to the violation of Christian Charity, and dishonour of sacred Scripture, that it is not at all strange they should become the object of so benevolent and wise an Author's resentment. W.

He borrowed this from Cowley; who, extolling the piety of his friend Crashaw, the Poet, who went over to the Romish Church, and died a Canon of Loretto, says,

"Pardon, my Mother Church, if I consent
That Angels led him, when from thee he went;
For e'en in error sure no danger is,
When join'd to so much piety as his:—
His Faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right."

Cowley also, possibly, might take the hint from Lord Herbert of Cherbury; who hath this distich in his works:

"Digladient alii circa res religionis:
Quod credas nihil est, sit modo vita proba."

But "digladient is a barbarism; he should have said, digladientur, or contendant," says Dr. Jortin.

Ver. 313. *On their own Axis*] This illustration is plainly taken from the Spectator, No. 588, said to be written by Mr. Grove: "Is therefore Benevolence inconsistent with Self-love? Are their motions contrary? No more than the diurnal rotation of the earth is opposed to its annual; or its motion round its own centre; which might be improved as an illustration of Self-love; that whirls it about the common centre of the world, answering to

So two consistent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

NOTES.

universal benevolence. Is the force of Self-love abated, or its interest prejudiced by benevolence? So far from it, that benevolence, though a distinct principle, is extremely serviceable to Self-love, and then doth most service when it is least designed."

Ver. 315. *act the Soul;*] It should certainly be actuate, or act upon. He has used this expression again, Iliad xv. v. 487.

" ———This acted by a God."

Such inaccuracies are not worth remarking, but in writers so correct and eminent as our author, lest they should give a sanction to errors. Dr. Lowth in his Grammar has pointed out several in our Author's Works.

Ver. 318. *And bade Self-love*] The Remarks of Warburton on the Essay on Man, on the Moral Epistles, and the Alliance betwixt Church and State, were translated into French by M. De Silhouette; for which translation, supposing it contained opinions unfavourable to the despotic government of France, he was much censured, and had nearly been prosecuted, when he became Controller General of the Finances; and he immediately bought up and destroyed all the copies of this work that could be found.

Voltaire, writing to M. De Cideville, in June 1759, says of M. De Silhouette, "Le genie de M. De Silhouette est Anglois, calculateur, et courageux; mais si on nous prend des Guadeloupe, si ces maudits Anglois ont plus de vaisseaux que nous, et meilleurs, si les frais de la visite qu'on veut leur rendre sont perdus, si les depenses immenses d'une guerre juste, mais ruineuse, absorbent les revenus de l'état, ni M. De Silhouette, ni Pope, n'y pourront suffire."

In this passage (Ver. 318) Pope uses the very words of Bolingbroke: "Thus it happens that Self-love and Social are divided, and set in opposition to one another in the conduct of particular men, whilst in the making laws, and the regulation of government, they continue the same." Minutes of Essays, section 51, addressed to Pope.

EPISTLE IV.

OUR Poet having, in the three former Epistles, treated of Man in all the three respects in which he can be considered; namely, first, Of his Nature and State with respect to the Universe; secondly, With respect to Himself; thirdly, With respect to Society: seems to have finished his subject in the three foregoing Epistles. This fourth Epistle, therefore, on Happiness, may be thought to be adscititious, and out of its proper place, and ought to have made part of the second Epistle, where Man is considered with respect to Himself. I formerly mentioned this to Dr. Akenside and Mr. Harris, who were of my opinion.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of MAN *with respect to* Happiness.

I. *FALSE Notions of Happiness, Philosophical and Popular, answered from* Ver. 19 *to* 27. II. *It is the end of all Men, and attainable by all,* Ver. 30. *God intends Happiness to be* equal; *and to be so it must be* social, *since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by* general, *not* particular Laws, Ver. 37. *As it is necessary for* Order, *and the peace and welfare of* Society, *that* external goods *should be* unequal, *Happiness is not made to consist in these,* Ver. 51. *But, notwithstanding that inequality, the* balance *of Happiness among Mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Passions of* Hope *and* Fear, Ver. 70. III. *What the Happiness of* Individuals *is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the* good Man *has here the advantage,* Ver. 77. *The error of imputing to* Virtue *what are only the calamities of* Nature, *or of* Fortune, Ver. 94. IV. *The folly of expecting that God should alter his general Laws in favour of particulars,* Ver. 121. V. *That we are not judges who are good: but that whoever they are, they must be the happiest,* Ver. 133, &c. VI. *That* external goods *are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, Virtue,* Ver. 165. *That even these can make no Man happy without Virtue: Instanced in* Riches, Ver. 183. Honours, Ver. 191. Nobility, Ver. 203. Greatness, Ver. 215. Fame, Ver. 235. Superior Talents, Ver. 257, &c. *With pictures of human Infelicity in Men possessed of them all,* Ver. 267, &c. VII. *That* Virtue only *constitutes a Happiness, whose object is* universal, *and whose prospect* eternal, Ver. 307, &c. *That the* perfection *of* Virtue *and* Happiness *consists in a* conformity *to the* ORDER *of* PROVIDENCE *here, and a* Resignation *to it here and hereafter,* Ver. 326, &c.

EPISTLE IV.

Oh Happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Oh Happiness!* &c.] In the MS. thus:

Oh Happiness! to which we all aspire,
Wing'd with strong hope, and borne by full desire;
That ease, for which in want, in wealth we sigh;
That ease, for which we labour and we die.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Oh Happiness!*] He begins his address to Happiness after the manner of the ancient hymns, by enumerating the titles and various places of abode of this goddess. He has undoubtedly personified her at the beginning, but he seems to have dropped that idea in the seventh line, where the deity is suddenly transformed into a plant; from thence this metaphor of a vegetable is carried on distinctly through the eleven succeeding lines, till he suddenly returns to consider Happiness again as a person, in the eighteenth line,

"And fled from Monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee."

For to fly and to dwell, cannot justly be predicated of the same subject, that immediately before was described as twining with laurels, and being reaped in harvests.

Of the numberless treatises that have been written on Happiness, one of the most sensible is that of Fontenelle, in the third volume of his works. Our Author's leading principle is, that Happiness is attainable by all men;

"For mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease."

Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from Monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.

NOTES.

So Horace also in Epist. xviii. b. 1.

"Æquum mî animum ipse parabo."

"But Horace," says a penetrating observer on human life, "was grossly mistaken: the thing for which he thought he stood in no need of Jupiter's assistance, was what he could least expect from his own ability. It is much more easy to get even riches and honours by one's industry, than a quiet and contented mind. If it be said that riches and honours depend on a thousand things which we cannot dispose of at pleasure, and that therefore it is necessary to pray to God that he would turn them to our advantage; I answer that the silence of the passions, and the tranquillity and ease of the mind, depend on a thousand things that are not under our jurisdiction. The stomach, the spleen, the lymphatic vessels, the fibres of the brain, and a hundred other organs, whose seat and figure are yet unknown to the anatomists, produce in us many uneasinesses, jealousies, and vexations. Can we alter these organs? Are they in our own power?"

Seneca, by writing De Beata Vita, made neither his readers nor himself happy.

Ver. 18. ST. JOHN! *dwells with thee.*] Among the many passages in Bolingbroke's Posthumous Works that bear a close resemblance to the tenets of this Essay, are the following: Vol. iv.

Ask of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these;
Some sunk to Beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n Virtue vain!
Or indolent to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

NOTES.

octavo edition, pp. 223. 324. 388, 389. also pp. 49. 316. 328. 336, 337. 339. And in Vol. v. pp. 5, 6. 17. 51. 92. 113. 310.

Ver. 21, 23. *Some place the bliss in action,——*
Some sunk to Beasts, &c.]

1. Those who place Happiness, or the *summum bonum*, in Pleasure, Ἡδονή; such as the Cyreniac sect, called, on that account, the Hedonic. 2. Those who place it in a certain tranquillity or calmness of mind, which they call Εὐθυμία; such as the Democritic sect. 3. The Epicurean. 4. The Stoic. 5. The Protagorean, which held that Man was πάντων χρημάτων μέτρον, *the measure of all things;* for that all things which *appear* to him, *are*, and those things which *appear not* to any Man, *are not;* so that every imagination or opinion of every man was true. 6. The Sceptic: whose absolute doubt is, with great judgment, said to be the effect of Indolence, as well as the absolute trust of the Protagorean: for the same dread of labour attending the search of truth, which makes the Protagorean presume it is always at hand, makes the Sceptic conclude it is never to be found. The only difference is, that the laziness of the one is desponding, and the laziness of the other sanguine; yet both can give it a good name, and call it HAPPINESS. W.

Ver. 23. *Some sunk to Beasts*, &c.] These four lines added in the last Edition, as necessary to complete the summary of the false pursuits after Happiness, among the Greek Philosophers. W.

Of which Greek Philosophers, I imagine, Pope did not think, nor allude to.

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common Sense, and Common Ease.

Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws:"
And makes what Happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing Individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfy'd:
Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,

NOTES.

Ver. 34. *Equal is Common Sense,*] The experience of every day and every hour convinces us of the falsehood of this Stoical boast.

Ver. 49. ORDER *is Heav'n's first law;*] A writer of uncommon sagacity and penetration has made the following reflection: "Our notion of order in civil society, is frequently false; it is taken from the analogy of subjects inanimate and dead; we consider commotion and action as contrary to its nature; we think it consistent only with obedience, secrecy, and the silent passing of affairs through the hands of a few; the good order of stones in a wall, is their being properly fixed in the places for which they were hewn; were they to stir, the building must fall: but the

More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their Happiness:
But mutual wants this Happiness increase;
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 52 in the MS.

Say not, "Heav'n's here profuse, there poorly saves,
And for one Monarch makes a thousand slaves."
You'll find, when Causes and their Ends are known,
'Twas for the thousand Heav'n has made that one.

NOTES.

good order of men in society, is their being placed where they are properly qualified to act. The first is a fabric made of dead and inanimate parts; the second is made of living and active members. When we seek in society for the order of mere inaction and tranquillity, we forget the nature of our subject, and find the order of slaves, not of men." Ferguson.

Ver. 50. *Some are, and must be,*] So much has of late years been said of the doctrine of Equality, and so much has it been perversely misinterpreted and misunderstood, that it is to be wished, that those who declaim on this subject, would only look into the three following fashionable French authors, who surely were staunch lovers of liberty, to see the absurdity of the notion of Equality of Ranks; namely, I. Montesquieu, in the third Chapter of his eighth Book. II. D'Alembert, in his Comment on this Chapter of Montesquieu. III. Voltaire, in the Essay on the Spirit of Nations, Chapter 67, on Switzerland. "You are not, by this term Equality," says the last, "to understand that absurd and impossible Equality, by which the master and the servant, the magistrate and the artificer, the plaintiff and the judge, are confounded together; but that Equality by which the subject depends only on the laws."

Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all Men Happiness was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health consists with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 66 in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a stay:
The rest mad Fortune gives or takes away.
All other bliss by accident's debar'd;
But Virtue's, in the instant, a reward;
In hardest trials operates the best,
And more is relish'd as the more distrest.

NOTES.

Ver. 84. *But these less taste them,*] "A selfish villain," says an

Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools, the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to All.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike TURENNE prostrate on the dust!

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 92 in the MS.

Let sober Moralists correct their speech,
No bad man's happy: he is great, or rich.

NOTES.

acute observer, "may possess a spring and alacrity of temper, a certain gaiety of heart, which is indeed a good quality, but which is rewarded much beyond its merit; and when attended with good fortune, will compensate the uneasiness and remorse arising from all the other vices." Hume's Essays. The Sceptic.

Ver. 88. *Which meets contempt,*] Compassion, it will be said, is but a poor compensation for misery.

Ver. 92. *to pass for good.*] "But are not the one frequently mistaken for the other? How many profligate hypocrites have passed for good?"

Ver. 99. *See* FALKLAND] His genius, his learning, his integrity, his patriotism, are eloquently displayed by Cowley, as well as by Clarendon: but Lord Orford thinks the portrait by the latter too flattering and overcharged. If any proofs had been want-

See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?

NOTES.

ing of the violence and haughtiness of Archbishop Laud, this virtuous nobleman's opposing him would have been sufficient. He assisted Chillingworth in his great work against Popery; and he wrote some very elegant verses to Sandys, on his Translation of the Psalms. The gallantry of Sir Philip Sidney, mentioned in a succeeding line (101), cannot be disputed; but whether the death of this valorous knight was a proper example of suffering virtue to be here introduced, is another question.

Ver. 100. *See god-like* TURENNE] This great general was killed July 27, 1675, by a cannon-shot, near the village of Saltyback, in going to choose a place whereon to erect a battery. "No one," says Voltaire, "is ignorant of the circumstances of his death; but we cannot here refrain a review of the principal of them, for the same reason that they are still talked of every day. It seems as if one could not too often repeat, that the same bullet which killed him, having shot off the arm of St. Hilaire, lieutenant-general of the artillery, his son came and bewailed his misfortune with many tears; but the father, looking towards Turenne, said, 'It is not I, but that great man, who should be lamented.' These words may be compared with the most heroic sayings recorded in all history; and are the best eulogy that can be bestowed upon Turenne. It is uncommon under a despotic government, where people are actuated only by private interests, for those who have served their country to die regretted by the public. Nevertheless, Turenne was lamented both by the soldiers and people; and Louvois was the only one who rejoiced at his death. The honours which the king ordered to be paid to his memory are known to every one; and that he was interred at St. Dennis, in the same manner as the constable du Guesclin." But how much is the glory of Turenne tarnished by his cruel devastation of the Palatinate!

Ver. 101. *See* SIDNEY *bleeds*] Among the many things related of the life and character of this all-accomplished person, it does not seem to be much known, that he was the intimate friend and patron of the famous atheist Giordano Bruno; was in a secret club with him and Sir Fulk Grevile, held in London in 1587; and that the Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante was at that time composed and printed in London, and dedicated to Sir Philip. See General Dictionary, vol. iii. p. 622.

Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?

NOTES.

Ver. 107. *Why drew*] M. de Belsance, bishop of Marseilles. This illustrious prelate was of a noble family in Guienne. In early life he took the vows, and belonged to a convent of Jesuits. He was made bishop of Marseilles in 1709.

In the plague of that city, in the year 1720, he distinguished himself by his zeal and activity, being the pastor, the physician, and the magistrate, of his flock, whilst that horrid calamity prevailed. Louis XV. in 1723, offered him a more considerable bishoprick (to which peculiar feudal honours were annexed), that of Laon in Picardy. He refused, however, to quit that of Marseilles, given for a reason, that he could not desert a flock which had been so endeared to him by their misfortunes and his own exertions. The king, however, insisted upon his accepting of the privilege of appealing, in all his own causes, either temporal or spiritual, to the Parliament of Paris. The Pope sent him from Rome an ornament called Palium, worn only by archbishops. He died at a very advanced age, in the year 1755, after having founded a college in Marseilles, which bears his name, and after having written the History of the Lives of his Predecessors in that See. When he was grand vicar of Agen, he published the life of a female relation of his, who was eminent for her piety, with this title, "Vie de Susanne Henriette de Foix Candale." Vaniere has finely celebrated him. Lib. iii. of the Prædium Rusticum.

Ver. 108. *When Nature sicken'd,*] A verse of marvellous comprehension and expressiveness, adopted from Dryden's Miscellanies, v. 6. The effects of this pestilence are more emphatically set forth in these few words than in forty such Odes as Sprat's on the Plague at Athens. A fine example of what Dion. Halicarnassus calls Πυκνότητος καὶ σεμνότητος.

What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God sends not Ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial Ill is universal Good,
Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall;
Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 116 in the MS.

Of ev'ry evil, since the world began,
The real source is not in God, but man.

NOTES.

Ver. 110. *Lent Heav'n a parent*, &c.] This last instance of the Poet's illustration of the ways of Providence, the reader sees, has a peculiar elegance; where a tribute of piety to a parent is paid in return of thanks to, and made subservient of his vindication of, the great Giver and Father of all things. The Mother of the Author, a person of great piety and charity, died the year this poem was finished, viz. 1733. W.

Ver. 112. *There deviates Nature*,] How can Nature be said to deviate, when we before have been told, that the general "Order has been kept, since the whole began?" And as to the wandering of the will, objectors persist in saying, that it is precisely the same thing, whether a God of infinite power and knowledge created beings originally wicked and miserable, or gave them a power to make themselves so; foreknowing, that they would employ that power to their own destruction.

This is the objection for ever repeated by Bayle, and which our limited understandings cannot fully answer,

"But find no end in wand'ring mazes lost."

Ver. 115. *Or Change admits*,] How Change can admit, or Nature let fall any evil, however short and rare it may be, under the government of an all-wise, powerful, and benevolent Creator, is hardly to be understood. The reasons assigned for the Origin of Evil, in these two lines, are surely not solid and satisfactory, and the doctrine is expressed in obscure and equivocal terms. These six lines are perhaps the most exceptionable in the whole Poem, in point both of sentiment and expression.

As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak Prince, th' Eternal Cause,
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning Etna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?

NOTES.

Ver. 121. *Think we, like some weak Prince,* &c.] Agreeable hereunto, Holy Scripture, in its account of things under the common Providence of Heaven, never represents miracles as wrought for the sake of him who is the object of them, but in order to give credit to some of God's extraordinary dispensations to Mankind. W.

Akenside has thus enlarged on this opinion, book i. p. 120, in a more copious and diffuse style and manner:

——Lest blind o'erweening pride
Pollute their offerings: lest their selfish heart
Say to the heavenly Ruler, "At our call
Relents thy power: by us thy arm is mov'd!
Fools! who of God as of each other deem:
Who his invariable acts deduce
From sudden counsels transient as their own;
Nor farther of his bounty, than the event
Which haply meets their loud and eager prayer,
Acknowledge; nor, beyond the drop minute,
Which haply they have tasted, heed the source
That flows from all; the fountain of his love;
Which, from the summit where he sits enthron'd,
Pours health and joy, unfailing streams throughout
The spacious region flourishing in view,
The goodly work of his eternal day,
His own fair universe; on which alone
His counsels fix, and whence alone his will
Assumes her strong direction."

Ver. 123. *Shall burning Etna,* &c.] Alluding to the fate of those two great Naturalists, Empedocles and Pliny, who both perished by too near an approach to Etna and Vesuvius, while they were exploring the cause of their eruptions. W.

On air or sea new motions be imprest,
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?
But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the Just then let it be:
But first consider how those Just agree.

NOTES.

Ver. 125. *On air or sea*] It was observed in the Adventurer, many years before the elegant Letter to Mr. Mason, on the Marks of Imitation, appeared, that this whole passage, and even the expressions, "New motions be imprest," and "Shall gravitation cease," were taken from Wollaston, section v. p. 99.

Wollaston, in this section, endeavours to prove, that, "It is not impossible, that such laws of nature, and such a series of causes and effects, may be originally designed; that not only general provisions may be made for the several species of beings, but even particular cases, at least many of them, may also be provided for, without innovations or alterations in the course of nature." From whence he infers the doctrine of a particular Providence, and the reasonableness and efficacy of prayer: a doctrine for which Bolingbroke, in a variety of passages in his works, is fond of condemning Wollaston, and his Defence of this Duty of Prayer. I have received the most authentic information that Dr. Middleton left behind him a treatise on this subject; which Mrs. Middleton, by the advice of a judicious friend, was prevailed on not to publish, from the offence it might have given. But it was communicated to Lord Bolingbroke at his earnest request, and returned to Mrs. Middleton after he had kept it a considerable time. After Bolingbroke's death, a copy of it was found in his library.

Ver. 130. *the hanging wall?*] Eusebius is weak enough to relate, from the testimonies of Irenæus and Polycarp, that the roof of the building under which Cerinthus the heretic was bathing, providentially fell down and crushed him to death. Lib. 3. cap. 29.

The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
This cries, there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too:
And which more blest? who chain'd his country? say,
Or he whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a day!
"But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 142 in some Editions,

Give each a System, all must be at strife;
What diff'rent Systems for a Man and Wife?

The joke, though lively, was ill plac'd, and therefore struck out of the text.

NOTES.

Ver. 136. *tell us who they are?*] This again is exactly copied from Wollaston, section v. p. 110, who quotes Virgil on the occasion,

——Cadit et Ripheus, justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris, et servantissimus æqui:
Dis aliter visum.——

Ver. 138. *instrument of hell;*] The hard fate of Servetus will remain for ever as an indelible mark of the violence, cruelty, and intolerance, of Calvin.

The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
Where Folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him Riches, your demand is o'er?
" No—shall the good want Health, the good want Pow'r?"
Add Health, and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing.
" Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?

NOTES.

Ver. 157. *But grant him Riches,*] It does by no means follow, that because he should want riches, wealth, and power, he should want every thing, and never know where to stop.

Ver. 162. *Why is not Man a God,*] The manner in which Ramsay endeavours, but in vain, to explain the doctrine of the Essay, is as follows: " Pope is far from asserting, that the present state of Man is his primitive state, and is conformable to Order: His design is to shew, that since the Fall, all is proportioned with weight, measure, and harmony, to the condition of a degraded Being, who suffers, and who deserves to suffer, and who cannot be restored but by sufferings; that physical evils are designed to cure moral evil; that the passions and the crimes of the most abandoned men are confined, directed, and governed, by infinite wisdom, in such a manner as to make order emerge out of confusion, light of darkness, and to call out innumerable advantages from the transitory inconveniences of this life; that this so gracious Providence conducts all things to its own ends, and without either causing or approving the effects of their deliberate malice; that all is ordained in the physical order, as all is free in the moral; that these two orders are connected closely without fatality, and are not subject to that necessity which renders us virtuous without merit, and vicious without crime; that we see at present but a single wheel of the magnificent machine of the universe; but a small link of the great chain; and but an insignificant part of that immense plan which will one day be unfolded. Then will

Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of Nature will they stand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and six,

VARIATIONS.

After Verse 172 in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
Or fit for searching heads or honest hearts.

NOTES.

God justify all the incomprehensible proceedings of his wisdom and goodness, and will vindicate himself, as Milton speaks, from the rash judgment of mortals."

But there are too many passages in this Essay to suffer us to admit of the forced interpretation here given by Ramsay.

Ver. 170. *Then give Humility*] In a work of so serious and severe a cast, in a work of reasoning, in a work of theology, designed to explain the most interesting subject that can employ the mind of man, surely such strokes of levity, of satire, of ridicule, as also lines 204. 224. 276. however poignant and witty, are ill placed and disgusting, are violations of that propriety which Pope in general so strictly observed. Lucretius preserves throughout, the dignity he at first assumed; even his sarcasms and irony on the superstitious, have something august, and a noble haughtiness in them; as in particular where he asks, "How it comes to pass that Jupiter sometimes strikes his own temples with his thunderbolts; whether he employs himself in casting them in the deserts for the sake of exercising his arm; and why he hurls them in places where he cannot strike the guilty,

——" Tum fulmina mittat, et ædes
Sæpe suas disturbet; et in deserta recedens
Sæviat, exercens telum, quod sæpe nocentes
Præterit, exanimatque indignos, inque merentes."

He has turned the insult into a magnificent image.

Justice a Conqu'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.
Weak, foolish Man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The Boy and Man an Individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can Riches give Repute, or Trust,
Content, or Pleasure, but the Good and Just?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and Love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

NOTES.

Ver. 173. *Weak, foolish Man!*] These eight succeeding lines were not in former editions; and indeed none of them, especially lines 177 and 179, do any credit to the Author, and rather make us wish they had been suppressed.

Ver. 185. *give Repute, or Trust,*] We see in the world, alas! too many examples of riches giving repute and trust, content and pleasure, to the worthless and profligate.

Ver. 189. *God hates the worthy mind,*] The ground of the complaint is, not that the worthy man does not possess a large and ample fortune, but because he sometimes wants even necessaries.

Honour and shame from no Condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

NOTES.

Ver. 194. *Act well your part,*] The Ancients were very fond of this comparison of human life with a drama. Epictetus uses it in a well-known passage, chapter 27, and Arrian also recites it: it is repeated twice or thrice in Stobæus; and Antoninus finishes his meditations with an allusion to it. Ivie has given it from Epictetus in a manner so truly Horatian, that I cannot forbear repeating it:

"Nos sumus in scena; quin et, mandante magistro,
Quisque dàtas agimus partes; sit longa brevisve
Fabula, nil refert: Tyrio seu dives in ostro
Incedam, pannis seu veler squalidus, imo
Prognatus populo, seu fracto crure humerove
In triviis rogitem æra; placet lex"——

But our Author found the same illustration in his friend's Essay. See Bolingbroke, vol. v. p. 79. "The whole world, nay, the whole universe, is filled with Beings which are all connected in one immense design. The sensitive inhabitants of our globe, like the dramatis personæ, have different characters, and are applied to different purposes of action in every scene. The several parts of the material world, like the machines of a theatre, were contrived not for the actors, but for the action: and the whole order and system of the drama would be disordered and spoiled, if any alteration was made in either. The nature of every creature, his manner of being, is adapted to his state here, to the place he is to inhabit, and, as we may say, to the part he is to act. If man was a creature inferior or superior to what he is, he would be a very preposterous creature in this system. Gulliver's horses made a very absurd figure in the place of men, and men would make one as absurd in the place of horses. I do not think that philosophers have shewn in every instance why every thing is what it is, and as it is, or that nothing could be, in any one case, otherwise than it is, without producing a greater inconveniency to the whole than the particular inconveniency that would be removed. But I am sure this has been proved in so many instances, that it is trifling, as well as profane, to deny it in any. We complain often of our senses, and sometimes of our reasoning faculties: both are defective, weak, fallible: and yet if the former were more extensive, more acute,

Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 207. *Boast the pure blood,* &c.] In the MS. thus,

The richest blood, right-honourably old,
Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
May swell thy heart and gallop in thy breast,
Without one dash of usher or of priest:
Thy pride as much despise all other pride
As Christ Church once all colleges beside.

NOTES.

and more nice, they would not answer the purposes of human life, they would be absolutely inconsistent with them. Just so, if our reasoning faculties were more perfect than they are, the order of intellectual Beings would be broken unnecessarily, and man would be raised above his proper form, without any real advantage to himself, since the reason he has is sufficient for him in the state allotted to him; and since higher faculties and greater degrees of knowledge would on one hand increase his presumption, and yet on the other would rather excite than sate his curiosity, by shewing him more clearly the extent of his ignorance."

Ver. 208. *from Lucrece to Lucrece:*] A bad rhyme to the preceding word race. It is taken from Boileau, vol. 85. Satire 5.

But by your fathers' worth if your's you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness lies?
"Where, but among the Heroes and the Wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;

NOTES.

"Et si leur sang tout pur, ainsi que leur noblesse,
Est passé jusqu'à vous de Lucrece en Lucrece."

Ver. 210. *Count me those*] The following comment is taken from the manuscripts of James Harris, Esq.

"If thou art ever touched with the admiration of family, remember that thou too hadst a progenitor in the time of the Holy War, as much as either the Courteneys, the Greys, or the Howards. The difference is no more than that in those wise expeditions thy forefathers were corporals, while theirs were captains: that their forefathers had wealth enough to be benefactors to monkery; while the poverty of thine, if ever they had such intentions, most happily prevented them from making their folly conspicuous."

Pope seems to have been reading Peter Charron's severe Animadversions on Natural and Personal Nobility, in book i. of Wisdom, p. 499.

Ver. 220. *From Macedonia's*] He has fallen into the common cant about Alexander the Great. Think of the scene in Darius's tent; of the foundation of the city of Alexandria, and the extent of its commerce; of the many colonies he established; of his refusing to treat the Persians as slaves; of the grief expressed by the Persians at his death; of the encouragement he gave to arts, both useful and elegant; and of his assistance to Aristotle his master, in making experiments and promoting science: the

The whole strange purpose of their lives to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
No less alike the Politic and Wise;
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat:
'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains.
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

NOTES.

encomiums bestowed on him by two such judges of men as Bacon and Montesquieu, outweigh the censures of Boileau and Pope. Charles XII. deserved not to be joined with him: Charles XII. tore out the leaf in which Boileau had censured Alexander. Robertson, in his Disquisitions on India, has given a fine and comprehensive view of the very grand design which Alexander had formed to annex that extensive and opulent country to his empire. Section 1. Appendix.

Ver. 222. *an enemy of all mankind!*] Had all nations, with regard to their heroes, been of the humour with the Normans, who called Robert II, the greatest of their Dukes, by the name of ROBERT THE DEVIL, the races of heroes might have been less numerous, or, however, less mischievous. W.

Ver. 235. *or bleed like Socrates,*] Considering the manner in which Socrates was put to death, the word "bleed" seems to be improperly used. Cudworth has remarked, that it is a common mistake to assert that Socrates was condemned for asserting the doctrine of one Supreme Deity; for he also acknowledged the existence of inferior created gods; but he was punished for ex-

What's Fame, a fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
A Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead:
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod:
An honest Man's the noblest work of God.

NOTES.

posing and ridiculing the common fabulous poetic accounts of these inferior and subordinate gods, which accounts were held sacred by the people. It was hence he was accused of impiety.

Ver. 237. *What's Fame,*] It is the fate of many philosophical reflections, that, in the same proportion with which they diminish and destroy vicious passions and pursuits, they also diminish and destroy such as are virtuous and reasonable, and by degrees render the mind callous, indifferent, and inactive: just as when Fontenelle says, that the true system of astronomy ought to extinguish ambition; "for what a poor thing is the conquest of the whole globe in comparison of the infinite extent of Nature?" Such a reflection would extinguish patriotism as well as ambition. Perhaps our author, in these fine lines, has carried the matter too far, as Mr. Wollaston has certainly done: "The man is not known ever the more to posterity, because his name is transmitted to them. He doth not live because his name does. Since Pompey is as little known as Cæsar, all that is said of their conquests amounts to this, Somebody conquered somebody." The reader may be highly gratified if he will peruse a very fine speech on this subject, in a poem too much neglected, the Paradise Regained of Milton, book iii. v. 45. Is exposing and depreciating the passion for fame consistent with the doctrine before advanced, that

"Not a vanity is giv'n in vain?"

Ver. 248. *An honest Man's*] Plato says, Πάντων ἀρράτων ἔστιν ἄνθρωπος ὁ ἀγαθός.

Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In Parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for You can) what is it to be wise?

NOTES.

Ver. 257. *Marcellus exil'd*] "Brutus," said he, "perished untimely, and Cæsar did no more.—'Twas thus, as I remember, not long since, you were expressing yourself: and yet suppose their fortunes to have been exactly parallel, which would you have preferred? Would you have been Cæsar or Brutus?"

"Brutus," replied I, "beyond all controversy." He asked me, "Why? where was the difference, when their fortunes, as we now supposed them, were considered as the same?"

"There seems," said I, "abstract from their fortunes, something, I know not what, intrinsically preferable in the life and character of Brutus." "If that," said he, "be true, then must we derive it, not from the success of his endeavours, but from their truth and rectitude. He had the comfort to be conscious that his cause was a just one. 'Twas impossible the other should have any such feeling." "I believe," said I, "you have explained it." Harris's Discourse on Happiness, v. 1.

Cicero's fine oration to Cæsar on behalf of Marcellus, is sufficiently known. Middleton has given an elegant account of his enmity to Cæsar, and of his being stabbed by Magius, and his funeral rites at Athens, vol. ii. 286. By Marcellus, Pope was said to mean the Duke of Ormond.

Ver. 259. *In Parts superior*] To a person that was praising Dr. Balguy's admirable Discourses on the Vanity and Vexation of our Pursuits after Knowledge, he replied, "I borrowed the whole

'Tis but to know how little can be known!
To see all others' faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account:
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount;
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.

NOTES.

from ten lines of the Essay on Man, at ver. 259; and I only enlarged and commented upon what the Poet had expressed with such marvellous conciseness, penetration, and precision." He particularly admired verse 266. "Men value themselves," says Fontenelle, "for having wit, and genius, and talents, more than for the gifts of fortune, riches, and birth, as not depending on hazard. But how unjust and ill grounded is this! Does not genius consist in a certain conformation of the brain? and is the hazard less to be born with a brain so well disposed, than to be born the son of a king? There is therefore no more personal merit to be born witty than to be born rich. Let this mortify our pride."

Ver. 266. *All fear, none aid you,*] "A persecuted man of genius," says a certain celebrated wit, "is like a flying-fish; if he rises above the surface of the water, the birds seize and devour him; if he plunges down, the fishes eat him."

Ver. 277. *To sigh for ribands*] Why laugh at a modern peer

Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest, of mankind:
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!

NOTES.

for his solicitude to obtain two or three yards of riband, green or blue, more than at an ancient champion for his laborious efforts to gain a chaplet of parsley, or crown of oak-leaves?

Ver. 279. *Is yellow dirt*] A depreciating idle term, like the concisum argentum in titulos of Juvenal.

Ver. 281. *how Bacon*] Can we believe the mortifying account of this great philosopher's vices, given by Sir S. Dewes in Hearne's Richard II.?

Ver. 281, 283. *If Parts allure thee,—*
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,]

These two instances are chosen with great judgment. The world, perhaps, doth not afford two such other.

BACON discovered and laid down those true principles of science, by whose assistance Newton was enabled to unfold the whole law of Nature. He was no less eminent for the creative power of his imagination, the brightness of his conceptions, and the force of his expression: yet being convicted on his own confession for bribery and corruption in the administration of justice, while he presided in the supreme Court of Equity, he endeavoured to repair his ruined fortunes by the most profligate flattery to the Court; which, indeed, from his very first entrance into it, he had accustomed himself to practise with a prostitution that disgraceth the very profession of letters, or of science.

CROMWELL seemeth to be distinguished in the most eminent manner, with regard to his abilities, from all other great and wicked men, who have overturned the liberties of their Country. The times in which others have succeeded in this attempt, were such as saw the spirit of Liberty suppressed and stifled by a general luxury and venality: but Cromwell subdued his country, when this spirit was in its height, by a successful struggle against court-oppression; and while it was conducted and supported by a set of the greatest Geniuses for Government the world ever saw embarked together in one common cause. W.

If all united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy! those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;

NOTES.

Ver. 283. *Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,*] And even this fantastic glory sometimes suffers a terrible reverse.—*Sacheverel*, in his *Voyage to Icolumb-kill*, describing the Church there, tells us, that "in one corner is a peculiar enclosure, in which were the monuments of the kings of many different nations, as Scotland, Ireland, Norway, and the *Isle of Man*. THIS (said the person who shewed me the place, pointing to a plain stone) was the monument of the GREAT TEAGUE, king of Ireland. I had never heard of him, and could not but reflect of how little value is *Greatness*, that has barely left a *name* scandalous to a nation, and a grave which the meanest of mankind would never envy." W.

From Cowley, in his imitation of Virgil;

"Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a name."

He frequently borrows expressions from Cowley; as did Gray.

Ver. 285. *thy ambition call,*] Candide meets at supper, in an inn at Venice, six dethroned and unfortunate kings. Their number, of late, might be augmented.

Ver. 292. *From dirt and sea-weed*] There is something striking in the origin of this extraordinary state:

"No one can reproach the Venetians with having acquired their liberty by revolt," says Voltaire; "no one could say, I have enfranchised you; here is the charter of your manumission.

"They did not usurp the territory as the Cæsars usurped the empire; as so many bishops, to begin with him of Rome, have usurped the regal sceptre. They are lords of Venice (if one may use such a presumptuous comparison), as the Supreme Being is Lord of the earth, because they founded it. Attila, who never took the title of the Scourge of God, carried his ravages over Italy. He had undoubtedly as much right as Charlemagne, Ar-

In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.

NOTES.

nold the Bastard, Guy duke of Spoleto, Berenger marquis of Frioul, and the Bishops who aspired at sovereignty afterward.

" In those days of military and ecclesiastical depredations, Attila came on like a vulture: and the Venetians, like Halcyons, saved themselves in the waves. They had no protector but themselves; they built their nests in the middle of the waters; they enlarged, they peopled, they defended, they enriched it. I would ask if it be possible that there should be a juster title to possession?

" I have read Squittinio della Liberta di Venezio, and am highly offended with it.

" What! then, was not Venice originally free, because the foolish, barbarous, fanatic Emperors of Greece said, This new city was built on our ancient territory; and because the Germans, having the title of Emperors of the West, said, This being a western city, must belong to us?

" I here think I see a poor flying-fish pursued at the same time by a falcon above, and a shark below, and escaping from both.

" Sannazarius, on comparing Rome to Venice, has very well expressed himself:

' Illam homines dicas, hanc posuisse deos.'

" Rome, at the end of five hundred years, lost by Cæsar the liberty she had acquired by Brutus. Venice has preserved her's eleven centuries, and I flatter myself that she will preserve it still."

Ver. 297. *Or sunk in ease,*] In the MS. it was thus:

——— or sunk in years,
Lost in unmeaning, unrepenting tears.

Meaning the great Duke of Marlborough, who sunk in the latter part of his life into a state of perfect childhood and dotage; as did Lord Somers. Our Author always spoke of the Duke with a wonderful degree of acrimony; nay, he once turned into ridi-

Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day?
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A Tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
Know then this truth (enough for Man to know),
"Virtue alone is Happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;

NOTES.

cule his sorrow on the death of his only son, the Marquis of Blandford. The Duke having a very effeminate voice, Pope, in some bitter verses which he suppressed, made him lament his loss

"In accents of a whining ghost!"

Marlborough among his friends, in some of their familiar letters, used to be called—Silly; as, "Silly says so," &c. This took its rise from a habit he had of crying out, in a shrill and effeminate voice, "Silly, Silly," when he objected to any thing. "Shall the Allies make an attempt upon Lisle?"—"Silly." "Upon Arras then?"—"Silly, Silly." The great Generals, Œtius and Bellisarius, as well as Marlborough and Monk, were governed by their imperious wives. See Ver. 302. The wife of Monk was Anne Clargess, a blacksmith's daughter, who had been Monk's sempstress when he was a prisoner in the Tower. She was very instrumental in bringing about the Restoration.

Ver. 299. *Oh wealth ill-fated!*] In the journal written to his Stella, Swift speaks in very handsome terms of the Duke of Marlborough, and this too at a time when the Ministry was about to be changed, 1710. And Bolingbroke always mentioned him with respect.

Where only Merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives:
The joy unequall'd if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's bless'd;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 316 in the MS.

Ev'n while it seems unequal to dispose,
And chequers all the good Man's joys with woes,
'Tis but to teach him to support each state,
With patience this, with moderation that;
And raise his base on that one solid joy,
Which conscience gives, and nothing can destroy.

These lines are extremely finished. In which there is such a soothing sweetness in the melancholy harmony of the versification, as if the Poet was then in that tender office in which he was most officious, and in which all his soul came out, the condoling with some good man in affliction. W.

NOTES.

Ver. 319. *The broadest mirth*] It is singular that this uncommon expression, broad mirth, should be in Origen. Not that we are to imagine that Pope had read it in this Greek father. There are many such coincidences, which must not be attributed to copying or borrowing. The words in Origen are, γέλωτα πλατὺν ὀφλήσομεν.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God;
Pursues that Chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no Being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising Whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;

NOTES.

Ver. 327. *See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!*] Having proved that happiness is placed in *Virtue;* he proves next (from Ver. 326 to 329) that it is *rightly* placed there; for that then, and then only, ALL may partake of it, and ALL be capable of relishing it. W.

Ver. 332. *But looks through Nature,*] Verbatim from Bolingbroke's Letters to Pope.

Ver. 341. *For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,* &c.] PLATO, in his first book of a Republic, hath a remarkable passage to this purpose: "He whose conscience does not reproach him, has cheerful *Hope* for his companion, and the support and comfort of his old age, according to Pindar. For this great Poet, O Socrates, very elegantly says, That he who leads a just and holy life has always amiable *Hope* for his companion, which fills his heart with joy, and is the support and comfort of his old age. *Hope,* the most powerful of the Divinities, in governing the ever-changing and inconstant temper of mortal men." Τῷ δὲ μηδὲν ἑαυτῷ ἄδικον ξυνειδότι ἡδεῖα ἐλπὶς ἀεὶ πάρεστι, καὶ ἀγαθὴ γηροτρόφος, ὡς καὶ Πίνδαρος λέγει. Χαριέντως που τοι, ὦ Σώκρα-

Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose distates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find;)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
  Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:

NOTES.

τες, τοῦτ' ἐκεῖνος εἶπεν, ὅτι ὃς ἂν δικαίως καὶ ὁσίως τὸν βίον διαγάγῃ, γλυκεῖά οἱ καρδίαν ἀτιτάλλοισα γηροτρόφος ξυναορεῖ ἐλπὶς, ἃ μάλιστα θνατῶν πολύστροφον γνώμαν κυβερνᾷ. In the same manner Euripides speaks in his *Hercules furens*,

> Οὗτος δ' ἀνὴρ ἄριστος, ὅστις ἐλπίσιν
> Πέποιθεν ἀεί· τὸ δ' ἀπορεῖν, ἀνδρὸς κακοῦ.—Ver. 105.

"He is the good man in whose *breast Hope springs eternally*. But to be *without Hope in the world*, is the portion of the wicked." W. To this we may add, he hopes, indeed, for another life, but he does not from hence infer the absolute necessity of it, in order to vindicate the justice and goodness of God.

Ver. 346. *Faith in bliss unknown:*] Voltaire, having mentioned the arguments urged by Lucretius against the Immortality of the Soul, adds the following words, which we must wish he had never contradicted in any other of his writings: "Mais l'instinct, la raison, le besoin d'etre consolé, le bien de la societé, prevalurent; et les hommes ont toujours eu l'esperance d'une vie à venir: esperance, à la verité souvent accompagnée de doute. La Revelation detruit le doute, et met la certitude à la place." tom. ii. p. 382.

Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
In one close system of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliss but height of Charity.
God loves from Whole to Parts: But human soul
Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

NOTES.

Ver. 360. *but height of Charity.*] "To prove that the dispensations of Providence in the present state are not unequal, is certainly very desirable; but there is reason to fear, that those who blame divines for admitting an inequality, have not succeeded in the attempt. The philosophers, both ancient and modern, who have endeavoured to justify the ways of God to Man, by proving that happiness does not consist in externals, in order to shew that his dispensations are equal, have yet placed happiness in virtue chiefly as a principle of active benevolence.

"Happier as kinder, in each due degree,
And height of Bliss but height of Charity."

Now there seems to be an inconsistency between these two principles, of which they are not aware.

It may reasonably be asked, what virtue, as a principle of active benevolence, has to bestow? Can it bestow upon others any thing more than externals? If not, it either has not the power of communicating happiness, or happiness is to be communicated in externals. If it has not the power of communicating happiness, it is indeed a mere name; the subject receives nothing; the agent gives nothing. The bliss of charity is founded on a delusion; on the false supposition of a benefit communicated by externals, which externals cannot communicate. If happiness can be communicated by externals, and consequently is dependent upon them, and these externals are unequally distributed, how is the dispensation of Providence with respect to happiness in the present state equal?" Hawksworth on Swift's Works.

Ver. 364. *As the small pebble*] It is observable that this similitude, which is to be found in Silius Italicus, l. xiii. v. 24. and also in Du Bartas, and in Shakspeare's Henry VI. and also in

The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide, and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh master of the poet, and the song!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 373. *Come then, my Friend!* &c.] In the MS. thus,

And now transported o'er so vast a Plain,
While the wing'd courser flies with all her rein,
While heav'n-ward now her mounting wing she feels,
Now scatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
Wilt thou, my ST. JOHN! keep her course in sight,
Confine her fury, and assist her flight?

NOTES.

Feltham's Resolves, hath been used twice more in the writings of our Poet; in the Temple of Fame, in the four hundred and thirty-sixth line, and in the Dunciad, at the four hundred and fifth. This Essay is not decorated with many comparisons; two, however, ought to be mentioned, on account of their aptness and propriety. The first is, where he compares man to the vine, that gains its strength from the embrace it gives: The second is conceived with peculiar felicity; all Nature does not perhaps afford so fit and close an application. It is observed above, in ver. 313, from whence it is borrowed.

On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

This simile bears a close resemblance to that in the first act of the tragedy of Cato.

Ver. 373. *Come then, my Friend!* &c.] This noble apostrophe, by which the Poet concludes the Essay in an address to his

And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends, 376

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friend, will furnish a critic with examples of every one of those five Species of elocution, from which, as from its sources, Longinus deduceth the Sublime.*

1. The first and chief is *a grandeur and sublimity of conception*:

" Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
Oh Master of the Poet, and the Song!
And while the Muse now stoops, and now ascends,
To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends"——

2. The *second*, that *pathetic enthusiasm*, which, at the same time, melts and inflames:

" Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please."

3. *A certain elegant formation and ordonance of figures*:

" Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?"

4. *A splendid diction*:

" When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, Whatever is, IS RIGHT;"

* —πέντε πηγαί τινές εἰσιν τῆς ὑψηγορίας. 1. Πρῶτον μὲν καὶ κράτιστον τὸ περὶ τὰς νοήσεις ἀδρεπήβολον. 2. Δεύτερον δὲ τὸ σφοδρὸν καὶ ἐνθουσιαστικὸν πάθος. 3. Ποιὰ τῶν σχημάτων πλάσις. 4. Ἡ γενναῖα φράσις. 5. Πέμπτη δὲ μεγέθους αἰτία, καὶ συγκλείουσα τὰ πρὸ ἑαυτῆς ἅπαντα, ἡ ἐν ἀξιώματι καὶ διάρσει σύνθεσις.

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, elegant with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;

NOTES.

5. And fifthly, which includes in itself all the rest, *a weight and dignity in the composition:*

" That REASON, PASSION, answer one great AIM;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same;
That VIRTUE only makes our BLISS below;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW." W.

I find by a memorandum, written at the time, that it was on the 20th of January 1767, that Lord Bathurst informed me of the fact above mentioned; that he had read the outline of the Essay on Man, the scheme and tenor of its doctrines, in the hand-writing of Bolingbroke, which sketch he greatly commended.

Ver. 383. *Oh! while along*] From the Silvæ of Statius, c. v. v. 120.

——" immensæ veluti connexa Carinæ
Cymba minor, cum sævit hyems——
——et eodem volvitur Austro."

Ver. 391. *I turn'd the tuneful art*] Ought the lovers of true

For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim; 395
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same;
That VIRTUE only makes one Bliss below;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 397. *That Virtue only*, &c.] In the MS. thus,

That just to find a God is all we can,
And all the study of Mankind is Man.

NOTES.

genuine poetry to be obliged to his friend, for being instrumental in making Pope forsake works of imagination for the didactic! Which of the two species of composition may be the more useful and instructive, is entirely beside the question; but, in point of poetic genius, the Rape of the Lock, and The Eloisa, as far excel the Essay on Man, and the Moral Epistles, as the Gierusalemme, so unjustly depreciated by Boileau, does all his Satires and his Art of Poetry; and as the second and fourth books of Virgil excel the Georgics. To be able to reason well in verse is not the first nor the most essential talent of a poet, great as its merit may be.

Ver. 398. OURSELVES TO KNOW.] How unfortunate has our learned commentator been, in all the five examples he has produced, of the five species of elocution mentioned by Longinus!

In the first example there is little grandeur and sublimity of conception.

In the second, not one stroke of the pathetic.

In the third, not that formation and use of figures which, in the 16th section, Longinus insists upon.

In the fourth example, nothing that can be called τροπικὴ καὶ πεποιημένη λέξις; dictio tropis plena atque facta; i. e. artificio quodam elaborata.

In the fifth and last, the bare enumeration of the subjects treated of in these four epistles cannot be justly given as an example of weight and dignity of composition, which Longinus calls ἡ ἐν ἀξιώματι καὶ διάρσει σύνθεσις; magnifica elataque compositio.

After all, why would the commentator produce these five examples of the sources of the sublime, when, in another work, his Doctrine of Grace, he has laboured exceedingly to prove, that there is no such thing as sublimity, considered in itself; that sublimity is only the application of such images as arbitrary and casual connexions, rather than their own native grandeur, have dignified and ennobled; thus stripping, what ages have admired as elegant and great, of its imaginary value, and resolving it into chance, caprice, and fashion. This paradox, and the Defence of it, have been completely confuted by the learned and ingenious Dr. Leland, in a Dissertation on the Principles of Human Eloquence. So truly is Warburton characterized by a nervous writer, who says, "he had an eager propensity to start aside from the regular and common orbit of opinion, upon every plain, every abstruse, every trifling, and every important subject." The same writer, with a spirit of impartiality that does him credid, adds, "The Bishop of Gloucester, amidst all his fooleries in criticism, and all his outrages in controversy, certainly united a most vigorous and comprehensive intellect, with an open and a generous heart." I will just add, that the antiparadisiacal state mentioned by this prelate in the additional book of the Div. Legation, published by the Bishop of Worcester, has displeased many serious and able judges.

If, after all, the Divine Legation is a work, as Dr. Hurd assures us it is, "of the most transcendent merit, whether we consider the invention or execution; a work so embellished by a lively fancy, and illustrated from all quarters by exquisite learning and the most ingenious disquisition, that, in the whole compass of modern or ancient theology, there is nothing equal or similar to this extraordinary performance;" if, to the authority of Hooker, the acuteness of Chillingworth, and the perspicuity of Locke, he added more than all their learning; if these rare and admirable qualifications shone out in him with greater lustre than in any other ornament of our church, Stillingfleet, and Barrow, and Taylor himself not excepted; if, I say, this high encomium of Dr. Hurd, on his all-accomplished friend, be just and well-founded, it surely is of small consequence to an author of such exalted and extraordinary merits to say, that his notes on Shakspeare and Pope are conceited, futile, and frivolous.

In the very last edition of Bishop Law's excellent translation of the Origin of Evil, is the following remarkable passage: "I had now the satisfaction of seeing, that those very principles

which had been maintained by Archbishop King, were adopted by Mr. Pope in his Essay on Man: this I used to recollect, and sometimes to relate, with pleasure, conceiving that such an account did no less honour to the poet than to our philosophers; but was soon made to understand, that any thing of that kind was taken highly amiss by one (i. e. Dr. Warburton), who had once held the doctrine of that same Essay to be rank atheism, but afterward turned a warm advocate for it, and thought proper to deny the account above mentioned, with heavy menaces against those who presumed to insinuate that Pope borrowed any thing from any man whatsoever.

Marmontel, in his Poetique, has given the following judgment on the Essay on Man: "Pope, dans les Epitres qui composent son Essai sur l'Homme, a fait voir combien la poesie pouvoit s'élever sur les ailes de la philosophie. C'est dommage que ce Poete n'ait pas eu autant de methode que de profondeur. Mais il avoit pris un systeme; il falloit le soutenir. Ce systeme lui offroit des difficultés épouvantables; il falloit ou les vaincre, ou les eviter: le dernier parti etoit le plus sur et le plus commode; aussi pour repondre aux plaintes de l'homme sur les malheurs de son etat, lui donne-t-il le plus souvent des images pour des preuves, et des injures pour des raisons."

Still more contemptuous and degrading, than the opinion of this French critic, are the terms in which Dr. Johnson has spoken of this Essay, in which are so many splendid and highly-finished passages. "The subject," he says, "is perhaps not very proper for poetry; and the poet was not sufficiently master of his subject: metaphysical morality was a new study; and he was proud of his acquisitions; and, supposing himself master of great secrets, was in haste to teach what he had not learned. When these wonder-working sounds sink into sense, and the doctrine of the Essay, disrobed of its ornaments, is left to the powers of its naked excellence, what shall we discover? that we are, in comparison with our Creator, very weak and ignorant; that we do not uphold the chain of existence; and that we could not make one another with more skill than we are made. We may learn yet more; that the arts of human life were copied from the instinctive operations of other animals; that if the world be made for man, it may be said that man was made for geese."

This sort of burlesque abstract, which may be so easily but so unjustly made of any composition whatever, is exactly similar to the imperfect and unfair representation which the same critic has

given of the beautiful imagery in Il Penseroso of Milton. Very different was the opinion of the ingenious and acute Dr. Balguy on the Essay on Man; who, in various passages of his excellent treatise, entitled, "Divine Benevolence," has manifestly copied many of its doctrines and reasonings; who has written two sermons on the vanity of our pursuits after knowledge, which contain, as hath been already observed, little more than is comprehended in ten lines of this Essay; and who has even done Pope the honour of prefixing to his admirable sermons, as a motto, the following sentence from the preface to this Essay; "If I could flatter myself that these Essays have any merit, it is in steering between the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite; in passing over terms utterly unintelligible; and in forming a temperate, yet not inconsistent system."

THE

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

THE

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

NOTES.

Ver. 1. FATHER *of All!*] For closeness and comprehension of thought, and for brevity and energy of expression, few pieces of poetry in our language can be compared with this Prayer. I am surprised Johnson should not make any mention of it. When it was first published, many orthodox persons were, I remember, offended at it, and called it, The Deist's Prayer. It were to be wished the Deists would make use of so good a one.

Ver. 4. *Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!*] "It is of very little consequence," says Seneca, De Beneficiis, "by what name you call the first Nature, and the divine Reason, that presides over the universe, and fills all the parts of it. He is still the same God. You may give Him as many names as you please, provided you allow but one Sole Principle every where present."

"Notwithstanding all the extravagances and miscarriages of the Poets," says Cudworth, chap. 4, "we shall now make it plainly appear, that they really asserted, not a multitude of self-existent and independent Deities, but one, only, unmade Deity; and all the other, generated or created gods. This hath been already proved concerning Orpheus, from such fragments of the Orphic Poems as have been owned and attested by Pagan writers." Cudworth proceeds to confirm this opinion by many strong and uncontested passages from Homer, Hesiod, Pindar,

Thou Great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

NOTES.

Sophocles, and especially Euripides, book i. chap. iv. sect. 19.; and Aristophanes, in the first line of Plutus, distinguishes betwixt Jupiter and the gods: Ὦ Ζεῦ καὶ θεοί.

Ver. 6. *my Sense confin'd*] It ought to be confinedst, or didst confine; and afterward, gavest, or didst give, in the second person. See Lowth's Grammar.

Ver. 9. *Yet gave me,*] Originally Pope had written another stanza, immediately after this;

Can sins of moments claim the rod
Of everlasting fires?
And that offend great Nature's God
Which Nature's self inspires?

The licentious sentiment it contains, evidently borrowed from a well-known passage of Guarini in the Pastor Fido, induced him to strike it out. And perhaps also the absurd metaphor of a rod of fires, on examination, displeased him.

Ver. 12. *Left free*] An absurd and impossible exemption, exclaims the Fatalist; "comparing together the moral and the natural world, every thing is as much the result of established laws in the one as in the other. There is nothing in the whole universe that can properly be called contingent; nothing loose or fluctuating in any part of Nature; but every motion in the natural, and every determination and action in the moral world, are directed by immutable laws; so that, whilst these laws remain in their force, not the smallest link of the universal chain of causes and effects can be broken, nor any one thing be otherwise than it is." All the most subtile and refined arguments that can be urged in a dispute on Fate and Free-will, are introduced, in a conversation on this subject, betwixt the angels Gabriel and Raphael, and Adam, in

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That more than Heav'n pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round:

NOTES.

the fourth act of Dryden's State of Innocence, and stated with a wonderful precision and perspicuity. Reasoning, in verse, was one of Dryden's most singular and predominant excellences: notwithstanding which, he must rank as a poet for his Music-ode, not for his Religio Laici.

Ver. 12. *the Human Will.*] The result of what Locke advances on this, the most difficult of all subjects, is, that we have a power of doing what we will. "Il seroit plaisant," says a noted wit, "qu'une partie de ce monde fut arrangée, et que l'autre ne le fut point; qu'une partie de ce qui arrive ne dût pas arriver. Quand on y regarde de pres, on voit que la doctrine contraire à celle du destin est absurde; mais il y a beaucoup de gens destinés à raisonner mal, d'autres à ne point raisonner du tout, d'autres à persecuter ceux qui raisonnent." Let us acquiesce in a better philosophy, which teaches us, "that if Free-will be the origin of evil, it is also the origin of good. If it be the occasion of disorder, it is the cause of order; of all the moral order that appears in the world. Had Liberty been excluded, Virtue had been excluded with it. And if this had been the case, the world could have had no charms, no beauties, sufficient to recommend it to Him who made it. In short, all other powers and perfections would have been very defective without this, which is truly the life and spirit of the whole creation."

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At aught thy Wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I see;
That Mercy I to others shew,
That Mercy shew to me.

NOTES.

Ver. 25. *this weak, unknowing hand*] Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another: expressing neither surprise nor aversion at persons who hold opinions different from our own, either in religion or politics; knowing that this difference of opinion is as pardonable as it is unavoidable; and convinced that Laud and Milton, Hickes and Burnet, Atterbury and Hoadley, Waterland and Clarke, were all equally sincere in their several tenets.

The great Bishop Butler used to say, that if Lord Shaftesbury had lived to see the candour, moderation, and gentleness of the present times in discussing religious subjects, he would have been a good Christian.

Ver. 27. *deal damnation*] He censures the narrow and illiberal doctrine of popery and bigotry, "the impossibility of being saved out of the pale of the Church." It is very remarkable, that Mahomet, in the Koran, Surat 2. severely reprehends the Jews and the Christians for condemning each other; and says, "that, on the day of resurrection, God will judge the merits of their cause." So that there are Christians less tolerant than Mahomet.

Ver. 39. *That Mercy*] It has been said that our Poet, in this

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy Breath;
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All else beneath the Sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let Thy Will be done.

To thee whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's Incense rise!

NOTES.

Prayer, chose the Lord's Prayer for his model; but there is no resemblance but in this passage, and in the last stanza but one.

M. Le Franc de Pompignan, a celebrated avocat at Montauban, author of Dido a tragedy, was severely censured in France for translating this Universal Prayer, as a piece of Deism; which, having been printed in London, in 4to. by Vaillant, was conveyed to the Chancellor Aguessau, who immediately sent a strong reprimand to M. Le Franc, and he vindicated his orthodoxy in a laboured letter to that learned Chancellor. Voltaire reproached Le Franc with making this translation. His brother, Bishop of Puy au Velei, has called Locke an atheist.

MORAL ESSAYS,

IN FOUR EPISTLES

TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassis onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est, modo tristi, sæpe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus atque
Extenuantis eas consulto.—Hor.

EPISTLE I.

TO

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Knowledge *and* Characters *of* MEN.

THAT it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the Abstract: Books *will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own* Experience *singly*, Ver. 1. *General maxims, unless they be formed upon* both, *will be but notional*, Ver. 10. *Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself*, Ver. 15. *Difficulties arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties*, &c. Ver. 31. *The shortness of Life, to observe in, and the uncertainty of the* Principles of Action *in men, to observe by*, Ver. 37, &c. *Our* own *Principle of action often hid from ourselves*, Ver. 41. *Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent*, Ver. 51. *The same man utterly different in different places and seasons*, Ver. 71. *Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest*, Ver. 77, &c. *Nothing constant and certain but* God *and* Nature, Ver. 95. *No judging of the* Motives *from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the same Motives influencing contrary actions*, Ver. 100. II. *Yet to form* Characters, *we can only take the* strongest actions *of a man's life, and try to make them* agree: *The utter uncertainty of this, from* Nature *itself, and from* Policy, Ver. 120. Characters *given according to the* rank *of men of the world*, Ver. 135. *And some reason for it*, Ver. 141. Education *alters the* Nature, *or at least the*

Character, *of many*, Ver. 149. Actions, Passions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, *or* Principles, *all subject to change. No judging by* Nature, *from* Ver. 158 *to* 174. III. *It only remains to find (if we can) his* RULING PASSION: *That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions*, Ver. 175. *Instanced in the extraordinary character of* Clodio, Ver. 179. *A caution against mistaking* second qualities *for* first, *which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind*, Ver. 210. *Examples of the strength of the* Ruling Passion, *and its continuation to the last breath*, Ver. 222, &c.

EPISTLE I.

Of the Knowledge *and* Characters *of* Men.

Yes, you despise the man to Books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.

NOTES.

Epistle I. *Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men.*] Whoever compares this with the former editions of the Epistle, will observe, that the order and disposition of the several parts are entirely changed and reversed; though with hardly the alteration of a single word. When the Editor, at the Author's desire, first examined this epistle, he was surprised to find it contain a number of exquisite observations, without order, connexion, or dependance: but much more so, when, on an attentive review, he saw, that if the epistle were put into a different form, on an idea he then conceived, it would have all the clearness of method and force of connected reasoning. The Author appeared as much struck with the thing as the Editor, and agreed to put the poem into the present order; which has given it all the justness of a true composition. The introduction to the epistle on Riches was in the same condition, and underwent the same reform. W.

But this reform is not happily made.

Moral Essays.] The Essay on Man was intended to be comprised in four books:

The *First* of which, the Author has given us under that title, in four epistles.

The *Second* was to have consisted of the same number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason. 2. Of those arts and sciences, and the parts of them which are useful, and therefore attainable; together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, use, and application of the different capacities of men. 4. Of the use of learning; of the science of the world; and of wit; concluding with a satire against

The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,

NOTES.

the misapplication of them; illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

The *Third* book regarded civil regimen, or the science of politics; in which the several forms of a Republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several modes of religious worship, so far forth as they affect Society; between which the Author always supposed there was the closest connexion and the most interesting relation. So that this part would have treated of Civil and Religious Society in their full extent.

The *Fourth* and last book concerned private ethics, or practical morality; considered in all the circumstances, orders, professions, and stations of human life.

The scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and *communicated* to L. Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more; and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner laid aside.

But as this was the Author's favourite Work, which more exactly reflected the image of his own strong and capacious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *disjecta membra Poetæ*, which now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected books.

The FIRST, as it treats of man in the abstract, and considers him in general, under every one of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects, of the *three* following; so that

The SECOND BOOK was to take up again the *first* and *second* epistles of the first book: and to treat of man in his intellectual capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a satire against the misapplication of wit and learning) may be found in the *fourth* book of the *Dunciad;* and up and down, occasionally, in the other *three.*

The THIRD BOOK, in like manner, was to reassume the sub-

Tho' many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philosopher at all.

NOTES.

ject of the *third* epistle of the *first*, which treats of Man in his social, political, and religious capacity. But this part the Poet afterward conceived might be best executed in an EPIC POEM, as the Action would make it more animated, and the Fable less invidious; in which all the great principles of true and false Governments and Religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.

The FOURTH and last book was to pursue the subject of the *fourth* epistle of the *first*, and to treat of *Ethics*, or practical morality; and would have consisted of many members, of which, the four following epistles are detached portions; the *two first*, on the *Characters of Men and Women*, being the *introductory* part of this concluding book. W.

Ver. 1. *Yes, you despise*] The patrons and admirers of French literature usually extol those authors of that nation who have treated of life and manners; and five of them, particularly, are esteemed to be unrivalled, namely, Montagne, Charron, La Rochefoucault, Boileau, La Bruyere, and Pascal. These are supposed to have deeply penetrated into the most secret recesses of the human heart, and to have discovered the various vices and vanities that lurk in it. I know not why the English should in this respect yield to their polite neighbours more than in any other. Bacon in his Essays and Advancement of Learning, Hobbes and Hume in their treatises, Prior in his elegant and witty Alma, Richardson in his Clarissa, and Fielding in his Tom Jones (comic writers are not here included), have shewn a profound knowledge of man; and many portraits of Addison may be compared with the most finished touches of La Bruyere. But the Epistles we are now entering upon will place the matter beyond a dispute; for the French can boast of no author who has so much exhausted the science of morals as Pope has in his five Epistles. They indeed contain all that is solid and valuable in the above-mentioned French writers, of whom our Author was remarkably fond. But whatever observations he has borrowed from them, he has made his own by the dexterity of his application.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' Observer's sake;
To written Wisdom, as another's less:
Maxims are drawn from Notions, those from Guess.
There's some Peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only Man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of Mind as Moss.

NOTES.

Ver. 10. *Men may be read,*] "Say what they will of the great Book of the World, we must read others to know how to read that." M. De Sevigne to R. Rabutin.

Ver. 15. *There's some Peculiar, &c.*] The Poet enters on the first division of his subject, *the difficulties of coming to the Knowledge and true Characters of Men.* The first cause of this difficulty, which he prosecutes (from Ver. 14 to 19), is the great *diversity of characters;* of which, to abate our wonder, and not discourage our inquiry, he only desires we would grant him

"—but as many sorts of Mind as Moss."

Hereby artfully insinuating, that if Nature hath varied the most worthless vegetable into above three hundred species, we need not wonder at a greater diversity in her highest work, the human mind: And if the variety in that vegetable has been thought of importance enough to employ the leisure of a serious inquirer, much more will the same circumstance in this masterpiece of the sublunary world deserve our study and attention.

"Shall only Man be taken in the gross?" W.

Ver. 18. *as many sorts of Mind*] It is related in Mr. Harris's Manuscripts, that "Newton, hearing Handel play on the harpsichord, could find nothing worthy to remark but the elasticity of his fingers. At another time, having asserted that Terence's plays had no plot, and Bentley (in this knowledge his superior beyond all controversy) having copiously endeavoured to shew the contrary, he concluded as he began, that Terence's plays had

That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less:
Add Nature's Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
And all Opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?

NOTES.

no plot. At another time, being asked his opinion of poetry, he quoted a sentiment of Barrow, that it was ingenious nonsense.

" Thus will it necessarily happen, when men, even the greatest, are (according to the common saying) got out of their element. No genius, perhaps ever existing, more acute than his in discovering true from false, in the subjects of colour, quantity, and motion. No one had an abler intellect to discern what existed from that which existed not. But among the number of things existing, what were fair, beautiful, graceful, elegant, and what the contrary, of this, by these stories, one would imagine he had no conception."

Ver. 19. *That each from other differs*, &c.] A second cause of this difficulty (from Ver. 18 to 21), is *man's inconstancy;* for not only one man differs from another, but the same man from himself.

Ver. 20. *Next, that he varies*] A sensible French writer says, that the faults and follies of men chiefly arise from this circumstance, qu'ils n'ont pas l'esprit, en equilibre, pour ainsi dire, avec leur charactere: Ciceron, par exemple, etoit un grand esprit et une ame foible; c'est pour cela, qu'il fut grand orateur et homme d'etat mediocre.

Ver. 21. *Add Nature's*, &c.] A third cause (from Ver. 20 to 23), is that *obscurity* thrown over the characters of men, through the strife and contest between *nature* and *custom*, between *reason* and *appetite*, between *truth* and *opinion*. And as most men, either through *education*, *temperance*, or *profession*, have their characters warped by *custom*, *appetite*, and *opinion*, the obscurity arising from thence is almost universal. W.

Ver. 23. *Our depths who fathoms*, &c.] A fourth cause (from Ver. 22 to 25), is deep *dissimulation*, and restless *caprice;* whereby the shallows of the mind are as difficult to be *found*, as the depths of it are to be *fathomed*. W.

" A mesure qu'on a plus d'esprit," says the profound Pascal, " on trouve qu'il y a plus d'hommes originaux."

On human Actions reason tho' you can,
It may be Reason, but it is not Man:
His Principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd through our Passions shown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dies.

Nor will Life's stream for Observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.

NOTES.

Ver. 25. *On human Actions*, &c.] A fifth cause (from Ver. 24 to 31), is the sudden change of his *principle of action;* either on the point of its being laid open and detected, or when it is reasoned upon, and attempted to be explored. W.

Ver 31. *Yet more; the diff'rence*, &c.] Hitherto the Poet hath spoken of the causes of difficulty arising from the *obscurity of the object;* he now comes to those which proceed from *defects in the observer.* The first of which, and a sixth cause of difficulty, he shews (from Ver. 30 to 37), is the perverse *manners, affections,* and *imaginations,* of the observer; whereby the characters of others are rarely seen either in their true *light, complexion,* or *proportion.* W.

Ver. 33. *All Manners take*] A deep knowledge of Human Nature is displayed in these four lines. So also in Ver. 42.

Ver. 37. *Nor will Life's stream for Observation*, &c.] The seventh cause of difficulty, and the second arising from defects in the Observer (from Ver. 36 to 41), is the *shortness of human life;* which will not suffer him to select and weigh out his knowledge, but just to snatch it, as it rolls swiftly by him down the rapid current of Time. W.

Oft, in the Passions' wide rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides, and Fancy sports in sleep
(Tho' past the recollection of the thought),
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:

NOTES.

Ver. 41. *Oft, in the Passions'*, &c.] We come now to the eighth and last cause, which very properly concludes the account; as, in a sort, it sums up all the difficulties in one (from Ver. 40 to 51), namely, that very often the *man himself is ignorant of his own motive of action*; the cause of which ignorance our Author has admirably explained: When the mind (says he) is now tired out by the long conflict of opposite motives, it withdraws its attention, and suffers the *will* to be seized upon by the first that afterward obtrudes itself, without taking much notice what that motive is. This is finely illustrated by what he supposes to be the natural cause of dreams; where the fancy, just let loose, possesses itself of the *last image* which it meets with, on the confines between sleep and waking, and on that erects all its ideal scenery; yet this seizure is, with great difficulty, recollected; and never, but when by some accident we happen to have our first slumbers suddenly interrupted. Then (which proves the truth of the hypothesis) we are sometimes able to trace the workings of the Fancy backwards, from idea to idea, in a chain, till we come to that from whence they all arose. W.

Ver. 48. *Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:*] Giraldus Cambrensis, speaking of a *divine vision* with which he was favoured, seems yet to think that it might be *made out of the stuff of his waking thoughts*. His words are these: "Cum igitur super universis quæ nobis acciderant, mecum non mediocriter anxius extiterim—suspiriosæ mihi multoties cogitationes in animum ascenderint, nocte quadam in somnis EX RELIQUIIS FERTE COGITATIONEM Visionem vidi," &c. *De rebus a se gestis, L.* 11. *C.* 12. By which we see, and it is worth remarking, that to philosophize on our Superstitions is so far from erasing them, that it engraves them but the more deeply in the mind. The reason is plain; it turns the *objection* to them to a *solution* in their credit. W.

Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.
True some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close they're hid from none;
(So Darkness strikes the sense no less than Light;)
Thus gracious CHANDOS is belov'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves:

NOTES.

Ver. 56. *Still sits at squat,*] No two characters have been painted with more life and truth, and more circumstances nicely discriminated, than those of the artful Blifield and the open Tom Jones, in Fielding's incomparable Comic Epopée, an original and unrivalled work.

Ver. 56. *peeps not from its hole.*] Which shews (says Scriblerus, idly) that this grave person was content with his present situation, as finding but small satisfaction in what a famous Poet reckons one of the advantages of old age;

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made."
Scribl.

Ver. 57. *At half mankind*] The character alluded to is the principal one in the Plain Dealer of Wycherly, a comedy taken from the Misanthrope of Moliere, but much inferior to the original. Alcestes has not that bitterness of spirit, and has much more humanity and honour than Manly. Writers transfuse their own characters into their works: Wycherly was a vain and profligate libertine; Moliere was beloved for his candour, sweetness of temper, and integrity. It is remarkable that the French did not relish this incomparable comedy on the three first representations. The strokes of satire were too subtle and delicate to be felt by the generality of the audience, who expected only the gross diversion of laughing; so that, at the fourth time of its being acted, the author was forced to add to it one of his coarsest farces; but Boileau in the mean time affirmed that it was the capital work of

When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
When Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a Queen,
While one there is who charms us with his Spleen.
But these plain characters we rarely find;
Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole;
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The Dull, flat Falsehood serves for policy;
And in the cunning, Truth itself's a lie:
Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wise;
The Fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

NOTES.

their stage, and that the people would one time be induced to think so.

Ver. 61. *hate it in a Queen,*] Meaning Queen Caroline, whom he was fond of censuring; as was Bolingbroke. See vol. i. p. 123 of his Works, for a bitter ridicule on her affectation of science.

Ver. 62. *who charms us with his Spleen.*] Closely copied from Boileau;

"Un esprit né chagrin plait par son chagrin même."

It is a compliment to Swift.

Ver. 69. *Unthought-of Frailties*] For who could have thought that Xenophon, during his famous retreat, performed many acts of the most vulgar superstition; that Augustus was alarmed and dispirited if he put on a slipper on his right leg which should have been on his left; that Newton once studied astrology; and that Thuanus, Dryden, and the Chancellor Shaftesbury, calculated nativities; that Roger Aseham and Dr. Whitby were devoted lovers of cock-fighting, as was Bayle of mountebanks; that Bishop Hoadley was often rallied by Dr. Clarke for his dread of thunder; that Henry IV. of France was terrified at the jolting of his coach; that Ben Johnson and Addison were hard drinkers, and our Author himself an epicure. The night before the battle of Blenheim, after a council of war had been held in the Duke of Marlborough's tent, at which Prince Louis of Baden and Prince Eugene had assisted, the latter, after the council had broke up,

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;

NOTES.

stepped back to the tent to communicate something he had forgot to the Duke, whom he found giving orders to his aid-de-camp Colonel Selwyn (who related this fact) at the table, on which there was now only a single taper burning, all the others being extinguished the moment the council was over. "What a man is this," said Prince Eugene, "who at such a time can think of saving the ends of candles." Elizabeth was a coquette, and Bacon received a bribe. Dr. Busby had a violent passion for the stage; it was excited in him by the applauses he received in acting the Royal Slave before the king at Christ-church; and he declared, that, if the rebellion had not broke out, he had certainly engaged himself as an actor. Luther was so immoderately passionate, that he sometimes boxed Melancthon's ears; and Melancthon himself was a believer in judicial astrology, and an interpreter of dreams. Richelieu and Mazarin were so superstitious as to employ and pension Morin, a pretender to astrology, who cast the nativities of those two able politicians. Nor was Tacitus himself, who generally appears superior to superstition, untainted with this folly, as may appear from the twenty-second chapter of the sixth book of his Annals. Men of great genius have been somewhere compared to the pillar of fire that conducted the Israelites, which frequently turned a cloudy side towards the spectator.

Ver. 71. *See the same man,* &c.] Of four *causes* he here gives EXAMPLES: 1. Of the *vivacity of the imagination* (from Ver. 70 to 77.)—2. Of the *contrariety of Appetites* (from Ver. 76 to 81).—3. Of *Affectations* (from Ver. 80 to 87).—and 4. Of the *Inequalities of the human mind* (from Ver. 86 to 95). W.

Ver. 72. *Alone, in company,*] The unexpected inequalities of our minds and tempers is a subject that has been exhausted by Montagne in the 1st chap. of the 2d book of his Essays, which, it is evident, Pope had been reading. Nothing can be finer than the picture which Tully has given, in his oration for Cœlius, of the inconsistencies and varieties of Catiline's conduct; ending with, "Quis clarioribus viris quodam tempore jucundior? Quis turpioribus conjunctior? Quis civis meliorum partium aliquando? Quis tetrior hostis huic civitati? Quis in voluptatibus inquinatior? Quis in laboribus patientior? Quis in rapacitate avarior? Quis in largi-

Early at Bus'ness, and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chase, wise at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.
  Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Ven'son to a Saint without.
Who would not praise Patritio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.

NOTES.

tione effusior?" The learned Markland, in defending Euripides from a well-known objection made to the inconsistency of the character of Iphigenia, is of opinion, that the Poet's design, through the whole tragedy, was, in general, to shew the inequality and inconsistency of the human character; and gives instances of this inconsistency in the behaviour of Agamemnon, Menelaus, Achilles, the Chorus, and all the persons introduced, except Clytemnestra; intending to display humani animi levitatem et inconstantiam in consiliis suis, et nos omnes æque esse homines." Eurip. Iphig. Ant. p. 191.

Ver. 77. *ever grave,*] I here add a sensible reflection of Rochefoucault, that the reader may compare it with one of the great Confucius on the same subject: "Gravity," says the former, "is a mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind."—"Gravity," says the latter, "is indeed only the rind, or bark, of wisdom; but it preserves it."

Ver. 81. *Patritio's high desert,*] Meaning Lord Godolphin, of whom, says Prior, in an original letter that I have seen, "as the wise Earl of Godolphin told me when he turned me out for having served him;—Things change, times change, and men change." Though he was a great gamester, yet he was an able and honest minister.

He thanks you not, his pride is in Picquette,
New-market fame, and judgment at a Bett.
What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd Prince, a leaden Saint revere,
A godless Regent tremble at a Star?

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 86 in the former Editions,

Triumphant leaders, at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread;
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now save a people, and now save a groat.

NOTES.

Ver. 87. *What made*] One of the reasons that makes Montagne so agreeable a writer is, that he gives so strong a picture of the way of life of a country gentleman in the reign of Henry III. The descriptions of his castle, of his library, of his travels, of his entertainments, of his diet and dress, are particularly pleasing. Malebranche and Pascal have severely and justly censured his scepticism. Peter Charron contracted a very strict friendship with him, insomuch that Montagne permitted him by his will to bear his arms. In his Book of Wisdom, which was published at Bourdeaux in the year 1601, he has inserted a great number of Montagne's sentiments. This treatise has been loudly blamed for its freedom by many writers of France, and particularly Garasse the Jesuit. Bayle has remarked, in opposition to these censurers, that, of a hundred thousand readers, there are hardly three to be found in any age who are well qualified to judge of a book, wherein the ideas of an exact and metaphysical reasoning are set in opposition to the most common opinions. Pope has borrowed many sensible remarks from Charron, of whom Bolingbroke was particularly fond.

Who would imagine, from the boldness of Hobbes's sentiments, that he was naturally a great coward?

Ver. 89. *A perjur'd Prince,*] Louis XI. of France wore in his hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which, when he swore by, he feared to break his oath. P.

Ver. 90. *A godless Regent tremble at a Star?*] Philip Duke of

The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
Faithless through Piety, and dup'd through Wit?
Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard, rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

NOTES.

Orleans, Regent in the minority of Louis XV. superstitious in judicial astrology, though an unbeliever in all religion. P.

The same has been observed of many other *politicians*. The Italians, in general, are not more noted for their refined politics, than for their attachment to the dotages of *Astrology*, under the influence of *Atheism*. It may be worth while to inquire into the cause of so singular a phenomenon, as it may probably do honour to Religion. These men observing (and none have equal opportunities of so doing) how perpetually public events fall out besides their expectation, and contrary to the best laid schemes of worldly policy, cannot but confess that human affairs are ordered by some power extrinsical. To acknowledge a God and his Providence, would be next to introducing a morality destructive of that civil system which they think necessary for the government of the world. They have recourse therefore to that absurd scheme of power which rules by no other law than *Fate* or *Destiny*. W.

The Duke of Orleans, here pointed at, was an infidel and a libertine, and at the same time, as well as Bouranvilliers and Cardan, who calculated the nativity of Jesus Christ, was a bigoted believer in judicial astrology; he was said to be the author, which however has been doubted, of many of those flimsy songs, nugæ canoræ, to which the language and manners of France seem to be peculiarly adapted. He knew mankind. "Quiconque est sans honneur et sans humeur, est un courtisan parfait," was one of his favourite sayings.

Ver. 91. *The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,*] Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for Religion, resumed it to gratify his Queen; and Victor Amadeus II. King of Sardinia, who resigned the Crown, and trying to reassume it, was imprisoned till his death. P.

Ver. 93. *Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard, rule,*
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?]

The Czarina, the King of France, the Pope, and the abovementioned King of Sardinia. W.

Know, GOD and NATURE only are the same:
In Man the judgment shoots at flying game:
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found;
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.

II.

In vain the Sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and shew,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! if Fortune or a Mistress frowns,
Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns:
To ease the Soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the field.
Not always Actions shew the man: we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind;
Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast;
Perhaps the Wind, just shifted from the east:

NOTES.

Ver. 95. GOD and NATURE] It is not very clear what is precisely meant by Nature in this passage.

Ver. 107. *The same adust complexion has impell'd*
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.]

Philip II. was of an atrabilaire complexion. He derived it from his father Charles V. whose health, the historians of his life tell us, was frequently disordered by bilious fevers. But what was most extraordinary, the same complexion not only drove them variously, but made each act contrary to his character; Charles, who was an active man when he retired into a Convent; Philip, who was a man of the closet when he gave the battle of St. Quintin. W.

All that wants to be known of this Emperor's character may be learned from Robertson's admirable History.

Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the Great:
Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting lies.

But grant that Actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.
The few that glare each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscal them Policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.

NOTES.

Ver. 127. *Alas! in truth*] "For the destruction of a kingdom," said a man of wit, "nothing more is sometimes requisite than a bad digestion of the prime minister." The Grand Seignior offered to assist Henry IV. against his rebellious subjects, not for any deep political reason, but only because he hated the word League. It is a fault in Davila, as well as Tacitus, never to ascribe great events to whim, caprice, private passions, and petty causes. The Treaty of Utrecht was occasioned, it is said, by a quarrel betwixt the Dutchess of Marlborough and Queen Anne about a pair of gloves. The expedition to the island of Ré was undertaken to gratify a foolish and romantic passion of the Duke of Buckingham. The coquetry of the daughter of Count Julien introduced the Saracens into Spain. It is for the honour of many great events, as of many great families, that their origins should be concealed. Bayle, in his Thoughts on the Comet, tome ii. p. 214, has collected a number of entertaining instances to confirm this truth, "that mighty rivers, which desolate or fertilize great tracts of land, issue sometimes from a small and dirty fountain."

Hear the sentiments of one who was well acquainted with life

Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat. 130

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 129. In the former Editions,

Ask why from Britain Cæsar made retreat?
Cæsar himself would tell you he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

Altered as above, because Cæsar wrote his Commentaries of this war, and does *not* tell you he was beat. And as Cæsar afforded an instance of both cases, it was thought better to make him the single example.

NOTES.

and business. "I have been frequently assured," says Swift, "that politics were nothing but common sense; which, as it was the only true thing they spoke, so it was the only thing they could have wished I should not believe. I have been assured, by men long practised in business, that the secrets of a court are much fewer than we generally suppose; and I hold it for the greatest secret of a court that they are so. I could produce innumerable instances, from my own memory and observation, of events imputed to the profound skill and address of the minister, which in reality were either the mere effect of negligence, weakness, humour, passion, or pride; or, at best, but the natural course of things left to themselves." Free Thoughts on the State of Affairs, 1714.

What was the cause of the Reformation in England,

"When Love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And Gospel-truth first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes?"

But Burnet gravely labours to prove, that the king had a scruple of conscience for having married his brother's widow. It has been said, that the first disgust Cæsar gave to the Romans was his not rising from his seat to receive a deputation from the Senate, which at the moment he could not venture to do, being taken with a dysentery, and which they interpreted as a mark of haughtiness, and an air of tyranny, which ultimately occasioned his assassination.

Ver. 129. *Ask why from*] In former Editions, the third and fourth lines were,

The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

Why risk the world's great empire for a Punk?
Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
One action conduct; one, heroic Love.
'Tis from high Life, high characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn; 136

NOTES.

But it was altered as above; and altered for the worse. It is strange that Pope, or his learned friends, should not have known that drunkenness was not one of Cæsar's vices. Suetonius says, "Vini parcissimum ne inimici quidem negaverunt." Verbum M. Catonis est, "Unum ex omnibus Cæsarem ad evertendam rempublicam sobrium accessisse." Vit. D. Julius Cæsar, section 53. Aaron Hill, in his Letters, said, he had in his possession some authentic documents that would redound to the honour of the Czar, for making this match with Catherine, and would place this part of his conduct, which the malice of some great courts in Europe had taken pains to misrepresent, in another and very honourable point of view.

Ver. 130. *Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat.*] Cæsar wrote his *Commentaries*, in imitation of the Greek Generals, for the entertainment of the world: but had his friend asked him, in his ear, the reason of his sudden retreat from Britain, after so many pretended victories, we have cause to suspect, even from his own public relation of that matter, that he would have *whisper'd he was beat.*

Ver. 131. *Why risk the world's great empire for a Punk?*] After the battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar pursued his enemy to Alexandria, where he became infatuated with the charms of Cleopatra; and instead of pushing his advantages, and dispersing the relics of the Pharsalian quarrel, brought upon himself (after narrowly escaping the violence of an enraged populace) an unnecessary war, at a time his arms were most wanted elsewhere. W.

Ver. 133. *But, sage historians!*] "Si on pouvoit," says a shrewd wit, "confronter Suetone avec les valets de chambre des douze Cesars, pense-t-on qu'ils seroient toujours d'accord avec lui?—Mallebranche, à cet egard, avoit raison de dire, qu'il ne faisoit pas plus de cas de l'Histoire, que des nouvelles de son quartier."

Ver. 135. *'Tis from high Life,*] Copied from Boileau, v. 203. Sat. 8.

A Judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a Minister; but, if a King,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.
Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the soil the Virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Tho' the same sun with all-diffusive rays
Blush in the Rose, and in the Di'mond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the Gem above the Flow'r.
'Tis Education forms the common mind,
Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.

NOTES.

Ver. 137. *A Judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still;*
A Gownman, learn'd; a Bishop, what you will;

Each profession is here equally turned into ridicule; but not with equal justice. The *Lawyer at the Bar* pleads indifferently for right and wrong. On the *Bench* he is the most zealous Patron and Investigator of Truth. The *Divine*, on the contrary, while in a private station, consults only the honour of his Religion; but when advanced to a public, he is only anxious that *the Ministry be not blamed.* Whence comes this difference? Not from their own dispositions, but from that of the times: in which, *Justice* is supposed to be necessary to civil Society; and *Religion*, of no such use. Therefore the Lawyer, when advanced into the Magistracy, is invariably attached to the Right; and the Churchman in Authority must give no offence. W.

Ver. 141. *Court-Virtues bear, like Gems,* &c.] This whole reflection, and the similitude brought to support it, have great delicacy of ridicule, together with all the charms of Wit and Poetry. W.

Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'Squire;
The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
A Quaker? sly: a Presbyterian? sour:
A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Ask men's Opinions: Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well;
Strike off his Pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?

NOTES.

Ver. 151. *Boastful and rough,*] How much knowledge of life, of manners, and characters, is contained in the eleven succeeding lines! We are not to ascribe so much to the powerful influence of education alone, as does Helvetius in his fanciful Treatise de L'Esprit, who imagines and asserts that all men are born with equal talents, and that it is education alone that causes any difference or superiority in different men. It is the common mind that is formed by education; which has not the same effect on minds, on which nature and contitution have imprinted deep and strong marks of original genius. It is impossible not to lament that Gray did not finish the design he sketched out, of an Essay on the Alliance of Education and government, which, from the specimens we find in his life (page 193), would doubtless have been a masterpiece of didactic poetry.

Ver. 156. *A Presbyterian? sour:*] If it be asked, why *Presbyterian* Divines, of the Puritan stamp, took more satisfaction, in their sermons and discourses, to quote the *Old Testament* than the *New;* it may be said, that their gloomy *sour* temper found most solace in the terrors of the God of Israel; and their pride was most indulged in having, like the Jews, a God to themselves. W.—— This is not applicable to the present mode of preaching used by the dissenting ministers.

Some God, or Spirit he was lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a Minister that frown'd.
Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or Policy take place:
By Actions? those Uncertainty divides:
By Passions? these Dissimulation hides:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 165. Or chanc'd to meet Sir Robert when he frown'd.

NOTES.

Ver. 164, 165. *Some God, or Spirit he has lately found:*
Or chanc'd to meet a Minister that frown'd.]

Disasters the most unlooked-for, as they were what the Freethinker's *speculations* and *practice* were principally directed to avoid.—The Poet here alludes to the ancient classical opinion, that the sudden vision of a God was wont to strike the irreverent observer speechless. He has only a little extended the conceit, and supposed, that the terrors of a *Court-Deity* might have the like effect on one of these devoted worshippers.—Scribl.

Ver. 166. *Judge we by Nature?*] We find here, in the compass of eight lines, an anatomy of human nature; more sense and observation cannot well be compressed and concluded in a narrower space. This passage might be drawn out into a voluminous commentary, and be worked up into a system concerning the knowledge of the world. There seems to be an inaccuracy in the use of the last verb; the natural temperament is by no means suddenly changed, or turned, with a change of climate, though undoubtedly the humours are originally formed by it. "Influenced by," would be a more proper expression than "turn with," if the metre would admit it.

I have seen a collection of all the passages, in Horace and Pope, that relate to men and manners, placed together and compared with each other. The superiority was given to Pope, for a deeper knowledge of human nature than could be found in Horace.

We may justly apply to Pope what Cicero says so finely of Thucydides: "Omnes dicendi artificio, mea sententia, facile vicit, ut verborum prope numerum sententiarum numero consequatur; ita porro verbis aptus et pressus, ut nescias utrum res oratione, an verba sententiis illustrentur."

Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.

III.

Search then the RULING PASSION: There, alone,
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known:

NOTES.

Ver. 171. *in what you cannot change.*] "Combien diversement jugeons nous de choses?" says honest Montaigne. "Combien de fois changeons nous nos fantasies? Ce que je tien aujourdhuy, ce que je croy, je le tien et le croy, de toute ma creance; mais ne m'est-il pas advenu, non une fois mais cent; mais mille et tous les jours, d'avoir embrassé quelque autre chose?" Montaigne furnished many hints for this Epistle.

Ver. 172. *Manners with Fortunes,*] Are there any two lines in Horace or Boileau so replete with strong sense, and so condensed and crowded with matter, as these two of our Author? I have often amused myself by thinking what sort of magistrates Dante and Montaigne made, when the former was mayor of Florence, and the latter of Bourdeaux. Did their manners change with their stations?

Ver. 174. *the* RULING PASSION:] Two eminent writers have attacked our Author's notion of a Ruling Passion, Mr. Harris and Dr. Johnson: The former says, "One talks of a universal passion; as if all passions were not universal. Another talks of a Ruling Passion; and means, without knowing it, certain ruling opinions. Thus, when specious falsehood assumes the lyre, we are charmed with the music, and worship her as truth."

"Of any passion," says Johnson, "thus innate and irresistible, the existence may reasonably be doubted. Human characters are by no means constant; men change, by change of place, of fortune, of acquaintance; he who is at one time a lover of pleasure, is at another a lover of money. Those, indeed, who attain any excellence, commonly spend life in one pursuit; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms. But to the particular species of excellence men are directed, not by an ascendant planet or predominating humour, but by the first

The Fool consistent, and the False sincere;
Priests, Princes, Women, no Dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and WHARTON stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose Ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise:

NOTES.

book which they read, some early conversation which they heard, or some accident which excited ardour and emulation.

"It must be at least allowed, that this ruling passion, antecedent to reason and observation, must have an object independent on human contrivance; for there can be no natural desire of artificial good. No man, therefore, can be born, in the strictest acceptation, a lover of money; for he may be born where money does not exist: nor can he be born, in a moral sense, as a lover of his country; for society, politically regulated, is a state contradistinguished from a state of nature; and any attention to that coalition of interests which makes the happiness of a country, is possible only to those whom inquiry and reflection have enabled to comprehend it.

"This doctrine is in itself pernicious as well as false: its tendency is to produce the belief of a kind of moral predestination or overruling principle which cannot be resisted; he that admits it is prepared to comply with every desire that caprice or opportunity shall excite, and to flatter himself that he submits only to the lawful dominion of nature, in obeying the resistless authority of his Ruling Passion.

"Pope has formed his theory with so little skill, that, in the examples by which he illustrates and confirms it, he has confounded passions, appetites, and habits."

I shall add, that the expression, Ruling Passion, was first used by Roscommon. See how much is attributed to the effects of a Ruling Passion. Essay on Man, Epistle ii. v. 132.

Ver. 177. *Priests, Princes, Women, no* DISSEMBLERS *here.*] Insinuating that one common principle, *the pursuit of Power*, gives a conformity of conduct to the most distant and different characters. W.

Ver. 181. *the Lust of Praise:*] This very well expresses the *grossness* of his appetite for it; where the strength of the passion had destroyed all the delicacy of the sensation. W.

Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,
Women and Fools must like him, or he dies;
Tho' wondring Senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one Vice exempt;
And most contemptible to shun contempt;
His Passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant Bounty which no friend has made;
An angel Tongue, which no man can persuade!

NOTES.

Ver. 187. John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, famous for his wit and extravagances in the time of Charles the Second. W.

Ver. 189. *With the same* spirit] *Spirit for principle*, not *passion*. W.

Ver. 190. *Enough, if all around him but admire*, &c.] What an able French writer observes of *Alcibiades* may be justly applied to this nobleman. "Ce n'étoit pas un *ambitieux*, mais un homme *vain*, qui vouloit faire du bruit, et occuper les Atheniens. Il avoit l'*esprit* d'un grand homme; mais son *ame*, dont les ressorts amollis étoient devenus incapables d'une application constante, ne pouvoit s'elever au grand, que par boutade. J'ai bien de la peine à croire, qu'un homme assez souple, pour être à Sparte aussi dur et aussi sévère, qu'un Spartiate; dans l'Ionie aussi recherché dans ses plaisirs, qu'un Ionien, &c. fût propre à faire un grand homme." W.

A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
A Tyrant to the Wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him Fool.

NOTES.

Ver. 200. *A* Fool, *with more of* Wit] *Folly*, joined with much *wit*, produces that behaviour which we call *absurdity*; and this absurdity the Poet has here admirably described in the words,

" Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd:"

by which we are given to understand, that the person described indulged his fancy when he should have used his judgment; and pursued his speculations when he should have trusted to his experience. W.

Ver. 205. *And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.*] To arrive at what the world calls GREATNESS, a wicked man must either hide and conceal his vices, or he must openly and steadily practise them in the pursuit and attainment of one important end. This unhappy nobleman did neither. W.

Ver. 206. *Ask you why Wharton*] " This celebrated peer," says Lord Orford, " like Buckingham and Rochester, comforted all the grave and dull by throwing away the brightest profusion of parts on witty fooleries, debaucheries, and scrapes, which may mix graces with a great character, but never can compose one. If Julius Cæsar had only rioted with Catiline, he had never been emperor of the world. Indeed the Duke of Wharton was not made for conquest; he was not equally formed for a Roundhouse and Pharsalia. In one of his ballads he has bantered his own want of heroism; it was in a song he made on being seized by the guard in St. James's Park, for singing the Jacobite air, 'The king shall have his own again:'

" The duke he drew out half his sword,
——— The guard drew out the rest."

His levities, wit, and want of principles, his eloquence and adventures, are too well known to be recapitulated. With attach-

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and WHARTON plain.
Yet in his search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 208. In the former Editions,

Nature well known, no *Miracles* remain.

Altered as above, for very obvious reasons.

NOTES.

ment to no party, though with talents to govern any party, this lively man changed the free air of Westminster for the gloom of the Escurial, the prospect of King George's garter for the Pretender's; and, with indifference to all religion, the frolic lord, who had writ the ballad on the Archbishop of Canterbury, died in the habit of a capuchin.

It is difficult to give an account of the works of so mercurial a man, whose library was a tavern, and women of pleasure his muses. A thousand sallies of his imagination may have been lost: he no more wrote for fame than he acted for it. There are two volumes in octavo, called his Life and Writings, but containing of the latter nothing but "seventy-four numbers of a periodical paper, called the True Briton," and his celebrated "Speech in the House of Lords on the third reading of the bill to inflict pains and penalties on Francis Lord Bishop of Rochester, May 15, 1723." It is a remarkable anecdote relating to this speech, that his Grace, then in opposition to the Court, went to Chelsea the day before the last debate on that prelate's affair, where acting contrition, he professed being determined to work out his pardon at Court, by speaking against the bishop, in order to which he begged some hints. The minister was deceived, and went through the whole cause with him, pointing out where the strength of the argument lay, and where its weakness. The Duke was very thankful, returned to town, passed the night in drinking, and, without going to bed, went to the House of Lords, where he spoke for the bishop, recapitulating, in the most masterly manner, and answering all that had been urged against him. His speech against the Ministry, two years before, on the affair of the South-Sea Company, had a fatal effect, Earl Stanhope answering it with so much warmth that he broke a blood-vessel and died.

When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store;
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the Lust, in that the Avarice
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice. 215

NOTES.

Ver. 207. *'Twas all for fear*, &c.] To understand this, we must observe, that the *lust of general praise* made the person, whose character is here so admirably drawn, both *extravagant* and *flagitious:* his *madness* was to please the Fools,

"*Women* and *Fools* must like him, or he dies."

And his *crimes*, to avoid the censure of the Knaves,

"'Twas all for fear the *Knaves* should call him fool."

Prudence and *Honesty* being the two qualities in which fools and knaves are most interested, and consequently most industrious, to misrepresent. W.

Ver. 213. *When Cæsar made*] This was Servilia, the sister of Cato, and the mother of Brutus. "How great," says St. Real, finely, "must have been her affliction at the death of Cæsar her lover, massacred by the hand of her own son! who perhaps hoped to efface this suspicion of his bastardy by this very action! Historians have neglected to inform us of the fate of this most unhappy mistress and mother. Nothing could have been more interesting than the history of Servilia after this event. Next to Cleopatra, she was the most beloved of all Cæsar's mistresses; and Suetonius says, Cæsar bought for her a single jewel at the price of 50,000*l.*

Ver. 214. *In this the Lust,*] The same passion excited Richelieu to throw up the dyke at Rochelle, and to dispute the prize of poetry with Corneille; whom to traduce was the surest method of gaining the affection of this ambitious minister; nay, who formed a design to be canonized as a Saint. A perfect contrast to the character of Cardinal Fleury, who shewed that it was possible to govern a great state with moderate abilities and a mild temper. His ministry is impartially represented by Voltaire in the age of Louis XIV.

Ver. 215. *Ambition was the vice.*] *Pride, Vanity,* and *Ambition,* are such bordering and neighbouring vices, and hold so much in common, that we generally find them going together; and therefore, as generally mistake them for one another. This does not

That very Cæsar born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by Chastity at praise.
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm.
In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
In this one Passion man can strength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.
Old Politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in bus'ness to the last;

NOTES.

a little contribute to our confounding characters; for they are, in reality, very different and distinct; so much so, that it is remarkable, the three greatest men in Rome, and contemporaries, possessed each of these passions separately, with very little mixture of the other two: the men I mean were, Cæsar, Cato, and Cicero: for Cæsar had *ambition* without either vanity or pride; Cato had *pride* without ambition or vanity; and Cicero had *vanity* without pride or ambition. The aim of these passions too, are very different. VANITY leads men, as it did Cicero, to seek homage from others: PRIDE, as it did Cato, to seek homage from one's self: and AMBITION, as in the case of Cæsar, to dispense with it from all, for the sake of solid interest. W.

Ver. 225. *it sticks to our last sand,* &c.] "M. de Lagny mourut le 12 Avril 1734. Dans les derniers momens, ou il ne connoissoit plus aucun de ceux qui etoient autour de son lit, quelqu'un, pour faire une experience philosophique, s'avisa de lui demander quel étoit le quarré de douze: Il repondit dans l'instant, et apparemment sans savoir qu'il repondit, cent quarante quatre." *Fontenelle, Eloge de M. de Lagny.*

Ver. 228. *Old Politicians*] The strength and continuance of what our Author calls the Ruling Passion, concerning which see ver. 174, and the notes, is strongly exemplified in these eight cha-

As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,
As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.

NOTES.

racters, namely, the Politician, the Debauchee, the Glutton, the Economist, the Coquet, the Courtier, the Miser, and the Patriot. Of these characters, the most lively, because the most dramatic, are the fifth and seventh. There is true humour also in the circumstance of the frugal Crone, who blows out one of the consecrated tapers in order to prevent its wasting.—Shall I venture to insert another example or two?—An old usurer, lying in his last agonies, was presented by the priest with the crucifix. He opened his eyes a moment before he expired, attentively gazed on it, and cried out, "These jewels are counterfeit; I cannot lend more than ten pistoles upon so wretched a pledge." To reform the language of his country was the ruling passion of Malherbe. The priest, who attended him in his last moments, asked him if he was not affected with the description he gave him of the joys of heaven? "By no means," answered the incorrigible bard; "I desire to hear no more of them, if you cannot describe them in a purer style." Both these stories would have shone under the hands of Pope.

This doctrine of our Author may be farther illustrated by the following passage of Bacon: "It is no less worthy to observe how little alteration, in good spirits, the approaches of death make, for they appear to be the same men till the last instant. Augustus Cæsar died in a compliment; Livia, conjugii nostri memor, vive et vale. Tiberius, in dissimulation; as Tacitus saith of him, Jam Tiberium vires et corpus, non dissimulatio, deserebant. Vespasian, in a jest; Ut puto Deus fio. Galba, with a sentence: Feri, si ex re sit populi Romani; holding forth his neck. Septimus Severus, in a dispatch; Adeste, si quid mihi restat agendum."

This Epistle concludes with a stroke of art worthy admiration. The Poet suddenly stops the vein of ridicule with which he was flowing, and addresses his friend in a most delicate compliment, concealed under the appearance of satire.

Ver. 231. *Lanesb'row*] An ancient Nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health and dispel her grief by *dancing*. P.

Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unbless'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.
A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul!
Is there no hope?——Alas!——then bring the jowl."
The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still tries to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a Saint provoke
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke),

NOTES.

Ver. 241. *then bring the jowl.*] It is remarkable that a similar story may be found in the eighth book of Athenæus, concerning the poet Philoxenus, a writer of dithyrambics, who grew sick by eating a whole polypus, except the head; and who, when his physician told him he would never recover from his surfeit, called out, "Bring me then the head of the polypus." It is not here insinuated that Pope was a reader of Athenæus; but he evidently copied this ludicrous instance of gluttony from La Fontaine:

"Puis qu'il faut que je meure
Sans faire tant de façon,
Qu'on m'apporte tout à l'heure
Le reste de mon poisson."

Ver. 242. *The frugal Crone,* &c.] A fact told him by Lady Bolingbroke of an old Countess at Paris.

Ver. 245 *expires.*] He repeated these four lines to Mr. J. Richardson many years before they were here inserted.

Ver. 247. *the last words that poor Narcissa spoke,*] This story,

No, let a charming Chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face;
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red."

The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir?"

"I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, Sir? "My money, Sir, what all?
Why,—If I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."
The Manor, Sir?—"The Manor! hold," he cry'd,
"Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and died.

And you! brave COBHAM, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your Ruling Passion strong in death;
Such in those moments as in all the past;
"Oh, save my Country, Heav'n," shall be your last.

NOTES.

as well as the others, is founded on fact, though the author had the goodness not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated Actress, who, in detestation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath. P.

The Betty here mentioned was Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Oldfield's friend and confidant; a good actress in parts of decayed widows and old maids.

Ver. 261. *and died.*] Sir William Bateman used these very words on his death-bed. No comic nor satiric writer has ever carried their descriptions of avarice or gluttony so far as what has happened in real life. Other vices have been exaggerated; these two never have been.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

Of the Characters *of* WOMEN.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
" Most Women have no Characters at all."

NOTES.

Of the Characters of WOMEN.] There is nothing in Mr. Pope's Works more highly finished, or written with greater spirit, than this Epistle: yet its success was in no proportion to the pains he took in composing it, or the effort of genius displayed in adorning it. Something he chanced to drop in a short advertisement prefixed to it, on its first publication, may perhaps account for the small attention the Public gave to it. He said, that *no one Character in it was drawn from the Life.* They believed him on his word; and expressed little curiosity about a satire in which there was nothing personal. W.

Ver. 1. *Nothing so true*] Bolingbroke, a judge of the subject, thought this Epistle the masterpiece of Pope. But the bitterness of the satire is not always concealed in a laugh. The characters are lively, though uncommon. I scarcely remember one of them in our comic writers of the best order. The ridiculous is heightened by many strokes of humour, carried even to the borders of extravagance, as much as the two last lines of Boileau, quoted in the next page. The female foibles have been the subject of perhaps more wit, in every language, than any other topic that can be named. The sixth satire of Juvenal, though detestable for its obscenity, is undoubtedly the most witty of all his sixteen, and is curious for the picture it exhibits of the private lives of the Roman ladies. If this Epistle yields, in any respect, to the tenth satire of Boileau on the same subject, it is in the delicacy and variety of the transitions by which the French writer passes from one

Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one Nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.

NOTES.

character to another, always connecting each with the foregoing. It was a common saying of Boileau, speaking of La Bruyere, that one of the most difficult parts of composition was the art of transition. That we may see how happily Pope has caught the manner of Boileau, let us survey one of his portraits: it shall be that of his learned lady:

"Qui s'offrira d'abord? c'est cette Sçavante,
Qu'estime Roberval, et que Sauveur frequente.
D'où vient qu'elle a l'œil trouble, et le teint si terni?
C'est que sur le calcul, dit-on, de Cassini,
Un Astrolabe en main, elle a dans sa goûtiere
Il suivre Jupiter passé la nuit entiere:
Gardons de la troubler. Sa science, se croy,
Aura par s'occuper ce jour plus d'un employ.
D'un nouveau microscope ou doit en sa présence
Tântot chez Dalancé faire l'experience;
Puis d'une femme morte avec son embryon,
Il faut chez Du Vernay voir la dissection."

None of Pope's female characters excel the Doris of Congreve in delicate touches of raillery and ridicule.

Ver. 5. *How many pictures*] The Poet's purpose here is to shew, that the characters of Women are generally inconsistent with themselves: and this he illustrates by so happy a similitude, that we see the folly, described in it, arises from that very principle which gives birth to this inconsistency of character. W.

Ver. 7, 8, 10, &c. *Arcadia's Countess,—Pastora by a fountain,—Leda with a swan,—Magdalen,—Cecilia,—*] Attitudes in which several ladies affected to be drawn, and sometimes one lady in them all.—The Poet's politeness and complaisance to the sex are observable in this instance, amongst others, that whereas in the *Characters of Men* he has sometimes made use of real names, in the *Characters of Women* always fictitious. P.

Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there a naked Leda with a Swan.
Let then the Fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,
Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simp'ring Angels, Palms and Harps divine;
Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If Folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;
Choose a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,

NOTES.

But notwithstanding all the Poet's caution and complaisance, this general satire, or rather moral analysis of human nature, as it appears in the two sexes, will be always received very differently by them. The Men bear a general satire most heroically; the Women with the utmost impatience. This is not from any stronger consciousness of guilt, for I believe the sum of Virtue in the female world does (from many accidental causes) far exceed the sum of Virtue in the male; but from the fear that such representations may hurt the sex in the opinion of the men: whereas the men are not at all apprehensive that their follies or vices would prejudice them in the opinion of the women. W.

Ver. 20. *Catch, ere the change, the Cynthia of this minute.*] Alluding in the expression to the precept of *Fresnoy*,

——"formæ veneres captando fugaces." W.

"Like a dove's neck she shifts her transient charms."
Young, Sat. 5.

Ver. 21. Instances of contrarieties, given even from such characters as are most strongly marked, and seemingly therefore most consistent: as, I. In the *Affected*, Ver. 21, &c.

Ver. 21. *Rufa, whose eye*] This character of Rufa, and the succeeding ones of Silia, Papillia, Narcissa, and Flavia, are precisely and entirely in the style and manner of the portraits Young

Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning Mask:
So morning Insects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow, in the setting sun.
How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.

NOTES.

has given us in his Fifth Satire on Women. The pictures of Young are sketched with a lighter and more sportive pencil; those of our Author with a firmer hand and a chaster manner. Pope put forth all his strength to excel his witty rival in this the best part of the Universal Passion; and he has succeeded accordingly. Both Pope and Boileau (see his tenth satire) have been censured for their severity on the fair sex. They have been reckoned as bad as Euripides; but surely they have not been quite so naughty as an old comic poet, Eubulus, in a fragment preserved in that most entertaining book, the Excerpta ex Trag. et Comœd. of Grotius, 4to. p. 659, who, after mentioning Medœa, Clytemnestra, and Phædra, suddenly stops, and wickedly pretends that his memory fails him in enabling him to mention any one good character among women. The ladies of France revenged themselves on Boileau, by saying he was made incapable of love and marriage, by an accident that befel him in his early youth.

Ver. 23. *Agrees as ill*] This thought is expressed with great humour in the following stanza, said to mean Q. Caroline:

"Tho' Artemesia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in some things, methinks, she fails,
'Twere well, if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock."

Ver. 29 and 37. II. Contrarieties in the *Soft-natured.* P.

Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see——a pimple on her nose.
Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades!—"How charming is a Park!"
A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious Trees!"
Ladies, like variegated Tulips, show;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect and delicately weak,
Their happy Spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
Her Tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;
Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wise.
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;

NOTES.

Ver. 45. III. Contrarieties in the *Cunning* and *Artful*. P.

Ver. 52. *As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.*] Her charms consisted in the singular turn of her vivacity; consequently the stronger she exerted this vivacity, the more forcible was her attraction. But when her vivacity arose to that height in which it was most attractive, it was upon the *brink* of Excess; the point where the delicacy of sensuality disappears, and all the coarseness of it stands exposed. W.

Ver. 53. IV. In the *Whimsical*. P.

Ver. 54. *would hardly stew a child;*] This hyperbolical ridicule is carried to a great height, but in an image too disgusting.

Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r,
And paid a Tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare Good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be born?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to Fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking Citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now Conscience chills her, and now passion burns:
And Atheism and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.

NOTES.

Juvenal, in his sixth satire, speaking of a great female talker, uses a pleasant hyperbole;

"Una laboranti poterit succurrere lunæ."

Ver. 57. *in a Christian trim,*] This is finely expressed; implying that her very charity was as much an exterior of Religion, as the ceremonies of the season. It was not even in a *Christian humour*, it was only *in a Christian trim:* not so much as *habit*, only *fashion.*

Ver. 58. *And made a Widow happy,*] There are some female characters sketched with exquisite delicacy and deep knowledge of Nature, in a book where one would not expect to find them, Law's Christian Perfection.

Ver. 65. *Now Conscience chills her,*] Madame de Montespan, during her criminal intercourse with Louis XIV, kept her Lents so strictly, that she used to have her bread weighed out to her.

Ver. 68. *Yet still a sad,*] I have been informed, on good authority, that this character was designed for the then Dutchess of Hamilton.

See Sin in State, majestically drunk;
Proud as a Peeress, Prouder as a Punk;
Chaste to her Husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming Mistress, but a barren Bride.
What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
Her Head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought;
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with Poets through pure Love of Wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Carlema'ne.
As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feast,
The Nose of Hautgout and the Tip of Taste,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain Pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomedé, lect'ring all mankind,
On the soft Passion, and the Taste refin'd,
Th' address, the Delicacy—stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.
Flavia's a Wit, has too much sense to pray;
To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 77. *What has not fir'd*, &c.] In the MS.

In whose mad brain the mixt ideas roll,
Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæsar's soul.

NOTES.

Ver. 69. V. In the *Lewd* and *Vicious*. P.

Ver. 70. *Proud as a Peeress*,] Designed for the Dutchess of Marlborough, who so much admired Congreve; and after his death caused a figure in wax-work to be made of him, and placed frequently at her table. This connexion is particularly hinted at in ver. 76.

She sins with Poets——

Our Author's declaration, therefore, that no particular character was aimed at, is not true.

Ver. 87. VI. Contrarieties in the *Witty* and *Refined*. P.

Nor asks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty blessing, "While we live, to live."
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind.
Wise Wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please!
With too much Spirit to be e'er at ease:
With too much Quickness ever to be taught;
With too much Thinking to have common Thought:
You purchase Pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a Rage to live.

Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
No Ass so meek, no Ass so obstinate.
Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of Friends.
Or her, whose life the Church and Scandal share,
For ever in a Passion or a Pray'r.
Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming if there's no such place;"
Or who in sweet vissicitude appears,
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears,

NOTES.

Ver. 107. *Or her, who laughs at Hell,*]

"Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A Lady's soul in everlasting pain?
Will the Great Author us poor worms destroy
For now and then a sip of transient joy?
No; He's for ever in a smiling mood;
He's like themselves; or how could he be good?"

From Young, Sat. 5. The person Pope intended to ridicule was the Dutchess of Montague.

The daily Anodine, and nightly Draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, Time and Thought.
Women and Fool are too hard things to hit;
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.
But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all Womankind:
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines in exposing Knaves, and painting Fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 122 in the MS.

Oppress'd with wealth and wit, abundance sad!
One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.

NOTES.

Ver. 115. *great Atossa's mind?*] Atossa is a name mentioned in Herodotus, and said to be a follower of Sappho. She was daughter of Cyrus and sister of Cambyses, and married Darius. She is also named in the Persæ of Æschylus. She is said to be the first that wrote Epistles. See Bensley on Phalaris, p. 385; and Dodswell against Bentley.

Ver. 120. *Yet is, whate'er she hates*] These spirited lines, that paint a singular character, are designed for the famous Dutchess of Marlborough, whom Swift had also severely satirized in the Examiner. Her beauty, her abilities, her political intrigues, are sufficiently known. The violence of her temper frequently broke out into wonderful and ridiculous indecencies. In the last illness of the great Duke her husband, when Dr. Mead left his chamber, the Dutchess, disliking his advice, followed him down stairs, swore at him bitterly, and was going to tear off his periwig. Her friend Dr. Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester, was present at this scene. These lines were shewn to her Grace as if they were intended for the portrait of the Dutchess of Buckingham; but she soon stopped the person who was reading them to her, as the

Full sixty years the World has been her Trade,
The wisest Fool much Time has ever made.
From loveless Youth to unrespected Age,
No Passion gratify'd, except her Rage.
So much the Fury still outran the Wit,
The Pleasure miss'd her, and the Scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with Violence pursu'd,
No more a storm her Hate then Gratitude:
To that each Passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:

NOTES.

Dutchess of Portland informed me, and called out aloud, "I cannot be so imposed upon: I see plainly enough for whom they are designed:" and abused Pope most plentifully on the subject, though she was afterward reconciled to him, and courted him, and gave him a thousand pounds to suppress this portrait, which he accepted, it is said, by the persuasion of Mrs. M. Blount; and, after the Dutchess's death, it was printed in a folio sheet, 1746, and afterward here inserted with those of Philomedé and Cloe. This is the greatest blemish in our Poet's moral character. These three portraits are all animated with the most poignant wit. That of Cloe is particularly just and happy, who is represented as content merely and only to dwell in decencies, and satisfied to avoid giving offence; and is one of those many insignificant and useless beings,

> "Who want, as thro' blank life they dream along,
> Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong."

As says the ingenious author of the Universal Passion; a work that abounds in wit, observation on life, pleasantry, delicacy, urbanity, and the most well-bred raillery, without a single mark of spleen and ill-nature. These were the first characteristical satires in our language, and are written with an ease and familiarity of style very different from this author's other works. The four first were published in folio, in the year 1725; and the fifth and sixth, 1727.

Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
But an Inferior not dependant? worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
But die, and she'll adore you—Then the Bust
And Temple rise—then fall again to dust.

NOTES.

Ver. 139. *But die, and she'll adore you*—] "It is seldom," says Mr. Walpole, "the public receives information on princes and favourites from the fountain-head. Flattery or invective is apt to pervert the relation of others. It is from their pens alone, whenever they are so gracious, like the lady in question, as to have a passion for fame and approbation, that we learn exactly how trifling, and foolish, and ridiculous, their views and actions were, and how often the mischief they did proceeded from the most inadequate causes. We happen to know indeed, though he was no author, that the Duke of Buckingham's repulses, in very impertinent amours, involved King James and King Charles in national quarrels with Spain and France. From her Grace of Marlborough we may collect, that Queen Anne was driven to change her ministry, and, in consequence, the fate of Europe, because she dared to affect one bed-chamber woman as she had done another. The Dutchess could not comprehend how the cousins, Sarah Jennings and Abigail Hill, could ever enter into competition, though the one did but kneel to gather up the clue of favour which the other had haughtily tossed away, and which she could not recover by putting the Whole Duty of Man into the Queen's hands to teach her friendship. This favourite Dutchess, who, like the proud Duke of Espernon, lived to brave the successors in a court where she had domineered, wound up her capricious life, where it seems she had begun it, with an apology for her conduct. The piece, though weakened by the prudence of those who were to correct it, though maimed by her Grace's own corrections, and though great part of it is rather the annals of a wardrobe than of a reign, yet has still curious anecdotes, and a few of those sallies of wit which fourscore years of arrogance could not fail to produce in so fantastic an understanding: and yet, by altering her memoirs as often as her will, she disappointed the public as much as her own family. However, the chief objects remain; and one sees exactly how Europe

Last night, her Lord was all that's good and great;
A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.
Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
By Spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by warmth of Friends,
By Wealth of follow'rs! without one distress
Sick of herself through very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childless with all her Children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown, descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the Poor.

Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 148 in the MS.

This Death decides, nor lets the blessing fall
On any one she hates, but on them all.
Curs'd chance! this only could afflict her more,
If any part should wander to the poor.

NOTES.

and the back-stairs took their places in her imagination and in her narrative. The Revolution left no impression on her mind, but of Queen Mary turning up bed-clothes; and the Protestant Hero, but of a selfish glutton who devoured a dish of peas from his sister-in-law. Little circumstances indeed convey the most characteristical ideas; but the choice of them may as often paint the genius of the writer as of the person represented. Mrs. Abigail Hill is not the only person transmitted to posterity with marks of the Dutchess's resentment. Lord Oxford, "Honest Jack Hill, the Ragged Boy, the Quebec General," and others, make the same figure in her history that they did in her mind: —Sallies of passion not to be wondered at in one who has sacrificed even the private letters of her mistress and benefactress. The Queen gave her a picture in enamel, set with diamonds. The Dutchess took off the diamonds, and gave the picture to a Mrs. Higgins to be sold."

Ver. 151. *Pictures like these,*] A lady of wit and literature observed to me, that such an Epistle as this should be written

Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how could equal colours do the knack?
Cameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Cloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
Say, what can Cloe want?"—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought;
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous Thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her Lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest:
And when she sees her Friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair.
Forbid it, Heav'n, a Favour or a Debt
She e'er should cancel!—but she may forget.
Safe is your Secret still in Cloe's ear;
But none of Cloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her Dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Cloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her Footman put it in her head.

NOTES.

every five years, so many new and unimaginable female characters (I am afraid she said foibles and follies) daily arise.

Ver. 159. *With ev'ry pleasing,*] "These two lines," Lord Huntingdon one day said to me, "exactly paint the character of my old friend, Fontenelle." Tacitus says, that Galba was rather without vices than really virtuous.

Cloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Cloe dies.
One certain Portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a *Queen:*
THE SAME FOR EVER! and describ'd by all
With Truth and Goodness, as with Crown and Ball.
Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, Artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the Naked is your true delight.
That robe of Quality so struts and swells,
None see what Parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of Body or of Mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If QUEENSBERRY to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a Handmaid we must take a Helen.
From Peer or Bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the Man who loves his God, or King:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 198 in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia spy the tender Wife;
I cannot prove it on her, for my life:
And, for a noble pride, I blush no less,
Instead of Berenice to think on Bess.
Thus while immortal Cibber only sings
(As * and H**y preach) for queens and kings,
The nymph, that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,
May, if she love, and merit verse, have mine.

NOTES.

Ver. 180. *when Cloe dies.*] This highly-finished portrait was intended for Lady Suffolk, with whom, at the time he wrote it, he

But grant, in Public, Men sometimes are shown,
A Woman's seen in private Life alone:
Our bolder Talents in full light display'd;
Your Virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in Public 'tis you hide;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your Shame or Pride,

NOTES.

lived in a state of intimacy. At ver. 178 he alludes to a particular circumstance: Pope, being at dinner with her, heard her order her footman to put her in mind to send to know how Mrs. Blount, who was ill, had passed the night.

Ver. 190. *conceals:*] A bad rhyme to swells. Such blemishes should be noted.

Ver. 198. *Mah'met*, servant to the late King, said to be the son of a Turkish Bassa, whom he took at the siege of Buda, and constantly kept about his person. P.

Ver. 198. Dr. *Stephen Hale*; not more estimable for his useful discoveries as a natural Philosopher, than for his exemplary life and pastoral charity as a parish priest. W.

Ver. 199. *But grant, in Public*, &c.] In the former Editions, between this and the foregoing lines, a want of Connexion might be perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain *Examples* and *Illustrations* to the Maxims laid down; and though some of these have since been found, viz. the Characters of *Philomedé*, *Atossa*, *Cloe*, and some verses following, others are still wanting, nor can we answer that these are exactly inserted. P.

Ver. 201. *light display'd;*] That is, are displayed.

Ver. 202. *Your Virtues open*] To balance the many severe things our Author has said of Women in this Epistle, I cannot forbear adding a passage from a writer who has been usually thought by no means a friend to the fair sex. And it may occasion surprise to find such a passage from Dean Swift. "The degeneracy of conversation, with the pernicious consequences thereof upon our humours and dispositions, hath been owing, among other causes, to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding women from any share in our society, farther than in parties at play, or dancing, or in the pursuit of an amour. I take the highest period of Politeness in *England* (and it is of

Weakness or Delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a Virtue or a Vice.
In Men, we various Ruling Passions find;
In Women, two almost divide the Kind;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 207 in the first Edition,

In sev'ral Men, we sev'ral Passions find;
In Women, two almost divide the Kind.

NOTES.

the same date in *France*) to have been the peaceable part of King *Charles* the First's reign; and from what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation were altogether different from ours; several ladies, whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects were occasionally started; and although we are apt to ridicule the sublime platonic notions they had, or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into every thing that is sordid, vicious, and low. If there were no other use in the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would lay a restraint upon those odious topics of immodesty and indecencies into which the rudeness of our northern genius is so apt to fall."

Ver. 203. *Bred to disguise, in Public 'tis you hide;*] There is something apparently exceptionable in the turn of this assertion, which makes their *disguising in public* the natural effect of their being *bred to disguise:* but if we consider that female education is the art of teaching, not to *be* but to *appear*, we shall have no reason to find fault with the exactness of the expression. W.

Ver. 207. The former part having shewn, that the *particular Characters* of Women are more various than those of Men, it is nevertheless observed, that the *general* Characteristic of the sex, as to the *ruling Passion*, is more uniform. P.

Ver. 208. *In Women, two*] I cannot think our Author would

Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway.
That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can Pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by Man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.
Men, some to Bus'ness, some to Pleasure take;
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:
Men, some to Quiet, some to public Strife;
But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for Life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of Queens!
Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means:
In Youth they conquer, with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their Age:

NOTES.

suffer by a minute comparison of this Epistle with the most shining and applauded morsels of the tenth satire of Boileau, which undoubtedly are his portraits of the affected female Pedant, ver. 439. The Gamester, ver. 215. His Jealous Lady, ver. 378. The Haughty Lady of Family, ver. 470. And above all, what Boileau himself valued most, the Devout Lady and her Director, ver. 558. Boileau was severely attacked for this epistle by Perrault; but was powerfully defended by the great Arnauld, a rigid moralist, and also by La Bruyere.

Ver. 211. This is occasioned partly by their *Nature*, partly by their *Education*, and in some degree by *Necessity*. P.

Ver. 216. *But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:*] This line has given offence: but in behalf of the Poet we may observe, that what he says amounts only to this, "Some men take to business, some to pleasure; but every woman would willingly make *pleasure her business;*" which being the proper periphrasis of a *Rake*, he uses that word, but of course includes in it no more of the Rake's ill qualities than is implied in this definition, of *one who makes pleasure her business*. W.

Ver. 219. What are the *Aims* and the *Fate* of this sex.—I. As to power. P.

For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But Wisdom's triumph, is well-tim'd Retreat,
As hard a science to the Fair as Great!
Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.
Pleasures the sex, as children Birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the Toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies Youth could scarce defend,
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As Hags hold Sabbaths less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable Night;
Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

NOTES.

Ver. 229. *Worn out in public,*] Copied from Young, Satire 5. written eight years before this Epistle appeared;

"Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight."

Ver. 231.——II. As to *Pleasure.* P.

Ver. 234. *To covet flying,*] It is impossible not to recollect the witty simile of Young, Sat. 5.

"Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters skill;
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains,
What is it, but rank poison in your veins?"

See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolics, an old Age of Cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

NOTES.

Ver. 244. *A Youth of Frolics,*] The antithesis, so remarkably strong in these lines, was a very favourite figure with our Poet: he has indeed used it but in too many parts of his Works; nay, even in his translation of the Iliad, where it ought not to have been admitted, and which Dryden has but rarely used in his Virgil. Our Author seldom writes many words together without an antithesis. It must be allowed sometimes, to add strength to a sentiment by an opposition of images: but, too frequently repeated, it becomes tiresome and disgusting. Rhyme has almost a natural tendency to betray a writer into it: but the purest authors have despised it, as an ornament pert and puerile, and epigrammatic. Seneca, Pliny, Tacitus, and later authors, abound in it. Quintilian has sometimes used it with much success, as when he speaks of style; "magna, non nimia; sublimis, non abrupta; severa, non tristis; læta, non luxuriosa; plena, non tumida." And sometimes Tully; as, "vicit pudorem libido, timorem audacia, rationem amentia." But these writers fall into this mode of speaking but seldom, and do not make it their constant and general manner. Those moderns, who have not acquired a true taste for the simplicity of the best ancients, have generally run into a frequent use of point, opposition, and contrast. They who begin to study painting, are struck at first with the pieces of the most vivid colouring; they are almost ashamed to own that they do not relish and feel the modest and reserved beauties of Raphael. The exact proportion of St. Peter's at Rome occasions it not to appear so great as it really is. It is the same in writing; but by degrees we find that Lucan, Martial, Juvenal, Q. Curtius, and Florus, and others of that stamp, who abound in figures that contribute to the false florid, in luxuriant metaphors, in pointed conceits, in lively antitheses, unexpectedly darting forth, are contemptible for the very causes which once excited our admiration. It is then we relish Terence, Cæsar, and Xenophon.

Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the Vain design;
To raise the Thought, and touch the Heart, be thine!
That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing;
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring Orb declines.

Oh! blest with Temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She, who can love a Sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear;
She, who ne'er answers till her Husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Disdains all loss of Tickets, or Codille;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Mistress of herself, though China fall.

NOTES.

Ver. 249. Advice for their true Interest. P.

Ver. 253. *So when the Sun's*] There are not perhaps, in the whole compass of the English language, four lines more exquisitely finished; not a syllable can be altered for the better; every word seems to be the only proper one that could have been used. So pure and pellucid is the style,

"Ut pura nocturno renidet
Luna mari!"

Ver. 268. *though China fall.*] Addison has touched this subject with his usual exquisite humour, in the Lover, No. 10. p. 291 of his Works, 4to. quoting Epictetus to comfort a lady that labours under this heavy calamity.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a Contradiction still.
Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer Man;
Picks from each sex, to make the Fav'rite blest,
Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your Taste of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools:
Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride;
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces——You.

Be this a Woman's Fame: with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your Parents' simple Pray'r;

NOTES.

Ver. 269. The picture of an estimable woman, with the best kind of contrarieties created out of the Poet's imagination; who therefore feigned those circumstances of a husband, a daughter, and *love for a sister*, to prevent her being mistaken for any of his acquaintance. And having thus made his *Woman*, he did, as the ancient Poets were wont, when they had made their *Muse*, invoke and address his poem to her. W.

Ver. 270. *a Contradiction still.*] So also has he shewn Man to be in the Essay.

Ver. 280. *And produces—You.*] The turn of these lines is exactly the same with those of Mrs. Biddy Floyd: Swift's Miscellanies, vol. iv. p. 142.

"Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy composition—Floyd."

Mrs. Patty Blount was always, at first, supposed to be the lady here addressed—"produces You."

And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf
That buys your Sex a Tyrant o'er itself.
The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
Kept Dross for Dutchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.

NOTES.

Ver. 291. *The world shall know it.*] This is an unmeaning expression, and a poor expletive, into which our Poet was unfortunately forced by the rhyme.

> " Maudit soit le premier, dont la verve insensée
> Dans les bornes d'un vers renferma sa pensée,
> Et, donnant à ses mots une étroite prison,
> Voulut avec la rime enchaîner la raison."
>
> Boileau, Sat. ii. v. 53.

Rhyme also could alone be the occasion of the following faulty expressions; taken, too, from some of his most finished pieces:

" Not Cæsar's empress would I *deign to prove*"——
" If Queensberry to strip *there's no compelling*"——
" Rapt into future times the *bard begun*"——
" Know all the noise the busy *world can keep*"——
" If true, a woful likeness, and *if lies*"——
" Nothing so true as what you once *let fall*"——
" For Virtue's self may too much *zeal be had*"——
——" can no *wants endure*"——
" Nay half in Heav'n *except what's mighty odd*"——
——" can have no *flaw*"——
——" on such a world *we fall*"——
——" take scandal *at a spark*"——
——" do *the knack*, and—do *the feat*"——

And more instances might be added, if it were not disagreeable to observe these straws in amber. But if rhyme occasions such inconveniences and improprieties in so exact a writer as our Author, what can be expected from inferior versifiers? It is not my intention to enter in a trite and tedious discussion of the several merits of rhyme and blank verse. Perhaps rhyme may be properest for shorter pieces; for lyric, elegiac, and satiric, poems; for pieces where closeness of expression and smartness of style are expected; but for subjects of a higher order, where

any enthusiasm or emotion is to be expressed, or for poems of a greater length, blank verse is undoubtedly preferable. An epic poem in rhyme appears to be such a sort of thing as the Æneid would have been if it had been written like Ovid's Fasti, in hexameter and pentameter verses; and the reading it would have been as tedious as the travelling through the one long, strait avenue of firs that leads from Moscow to Petersburgh. I will give the reader Mr. Pope's own opinion on this subject, and in his own words, as delivered to Mr. Spence: "I have nothing to say for rhyme; but that I doubt if a poem can support itself without it in our language, unless it be stiffened with such strange words as are likely to destroy our language itself. The high style that is affected so much in blank verse would not have been supported even in Milton, had not his subject turned so much on such strange and out-of-the-world things as it does." May we not, however, venture to observe, that more of that true harmony, which will best support a poem, will result from a variety of pauses, and from an intermixture of those different feet (iambic and trochaïc particularly) into which our language naturally falls, than from the uniformity of similar terminations. "There can be no music," says Cowley, "with only one note." See Mr. Webb's excellent Observations on Rhyme and Blank Verse, in his Beauties of Poetry.

Dr. Adam Smith, as well as Fontenelle, thought that much of the pleasure we receive from the imitative arts arose from the difficulty of imitation. Voltaire also, in the preface to his Œdipus, talks of the pleasure arising from the difficulté surmontée with respect to rhyme. But Smith, with whom I lived many years in a state of intimacy, was always a lover of French poetry, as was his friend David Hume. After all, we cannot subscribe to the authoritative decision of a certain noted critic, "that our epic compositions are found most pleasing when clothed in rhyme: And that the generality of readers, if left to themselves, and were not prejudiced by their admiration of the Greek and Latin languages, would be more delighted with Milton, if, besides his various pause and measured quantity, he had enriched his numbers with rhyme." This may remind us of the opinion of another learned prelate, who says, "that Paradise Lost was much admired, though the author affected to write it in blank verse." Burnet's Hist. vol. i.

EPISTLE III.

TO

ALLEN LORD BATHURST.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Use *of* Riches.

THAT it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes Avarice *or* Profusion, Ver. 1, &c. *The Point discussed, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious or pernicious to Mankind,* Ver. 21 to 77. *That Riches either to the* Avaricious *or the* Prodigal, *cannot afford Happiness, scarcely necessaries,* Ver. 89 to 160. *That Avarice is an absolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpose,* Ver. 113, &c. 152. *Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious Men,* Ver. 121 to 153. *That the conduct of Men, with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the* Order of Providence, *which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions,* Ver. 161 to 178. *How a* Miser *acts upon Principles which appear to him reasonable,* Ver. 179. *How a* Prodigal *does the same,* Ver. 199. *The due Medium and true Use of Riches,* Ver. 219. *The* Man *of* Ross, Ver. 250. *The fate of the* Profuse *and the* Covetous, *in two examples; both miserable in Life and in Death,* Ver. 300, &c. *The Story of Sir* Balaam, Ver. 339 to the End.

EPISTLE III.

P. WHO shall decide, when Doctors disagree,
And soundest Casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the standing jest of Heav'n;
And Gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind
(And surely, Heav'n and I are of a mind),
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:

VARIATIONS.

EPISTLE III.] This epistle was written after a violent outcry against our Author, on suspicion that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are these words: "I have learnt that there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous: and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high places, and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of real names instead of fictitious ones." P.

Ver. 2. *like you and me?*] A most unaccountable piece of false English—me for I. It is not for the sake of making petty objections that it is thought necessary to hint at these inaccuracies in so correct a writer, but merely to prevent their becoming authorities for errors. "In the Epistles to Lords Bathurst and Burlington," says Johnson, "Warburton has endeavoured to find a train of thought which was never in the writer's head; and, to support his hypothesis, has printed that first which was published last."

But when by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to its Sire, the Sun,
Then careful Heav'n supply'd two sorts of Men,
To squander These, and Those to hide agen.

Like Doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last.
Both fairly owning, Riches, in effect,
No grace of Heav'n, or token of th' Elect;
Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.

NOTES.

Ver. 20. JOHN WARD, of Hackney, Esq. Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Dutchess of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood on the pillory on the 17th of March, 1727. He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that Director's estate, forfeited to the South-Sea Company by Act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward; but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and concealed all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects till the last day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the *worth* of this gentleman, at the several eras of his life: At his standing in the Pillory, he was *worth above two hundred thousand pounds*; at his commitment to Prison, he was *worth one hundred and fifty thousand*; but has been since so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a *worse man* by *fifty or sixty thousand*. P.

FR. CHARTRES, a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent, on the same account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest,

B. What Nature wants, commodious Gold bestows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

NOTES.

and capital, into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due; in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies, of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdy-house. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his character very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot:

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life
PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the Practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE,
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the first,
His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.
Nor was he more singular
in the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
Than successful
in *Accumulating* WEALTH;
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only Person of his Time,
Who could CHEAT without the Mask of HONESTY,
Retain his Primeval MEANNESS
When possessed of TEN THOUSAND a Year,
And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at last condemned to it for what he *could* not *do*.
Oh indignant Reader!
Think not his Life useless to Mankind!

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:

NOTES.

PROVIDENCE connived at his execrable Designs,
To give to After-ages
A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
In the Sight of GOD,
By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

This fine reflection has been much admired; it is also found in La Bruyere: but he evidently borrowed it from Seneca: "Non sunt divitiæ bonum; nullo modo magis potest Deus concupita traducere, quam si ille ad perpessimos defert, ab optimis abigit."
Cur Bonis Viris mala fiunt, cap. v.

This passage was pointed out to me by an amiable friend, equally skilled in all parts of useful and ornamental learning in matters both of taste and philosophy, Dr. Heberden.

The figure of Chartres is introduced by Hogarth in the first plate of his Rake's Progress, and behind him stands a man whom he always had about him, and was his pimp.

This Gentleman, it was said, was *worth seven thousand pounds a year* estate in Land, and about *one hundred thousand* in Money.

Mr. WATERS, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been raised by the like diligent attendance on the necessities of others. But this gentleman's history must be deferred till his death, when his *worth* may be known more certainly. P.

Ver. 20. *Chartres and the Devil.*] Alluding to the vulgar opinion, that all mines of metal and subterraneous treasures are in the guard of the Devil: which seems to have taken its rise from the Pagan fable of Plutus the God of Riches. W.——No such allusion was intended!

Ver. 21. *What Nature wants*, commodious *Gold bestows*,] The epithet *commodious* gives us the very proper idea of a *Bawd* or *Pander;* and this thought produced the two following lines, which were in all the former editions, but, for their bad reasoning, omitted,

"And if we count amongst the needs of life
Another's Toil, why not another's Wife?" W.

What Nature wants (a phrase I must distrust)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Lust:
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Assassin hires.
B. Trade it may help, Society extend.
P. But lures the Pirate, and corrupts the Friend.
B. It raises Armies in a Nation's aid.
P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.
In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave;
If secret Gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the Patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea spoke,

NOTES.

Ver. 29. *Trade it may help,*] What is here put into the mouth of Bathurst, might be, with equal propriety, transferred to Pope; and so, indeed, may many other lines.

Ver. 33. *and Patriots rave;*] The character of modern patriots was, in the opinion of our Poet, very equivocal; as the name was undistinguishingly bestowed on every one who was in opposition to the court; of this he gives a hint in Ver. 139 of this Epistle. And agreeable to these sentiments is the equivocal turn of his expression here,

"In vain—may Patriots rave;"

which they may do either in earnest or in jest; and, in the opinion of *Sempronius* in the Play, it is best done in jest. W.

Ver. 34. *If secret Gold* sap *on from knave to knave.*] The expression is fine, and gives us the image of a Place invested; where the approaches are made by communications, which support one another: just as the connexions amongst knaves, after they have been taken in by a state-engineer, serve to screen and encourage each other's private corruptions. W.

Ver. 35. *beneath the Patriot's cloak,*] This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old Patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closeted by the King, where he had received a large bag of Guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there. P.

"Sir Christopher Musgrave, the wisest man of the party (the

And gingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
" Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you."
Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly! 40

NOTES.

Tories), died before the last Session; and, by their conduct after his death, it appeared that they wanted his direction: he had been at the head of the opposition that was made in the last reign, from the beginning to the end; but he gave up many points of great importance in the critical minute; for which I have good reason to believe that he had twelve thousand pounds from the late King, at different times." *Burnet under the year* 1705.

Ver. 39. *Blest paper-credit!*] " None of my Works," said Pope to Mr. Spence, " was more laboured than my Epistle on the Use of Riches." It does indeed abound in knowledge of life, and in the justest satire. The lines above quoted have also the additional merit of touching on a subject that never occurred to former satirists. And though it was difficult to say any thing new about avarice, " a vice that has been so pelted," says Cowley, " with good sentences," yet has our Author done it so successfully, that this Epistle, together with Lord Bacon's thirty-third Essay, contains almost all that can be said on the use and abuse of Riches, and the absurd extremes of avarice and profusion. But our Poet has enlivened his precepts with so many various characters, pictures, and images, as may entitle him to claim the preference over all that have treated on this tempting subject, down from the time of the Plutus of Aristophanes. That very lively and amiable old nobleman, the late Lord Bathurst, told me, " that he was much surprised to see, what he had with repeated pleasure so often read as an epistle addressed to himself, in this edition converted into a dialogue, in which," said he, " I perceive I make but a shabby and indifferent figure, and contribute very little to the spirit of the dialogue, if it must be a dialogue; and I hope I had generally more to say for myself in the many charming conversations I used to hold with Pope and Swift, and my old poetical friends." In truth we may make the same objection that Perrault is said to have done to the tenth satire of Boileau; " l'auteur oublie quelquefois que c'est un dialogue qu'il compose." I cannot forbear adding, that Cicero gives to his friend Atticus a very small share in those dialogues in which he himself is represented as a speaker.

Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;
A single leaf shall waft an Army o'er,
Or ship off Senates to a distant shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow:
Pregnant with thousands flits the Scrap unseen,
And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen.
  Oh! that such bulky Bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, encumber'd Villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 50 in the MS.

To break a trust were Peter brib'd with wine,
Peter! 'twould pose as wise a head as thine.

NOTES.

Ver. 42. *fetch or carry Kings;*] In our Author's time, many Princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of Kings projected in Europe. The partition treaty had disposed of Spain; France had set up a King for England, who was sent to Scotland, and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy. P.

Ver. 44. *Or ship off Senates to a distant shore;*] Alludes to several Ministers, Counsellors, and Patriots, banished in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720. P.

Ver. 47. *Pregnant with thousands flits the Scrap unseen,*] The imagery is very sublime, and alludes to the course of a destroying pestilence. The Psalmist, in his expression of *the Pestilence that walketh in darkness*, supplied him with the grandeur of his idea. W.

Ver. 48. *buys a Queen.*] A sly stroke of satire on a character he frequently satirized; but not so severely as Swift in verses on his own Death.

What could they more than Knights and Squires
confound,
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?
A Statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
" Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profusion squander all in kind.
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head.

NOTES.

Ver. 62. Some Misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal mines, had entered at this time into an Association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve, till one of them, taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design. One of these Misers was *worth ten thousand*, another *seven thousand* a year. P.

Ver. 65. *Colepepper,*] Sir WILLIAM COLEPEPPER, Bart. a Person of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the Gaming-table, passed the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others; preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a Post in the army which was offered him. P.

Ver. 65. *Had Colepepper's*] Thus in former Editions,

Had Hawley's fortune lay'n in hops and hogs,
Scarce Hawley's self had sent it to the dogs.

To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six Whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of Swine?
Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on such a world we fall,
What say you? B. Say? Why take it, Gold and all.
P. What Riches give us let us then inquire:
Meat, Fire, and Clothes. B. What more? P. Meat,
Clothes, and Fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his Visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 77. *Since then*, &c.] In the former Editions,
Well then, since with the world we stand or fall,
Come take it as we find it, Gold and all.

NOTES.

Ver. 82. *Turner*] One who, being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his coach, because interest was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and then put seventy thousand into the Charitable corporation for better Interest; which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both clothes and all other expenses. P.

Ver. 84. *Unhappy Wharton,*] A Nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his character in the first Epistle. P.

What can they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs;
To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Nose and Ears?
Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below:
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
With all th' embroid'ry plaster'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;
Or find some Doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's Wife:
But thousands die, without or this or that;
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.

NOTES.

Ver. 85. *Hopkins,*] A Citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins.* He lived worthless, but died *worth three hundred thousand pounds,* which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all that time, he expressed the greatest joy thereat, and said, "They would then be as long in spending as he had been in getting it." But the Chancery afterward set aside the will, and gave it to the heir at law.

Ver. 86. *Japhet, Nose and Ears?*] JAPHET CROOK, alias Sir *Peter Stranger,* was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a Will, by which he possessed another considerable estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was *worth* a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor. P.

Ver. 90. *With all*] An image insufferably filthy, and unworthy of such a writer! Boileau has no such images.

Ver. 96. *Die, and endow a College, or a Cat.*] A famous Dutchess of *R.* in her last Will left considerable legacies and annuities to her Cats. P.

To some, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a Bastard, or a Son they hate.
Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part?
Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (says Blount, with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:
But the good Bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

NOTES.

This benefactress was no other than La Belle Stuart of the Comte de Grammont; and her endowment was not a proper object of satire. The real truth was, that she left annuities to certain female friends, with the burden of maintaining some of her cats; a delicate way of providing for poor, and probably, proud gentlewomen, without making them feel that they owed their livelihood to her mere liberality.

Ver. 100. *Bond damns the Poor*, &c.] This Epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to lend money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the *Charitable Corporation*; but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers; and three of the managers, who were members of the House, were expelled. By the report of the Committee appointed to inquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the Poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the Directors, replied, *Damn the Poor*. That "God hates the poor," and, "That every man in want is either knave or fool," &c. were the genuine apothegms of same of the Persons here mentioned. P.

Ver. 105. *But the good Bishop*, &c.] In the place of this imaginary *Bishop*, and in the first Dialogue of 1738, the Poet had named a very worthy Person of condition, who, for a course of many years, had shined in public stations much to the honour and advantage of his country. But being at once oppressed by

Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides
The Slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.
B. Who suffer thus, mere Charity should own,
Must act on motives pow'rful, tho' unknown.
P. Some War, some Plague, or Famine, they foresee,
Some Revelation hid from you and me.

NOTES.

popular prejudice and a public censure, it was no wonder the Poet, to whom he was personally a stranger, should think hardly of him. I had the honour to be well known to that truly illustrious Person, and to be greatly obliged by him. From my intimate knowledge of his character, I was fully persuaded of his innocence, and that he was unwarily drawn in by a pack of infamous Cheats, to his great loss of fortune as well as reputation. At my request and information, therefore, the Poet with much satisfaction retracted, and struck out, in both places, his ill-grounded censure. I have since had the pleasure to understand, from the best authority, that these favourable sentiments of him have of late been fully justified in the course of some proceedings in the High Court of Chancery, the most unerring investigator of Truth and Falsehood. W.——This proceeding certainly does great honour to Dr. Warburton's gratitude and friendship. Sir R. gave him the living of Brandbroughton; and the letter he wrote in his vindication appears in p. 144 of his Life by Bishop Hurd.

Ver. 105. *But the good Bishop,*] Formerly thus;

But rev'rend Sutton, with a softer air
Admits and leaves them———

Ver. 109. *Damn'd to the Mines,*] This is plainly taken from the causes of the Decay of Christian Piety. "It has always been held," says this excellent writer, "the severest treatment of slaves and malefactors, *damnare ad metalla*, to force them to dig in the mines: now this is the covetous man's lot, from which he is never to expect a release."

Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found,
He thinks a Loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made Directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on Ven'son when it sold so dear.
Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general Excise.
Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.
Wise Peter sees the World's respect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be sold:
Glorious Ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.

NOTES.

Ver. 118. *To live on Ven'son*] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-sea year, the price of a haunch of Venison was from three to five pounds. P.

Ver. 120. *general Excise.*] Many people, about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation. P.

Ver. 123. *Wise Peter*] PETER WALTER, a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession, as a dexterous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a safe, conveyancer; extremely respected by the Nobility of this land, though free from all manner of luxury and ostentation: his Wealth was never seen, and his Bounty never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was *necessary*. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any Ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him. P.

Ver. 126. *Rome's great Didius*] A Roman Lawyer, so rich as to purchase the Empire when it was set to sale upon the death of Pertinax.

Ver. 127. *The Crown of Poland, &c.*] The two persons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the Mississippi despised to realize above *three hundred thousand pounds*; the Gentleman with a view to the purchase of the Crown of Poland, the

But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold. 130

NOTES.

Lady on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturies. P.

A country devoted to ruin by its ambitious and unjust neighbours; who deserve the severest strokes of such a satirist as our Author.

Ver. 128. *stinted modest Gage.*] "The names of these two persons were, Mr. Gage, and Lady Mary Herbert, daughter of William Marquis of Powis, who, dying October 1745, left in the hands of his executors and trustees an annuity of 200*l.* a year to be paid to the use of this daughter, not for the payment of her many debts which she had contracted, but to keep her from wanting necessaries. William Marquis of Powis, son of the former, litigated the said will, but died while the suit was pending in the Ecclesiastical Court, leaving the residue of the lands and profits of his estates, after his debts should be paid, in the hands of trustees for the use of the Right Honourable Henry Arthur, then Lord Herbert, afterward Earl of Powis, with whom he had no relation, friendship, or acquaintance, which Arthur afterward married Barbara Herbert, niece and heir at law of the latter Earl Powis. This man, by fair promises and threats, got the trustees of the first Earl to agree in obtaining administration with the will and codicil of the Marquis the father, annexed in May 1749, and then repented paying the annuity of 200*l.* to Mary Herbert, daughter of the said Marquis. As she now resided in France, she had obtained a promise there of being made Dame of Honour to the Queen of France; which Lord Herbert hearing of, went out of England to dissuade her from accepting it, as being a disgrace to her and the family; and promised he would pay her all the arrears of the annuity of 200*l.* due by her father's will, and would give her, over and above, 200*l.* a year more. This he never performed, till after several suits of law the cause was brought to the House of Lords, who decreed both her annuities to be paid, with all arrears due in the year 1766. Throughout a long life, so little difference has this lady found between dreams and realities." From MS. notes of Mr. Bowyer.

Congenial souls! whose life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian Mines.
Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:
" At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood
(So long by watchful Ministers withstood),
Shall deluge all; and Avarice creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the Sun;
Statesman and Patriot ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and Butler share alike the Box,

NOTES.

Ver. 133. *Much injur'd Blunt!*] Sir JOHN BLUNT, originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-sea Company, and afterward one of the directors and chief managers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a dissenter of a most religious deportment, and professed to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed againt the corruption and luxury of the Age, the partiality of Parliaments, and the misery of Party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent against *Avarice* in great and noble persons, of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He died in the year 1732. P.

Ver. 134. *A wizard told him*] Is there such a thing as a calm and candid spectator of our present manners to be found, who will inform us, whether the direful prophecy of this wizard be founded on truth or not?

Ver. 137.——*Av'rice* creeping *on*,
Spread like a low-born *mist*, *and blot the* Sun;]

The similitude is extremely apposite, implying that this vice is of base and mean original; hatched and nursed up among Scriveners and Stock-jobbers, and unknown, till of late, to the Nobles of this land: but now, in the fulness of time, she rears her head, and aspires to cover the most illustrious stations in her dark and pestilential shade. The Sun, and other luminaries of Heaven, signifying, in the high eastern style, the Grandees and Nobles of the earth. Scribl.——A strained interpretation.

And Judges job, and Bishops bite the town,
And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's arms!"
'Twas no Court-badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
Senates degen'rate, Patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing Party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy Country peace.
"All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
"The Ruling Passion, be it what it will,
The Ruling Passion conquers Reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
Than ev'n that Passion, if it has no Aim;
For though such motives Folly you may call,
The Folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heav'n each Passion sends,
And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral use."

NOTES.

Ver. 145. *fir'd thy brain,*] A court-badge firing the brain, is surely an uncouth and improper expression.

Ver. 154. *conquers Reason still.*] See what is said before of the pernicious tenet of a Ruling Passion.

Ver. 158. *The Folly's greater*] Verbatim from Rochefoucault.

Ver. 162. *Extremes in Man*] See the fine passage quoted above, in Essay on Man, from Dr. Bulguy's Treatise on Divine Benevolence, p. 100.

Ask me what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That Pow'r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the Poor;
This year a Reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next, a Fountain, spouting through his Heir,
In lavish streams to quench a Country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What though (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought and sallads bless'd his board?

NOTES.

Ver. 173. *This year a Reservoir,*] The same comparison was before used by Young, Sat. vi. line 34. Pope collected gold from many a dunghil; for this allusion is taken from Fuller's Church History, p. 28.

Ver. 181. *His court with nettles,*] The use, the force, and the excellence, of language, certainly consists in raising clear, complete, and circumstantial images, and in turning readers into spectators. Here is an eminent example of this excellence, of all others the most essential in poetry. Every epithet here used paints its object, and paints it distinctly. After having passed

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 182. *With soups unbought*]

" —dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis." Virg. P.

If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages, did before;

NOTES.

over the moat full of cresses, do you not actually find yourself in the middle court of this forlorn and solitary mansion, overgrown with docks and nettles? And do you not hear the dog that is going to assault you? Among the other fortunate circumstances that attended Homer, it was not one of the least that he wrote before general and abstract terms were invented. Hence his muse (like his own Helen standing on the walls of Troy) points out every person and thing accurately and forcibly. All the views and prospects he lays before us appear as fully and perfectly to the eye, as that which engaged the attention of Neptune when he was sitting. (Iliad, b. xiii. v. 12.)

Ὑψοῦ ἐπ' ἀκροτάτης κορυφῆς Σάμου ὑληέσσης,
Θρηϊκίης· ἔνθεν γὰρ ἐφαίνετο πᾶσα μὲν Ἴδη,
Φαίνετο δὲ Πριάμοιο πόλις, καὶ νῆες Ἀχαιῶν.

Those who are fond of generalities may think the number of natural, little circumstances, introduced in the beautiful narration of the expedition of Dolon and Diomed (book the tenth), too particular and trifling, and below the dignity of epic poetry. But every reader of a just taste will always admire the minute description of the helmet and crest, at verse 257; the clapping of the wings of the heron which they could not see; the squatting down among the dead bodies till Dolon had passed; Ulysses hissing to Diomed as a signal; the striking the horses with his bow, because he had forgotten to bring his whip with him; and the innumerable circumstances which make this narration so lively, so dramatic, and so interesting. Half the Iliad and the Odyssey might be quoted as examples of this way of writing: so different from the unfinished, half-formed figures presented to us by many modern writers. How much is the pathetic heightened by Sophocles, when, speaking of Deianira determined to destroy herself, and taking leave of her palace, he adds, a circumstance that Voltaire would have disdained,

——Ἔκλαιε δ' ὀργάνων ὅτου
Ψαύσειεν, οἷς ἐχρῆτο δειλαία πάρος.

Among the Roman poets, Lucretius will furnish many instances of this sort of strong painting. Witness his portrait of a jealous man, book iv. v. 1130.

To cram the Rich was prodigal expense, 185
And who would take the Poor from Providence?

NOTES.

"Aut quod in ambiguo verbum jaculata reliquit;
Aut nimium jactare oculos, aliumve tueri
Quod putat, in vultuque videt vestigia risus."

Of Iphigenia going to be sacrificed, at the moment, when,

——"Mœstum ante aras adstare parentum
Sensit, et hunc propter ferrum celare ministros."

Of fear, in book iii. v. 155.

"Sudores itaque et pallorem existere toto
Corpore; et infringi linguam, vocemque aboriri;
Caligare oculos; sonere aures; succidere artus."

Without specifying the various strokes of nature with which Virgil has described the prognostics of the weather in his first Georgic, let us only consider with what energy he has enumerated and particularized the gestures and attitudes of his dying Dido. No five verses ever contained more images more distinctly expressed:

"Illa, graves oculos conata attollere, rursus
Deficit; infixum stridet sub pectore vulnus;
Ter revoluta toro est; oculisque errantibus, alto
Quæsivit cœlo lucem, ingemuitque reperta."

The words of Virgil have here painted the dying Dido as powerfully as the pencil of Reynolds has done when she is just dead. I once saw Mr. Garrick gesticulate every circumstance in this fine description. But none of the Roman writers has displayed a greater force and vigour of imagination than Tacitus, who was in truth a great poet. With what an assemblage of masterly strokes has he exhibited the distress of the Roman army under Cæcina, in the first book of the Annals! "Nox per diversa inquies; cum barbari festis epulis, læto cantu, aut truci sonore, subjecta vallium ac resultantes saltus complerent. Apud Romanos invalidi ignes, interruptæ voces, atque ipsi passim adjacerent vallo, oberrarent tentoriis, insomnes magis quam pervigiles; ducemque terruit dira quies." And what a spectre he then immediately calls up, in the style of Michael Angelo! "Nam Quintilium Varum, sanguine oblitum et paludibus emersum, cernere et audire visus est, velut vocantem, non tamen obsecutus, et manum intendentis repulisse."

Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;

NOTES.

A celebrated foreigner, the Count Algarotti, has passed the following censure on our poetry, as deficient in this respect:

"La poesia dei populi settentrionali pare a me, che, generalménte parlando, consista più di pensieri, che d'immagini, si compiaccia delle riffessione equalmente che dei sentimenti: non sia cosi particolareggiata, e pittoresca come è la nostra. Virgilio a cagione d'esempio rappresentando Didone, quando esce alla caccia sa una tal descrizione del suo vestimento, che tutti i ritrattisti, leggendo quel passo, la vestirebbono a un modo:

'Tandem progreditur, magna stipante caterva,
Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo;
Cui pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum,
Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.'

Non cosi Miltono quando descrive la nuda bellezza di Eva:

'Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and love.'

Con quelle parole generale, e astratte idee di grazia, cielo, amore, e maestà non pare a lei che ognuno si formi in mente una Eva a posta sua?"

It must indeed be granted, that this passage gives no distinct and particular idea of the person of Eve: but in how many others has Milton drawn his figures, and expressed his images, with energy and distinctness?

"Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume sprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand."

"Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike."

"From his slack hand the garland, wreath'd for Eve,
Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed;
Speechless he stood, and pale."

And Spenser, the master of Milton, so much abounds in portraits

No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noon-tide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the sav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not so his Son, he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.

NOTES.

peculiarly marked, and strongly created, that it is difficult to know which to select from this copious magazine of the most lively painting. The same may be said of Shakspeare, whose little touches of nature it is no wonder Voltaire could not relish, who affords no example of this beauty in his Henriade, and gives no proofs of a picturesque fancy, in a work that abounds more in declamation, in moral and political reflections, than in poetic images, in which there is little character and less nature, and in which the author himself appears throughout the piece, and is himself the hero of his poem.

I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because I think I can perceive many symptoms, even among writers of eminence, of departing from these true, and lively, and minute, representations of Nature, and of dwelling in generalities. To these I oppose the testimony of, perhaps, the most judicious and elegant critic among the ancients: "Proculdubio qui dicit expugnatam esse civitatem, complectitur omnia quæcunque talis fortuna recipit: sed in affectus minus penetrat brevis hic velut nuntius. At si aperias hæc quæ verbo uno inclusa erant, apparebunt effusa per domos ac templa flammæ, et ruentium tectorum fragor, et ex diversis clamoribus unus quidam sonus; aliorum fuga incerta; alii in extremo complexu suorum cohærentes, et infantium feminarumque ploratus, et male usque in illum diem servati fato senes; tum illa profanorum sacrorumque direptio, efferentium prædas, repetentiumque discursus, et acti ante suum quisque prædonem catenati, et conata retinere infantem suum mater, et sicubi majus lucrum est, pugna inter victores. Licet enim hæc omnia, ut dixi, complectatur eversio, minus est tamen totum dicere quam omnia."

(For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow is a task indeed.)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'Squire, and deep Divine!
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And Zeal for that great House which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The sylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet:
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands;
Last, for his Country's Love, he sell his Lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
And shall not Britain now regard his toils,
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cause,
His thankless Country leaves him to her Laws.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 218 in the MS.

Where one lean herring furnish'd Cotta's board,
And nettles grew, fit porridge for their Lord;
Where mad good-nature, bounty misapply'd,
In lavish Curio blaz'd awhile and died;
There Providence once more shall shift the scene,
And shewing H—Y, teach the golden mean.

NOTES.

Ver. 200. Here I found two lines in the Poet's MS.

"Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raise."

which as they seemed to be necessary to do justice to the imagi-

The Sense to value Riches, with the Art
T' enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
To balance Fortune by a just expense,
Join with Economy, Magnificence;
With Splendour, Charity; with Plenty, Health;
Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

B. To Worth or Want well weigh'd, be Bounty giv'n,
And ease, or emulate, the care of Heav'n
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race);
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
As Poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like Ambergrise, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd, is Incense to the Skies.

P. Who starves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that trusts them, and the Rogue that cheats.
Is there a Lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a Fiddler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon?

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 226 in the MS.

That secret rare, with affluence hardly join'd,
Which W——n lost, yet B—y ne'er could find;
Still miss'd by Vice, and scarce by Virtue hit,
By G——'s goodness, or by S—'s wit.

NOTES.

nary Character going to be described, I advised him to insert in their place. W.——The expression of "more qualities go," is surely faulty.

Whose table, Wit, or modest Merit share,
Unelbow'd by a Gamester, Pimp, or Play'r?
Who copies Yours, or OXFORD's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene,
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
There, English Bounty yet awhile may stand,
And Honour linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN of Ross:

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 250 in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore,
Who sings not him, oh may he sing no more!

NOTES.

Ver. 243. OXFORD's *better part,*] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford. The son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl of Mortimer by Queen Anne. This Nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the most noble Libraries in Europe. P.

Ver. 246. *And Angels guard him in the* GOLDEN MEAN!] This was a friendly hint, and not useless, as is well known. The idea of this Guard was prettily imagined, being taken from the Supporters of his Lordship's Arms. W. ——Pope did not, could not, think of this prettiness.

Ver. 250. *Rise, honest Muse!*] These lines, which are eminently beautiful, particularly 267, containing a fine prosopopœia, have conferred immortality on a plain, worthy, and useful citizen of Herefordshire, Mr. John Kyrle, who spent his long life in advancing and contriving plans of public utility. The Howard of his time; who deserves to be celebrated more than all the heroes of Pindar. The particular reason for which I mention them, is to observe the pleasing effect that the use of common and familiar words and objects, judiciously managed, produce in poetry. Such as are here the words, *causeway, seats, spire, market-place, almshouse, apprentic'd.* A fastidious delicacy, and a false refinement,

Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost.
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose Causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose Seats the weary Traveller repose?
Who taught that Heav'n-directed spire to rise?
"The MAN of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the Market-place with poor o'erspread!
The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon Almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the MAN of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the Courts, and contest is no more.

NOTES.

in order to avoid meanness, have deterred our writers from the introduction of such words; but Dryden often hazarded it, and gave by it a secret charm, and a natural air to his verses, well knowing of what consequence it was sometimes to soften and subdue his hints, and not to paint and adorn every object he touched, with perpetual pomp and unremitted splendour. Mr. Kyrle was enabled to effect many of his benevolent purposes by the assistance of liberal subscriptions, which his character easily procured. This circumstance was communicated by Mr. Victor.

Ver. 267. *orphans blest,*] The tenses are here unluckily changed, contrary to grammatical propriety. Blest, is the time past; labour and rest, in the next line, the time present.

Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile Attorneys, now a useless race.
B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?
P. Of Debts, and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
This man possest ——— five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little Stars! hide your diminish'd rays.
B. And, what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name, almost unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his Name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor, makes all the history;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 287, thus in the MS.

The Register enrols him with his Poor,
Tells he was born and died, and tells no more.
Just as he ought, he fill'd the space between;
Then stole to rest, unheeded and unseen.

NOTES.

Ver. 275. *Thrice happy man!*] At last Lord Bathurst is allowed to interpose a few words: and ask a question.

Ver. 381. *Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze*, &c.] In this sublime apostrophe, *proud Courts* are not bid to *blush* because *outstripped* in virtue; for no such contention is supposed: but for being *outshined* in their own proper pretensions to Splendour and Magnificence.—Scribl.

Ver. 286. *Will never mark*] As Voltaire did at Ferney, with this inscription: "Deo erexit Voltaire."

Ver. 287. *Go, search it there,*] The Parish register.

Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end:
Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay, extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings Wealth to life can lend!
And see, what comfort it affords our end.
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!

NOTES.

Ver. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.*] The Poet ridicules the wretched taste of carving large periwigs on bustos, of which there are several vile examples in the tombs at Westminster and elsewhere.

Ver. 305. *Great Villers lies*—] This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, having been possessed of about 50,000*l.* a year, and passed through many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduced to the utmost misery. P.

" When this extraordinary man, with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the presbyterian Fairfax, and the dissolute Charles; when he alike ridiculed that witty king, and his solemn chancellor; when he plotted the ruin of his country with a cabal of bad ministers: or equally unprincipled supported its cause with bad patriots; one laments that such parts

Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;

NOTES.

should have been devoid of every virtue. But when Alcibiades turns chemist; when he is a real bubble, and a visionary miser; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worst designs are for the foolishest ends; contempt extinguishes all reflections on his character. The portrait of this duke has been drawn by four masterly hands: Burnet has hewn it with a rough chisel: Count Hamilton touched it with that slight delicacy that finishes while it seems to sketch: Dryden catched the living likeness: Pope completed the historical resemblance. Yet the abilities of this Lord appear in no instance more amazing, than that being exposed by two of the greatest Poets, he has exposed one of them ten times more severely. Zimry is an admirable portrait; but Bayes an original creation. Dryden satirized Buckingham; but Villers made Dryden satirize himself."—Catalogue of Noble Authors, vol. ii. p. 77.

Ver. 307. *Cliveden*] A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the D. of Buckingham. P.

Ver. 308. *Shrewsbury*] The Countess of Shrewsbury, a woman abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her husband was killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has been said, that during the combat she held the Duke's horses in the habit of a page. P.

Ver. 308. *The bow'r*] This very infamous Countess of Shrewsbury was eldest daughter of Robert Brudenel Earl of Cardigan. Her husband was killed March 16, 1667. She afterward married George Rodney Bridges, Esq. second son of Sir Thomas Bridges of Keynsham in Somersetshire, Knt. and died April 20, 1702. The noble house of Cliveden, so delightfully and superbly situated on the banks of the Thames, which had been the residence of Frederick Prince of Wales, who lived in it for many years with a proper dignity and magnificence, attended by many of the first geniuses of the age, was unfortunatuly burnt to the ground in May 1725, and nothing of its elegant furniture preserved from the flames but the fine tapestry that represented the Duke of Marlborough's victories. The beautiful Mask of Alfred was written and acted at Cliveden in 1744. In the duel mentioned above, the Duke of Buckingham had for his two seconds, captain Holmes and Mr. Jenkins. The Earl of Shrewsbury's seconds were, Sir John Talbot of Laycock, and Mr. Bernard Howard. The Duke of Buckingham mortally wounded the Earl.

Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimic Statesmen, and their merry King.
No Wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.
There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame; this lord of useless thousands ends.
His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few gray hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"

NOTES.

Ver. 333. Cutler *and* Brutus, *dying, both exclaim,*
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"]

There is a greater beauty in this comparison than the common reader is aware of. *Brutus* was, in *morals* at least, a *Stoic*, like his uncle. And how much addicted to that sect in general, appears from his professing himself of the old Academy, and being a

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a Citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
And adding pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 337. In the former Editions,

That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss,
Or tell a tale?—A Tale.—It follows thus.

NOTES.

most passionate admirer of *Antiochus Ascalonites*, an essential *Stoic*, if ever there was any. Now *Stoical virtue* was, as our author truly tells us, not *exercise*, but apathy, *Contracted all, retiring to the breast*. In a word, like *Sir J. Cutler's purse*, nothing for use, but kept close shut, and centred all within himself.—Now *virtue* and *wealth*, thus circumstanced, are, indeed, no other than mere *names*. W.——A most tortured meaning!

Ver. 339. *Where London's column,*] The Monument built in memory of the fire of London, with an inscription importing that city to have been burnt by the Papists. P.

Ver. 340. *Like a tall* bully, *lifts the head, and lies;*] It were to be wished, the *City monument* had been compared to something of more dignity: as, to the *Court-champion*, for instance, since, like him, it only spoke the sense of the Government. Scribl.

Ver. 341. *There dwelt a Citizen*] This tale of Sir Balaam, his progress and change of manners, from being a plodding, sober, plain, and punctual citizen, to his becoming a debauched and dissolute courtier and senator, abounds in much knowledge of life, and many strokes of true humour, and will bear to be compared to the exquisite history of Eugenio and Corusodes in one of Swift's Intelligencers.

Constant at Church, and 'Change; his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
The Dev'l was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his Jokes:
"Live like yourself," was soon my Lady's word:
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the Knight, the Knight had wit,
So kept the Di'mond, and the rogue was bit.

NOTES.

Ver. 351. *But Satan*] Sherlock is of opinion, that Moses would not mention Satan as an agent, in his History of the Temptation, lest it should communicate or countenance the notion of two independent principles of good and evil. And yet afterward, he asserts, that the Book of Job, in which Satan is openly named and introduced, is of an age prior to the writings of Moses. Disc. on Prophecy.

Ver. 355. *Cornish*] The Author has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives: When a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off: to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre, the people: nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities. P.

Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
" I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
And am so clear too of all other vice."
The Tempter saw his time; the work he ply'd;
Stocks and Subscriptions pour on ev'ry side,
Till all the Demon makes his full descent
In one abundant show'r of Cent per Cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.
Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a Blessing, now was Wit,
And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.

NOTES.

Ver. 377. *What late he call'd a Blessing, now was Wit*, &c.] This is an admirable picture of human nature: In the entrance into life, all, but coxcombs-born, are modest; and esteem the favours of their superiors as marks of their benevolence: but if these favours happen to increase; then, instead of advancing in gratitude to our benefactors, we only improve in the good opinion of ourselves; and the constant returns of such favours make us consider them no longer as accommodations to our wants, or the hire of our service, but debts due to our merit: yet, at the same time, to do justice to our common nature, we should observe, that this does not proceed so often from downright vice as is imagined, but frequently from mere infirmity; of which the reason is evident; for, having small knowledge, and yet an excessive opinion of ourselves, we estimate our merit by the passions and caprice of others; and this perhaps would not be so much amiss, were we not apt to take their favours for a declaration of their sense of our merits. How often, for instance, has it been seen, in the three learned professions, that a Man, who, had he continued in his primeval meanness, would have circumscribed his knowledge within the modest limits of Socrates; yet, being *pushed up*, as the phrase is, has felt himself growing into a *Hooker*, a *Hales*, or a *Sydenham*; while, in the rapidity of his course, he

Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His Counting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn;
Seldom at Church ('twas such a busy life),
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the Dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and died.
A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First, for his Son a gay Commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His Daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and P—x for life.
In Britain's Senate he a seat obtains,
And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to play; so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The House impeach him; Coningsby harangues;
The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:

NOTES.

imagined he saw, at every new station, a new door of science opening to him, without so much as staying for a Flatterer to let him in!

"——Beatus enim jam
Cum pulcris tunicis sumet nova consilia." W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 394. *And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains.*]

"——atque unum civem donare *Sibyllæ*." Juv.

The Devil and the King divide the Prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

NOTES.

Ver. 401. *The Devil and the King divide the Prize,*] This is to be understood in a very sober and *decent* sense; as a Satire only on such Ministers of State (which history informs us have been found) who aided the *Devil* in his *temptations,* in order to foment, if not to make, Plots for the sake of confiscations. So sure always, and just, is our Author's satire, even in those places where he seems most to have indulged himself only in an elegant *badinage.* But this Satire on the abuse of the general laws of forfeiture for high-treason, which laws all well-policied communities have found necessary, is by no means to be understood as a reflection on the Laws themselves; whose necessity, equity, and even lenity, have been excellently well vindicated in that very learned and elegant Discourse, entitled, *Some Considerations on the Law of Forfeiture for High-Treason. Third Edition,* London, 1748. W.

Methinks it was better in the former Editions, because shorter:

Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

Ver. 402. *curses God*] Alluding to the second chapter of the Book of Job; on which passage Warburton made (Divine Legation, Book vi.) the following remarkable observation: "The wife of Job acts a small part in this drama, but a very spirited one. Then said his wife unto him, 'Dost thou still retain thy integrity? Curse God and die.' Tender and pious! He might see by this prelude of his spouse, what he was to expect from his friends. The Devil, indeed, assaulted Job, but he seems to have got possession of his wife." p. 261.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Use *of* Riches.

THE Vanity of Expense in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuse of the Word Taste, Ver. 13. *That the first Principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is* Good Sense, Ver. 40. *The chief proof of it is to* follow Nature, *even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Instanced in* Architecture *and* Gardening, *where all must be adapted to the* Genius *and* Use *of the* Place, *and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it,* Ver. 50. *How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can please* long, *if at* all; *and the best* Examples *and* Rules *will be but perverted into something* burdensome *and* ridiculous, Ver. 65, &c. to 92. *A description of the* false Taste *of* Magnificence; *the first grand Error of which is to imagine that* Greatness *consists in the* Size *and* Dimension, *instead of the* Proportion *and* Harmony, *of the* whole, Ver. 97. *and the second, either in joining together* Parts incoherent, *or too* minutely resembling, *or in the* Repetition *of the* same *too frequently,* Ver. 105, &c. *A word or two of false Taste in* Books, *in* Music, *in* Painting, *even in* Preaching *and* Prayer, *and lastly in* Entertainments, Ver. 133, &c. *Yet* Providence *is justified in giving Wealth to be squandred in this manner, since it is dispersed to the Poor and laborious*

part of mankind, Ver. 169. [*recurring to what is laid down in the first book, Ep.* ii. *and in the Epistle preceding this*, Ver. 159, &c.] *What are the* proper Objects *of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expense of* Great *Men*, Ver. 177, &c. *and finally the Great and public Works which become a* Prince, Ver. 191 to the end.

EPISTLE IV.

'Tis strange, the Miser should his Cares employ
To gain those Riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it less strange, the Prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his Pictures, Music, Meats:
He buys for Topham, Drawings and Designs,
For Pembroke, Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;
Rare monkish Manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *'Tis strange,*] This Epistle was written and published before the preceding one; and the placing it after the third, has occasioned some awkward anachronisms and inconsistencies.

Ver. 7. *Topham,*] A gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings. P.

Ver. 8. *For Pembroke, Statues,*] "The soul of Inigo Jones," says Mr. Walpole, "which had been patronised by the ancestors of Henry Earl of Pembroke, seemed still to hover over its favourite Wilton, and to have assisted the Muses of Arts in the education of this noble person. The towers, the chambers, the scenes, which Holbein, Jones, and Vandyck, had decorated, and which Earl Thomas had enriched with the spoils of the best ages, received the last touches of beauty from Earl Henry's hand.

Ver. 10. *And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.*] Two eminent Physicians; the one had an excellent Library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities; both men of great learning and humanity. P.

Ver. 11. *Think we all these*] The ostentation of this man of false taste is only here ridiculed; he has no enjoyment of either of the two objects of false magnificence here mentioned.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted!
Only to shew, how many Tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some Demon whisper'd, "Visto! have a Taste."
Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.
See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a Guide:
A standing sermon, at each year's expense,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 22 in the MS.

Must Bishops, Lawyers, Statesmen, have the skill
To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
Bridgman explain the Gospel, Gibbs the Law?

NOTES.

Ver. 17. *Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy fool,*] The present rage of *Taste*, in this overflow of general Luxury, may be very properly represented by a *desolating pestilence*, alluded to in the word *visit*. W.

Ver. 18. *Ripley*] This man was a carpenter, employed by a first Minister, who raised him to an Architect, without any genius in the art; and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public Buildings, made him Comptroller of the Board of Works. P.——But Mr. Walpole speaks more favourably of this architect.

Ver. 19. *See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,*] Pride is one of the greatest mischiefs, as well as highest absurdities, of our nature; and therefore, as appears both from profane and sacred History, has ever been the more peculiar object of divine vengeance. But *awkward Pride* intimates such abilities in its owner, as eases us of the apprehension of much mischief from it; so that the Poet supposes such a one secure from the serious resentment of Heaven, though it may permit *fate* or *fortune* to bring him into that public contempt and ridicule which his natural badness of heart so well deserves. W.

You shew us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of Use.

NOTES.

Ver. 23. The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the Designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio. P.

Ver. 23. *You shew us, Rome*] Thus our Author addresses the Earl of Burlington, who was then publishing the Designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio. "Never was protection and great wealth*," says an able judge of the subject, "more generously and judiciously diffused than by this great person, who had every quality of a genius and artist, except envy. Though his own designs were more chaste and classic than Kent's, he entertained him in his house till his death, and was more studious to extend his friend's fame than his own. As we have few samples of architecture more antique and imposing than the colonnade within the court of his house in Piccadilly, I cannot help mentioning the effect it had on myself. I had not only never seen it, but had ever heard of it, at least with any attention, when, soon after my return from Italy, I was invited to a ball at Burlington-house. As I passed under the gate by night, it could not strike me. At day-break, looking out of the window to see the sun rise, I was surprised with the vision of the colonnade that fronted me. It seemed one of those edifices in Fairy tales, that are raised by genii in a night's time." Pope having appeared an excellent moralist in the foregoing Epistles, in this appears to be as excellent a connoisseur, and has given not only some of our first, but our best rules and observations on architecture and gardening, but particularly on the latter of these useful and entertaining arts, on which he has dwelt more largely, and with rather more knowledge of the subject. The following is copied *verbatim* from a little paper which he gave to Mr. Spence: "Arts are taken from nature; and, after a thousand vain efforts for improvements, are best when they return to their first simplicity. A sketch or analysis of the first principles of each art, with their first consequences, might be a thing of most excellent service. Thus, for instance, all the rules of Architecture might be reducible to three or four heads; the justness of the openings; bearings upon bearings; the regularity of the pillars, &c. That which

* Mr. Walpole, p. 108. Anecdotes of Painting, vol. iv.

Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules,
Fill half the land with Imitating-Fools;

NOTES.

is not just in buildings is disagreable to the eye, (as a greater upon a lesser, &c.) and this may be called *the reasoning of the eye*. In laying out a garden, the first and chief thing to be considered is the genius of the place. Thus at Riskins, now called Piercy Lodge, Lord*** should have raised two or three mounts, because his situation is all a plain, and nothing can please without variety."

Mr. Walpole, in his elegant and entertaining History of Modern Gardening, has clearly proved that Kent was the artist to whom the English nation was chiefly indebted for diffusing a taste in laying out grounds, of which the French and Italians have no idea. But he adds, much to the credit of our Author, that Pope undoubtedly contributed to form Kent's taste. The design of the Prince of Wales's garden at Carlton House was evidently borrowed from the Poet's at Twickenham. There was a little affected modesty in the latter, when he said, of all his Works he was most proud of his garden. And yet it was a singular effort of art and taste to impress so much variety and scenery on a spot of five acres. The passing through the gloom from the grotto to the opening day, the retiring and again assembling shades, the dusky groves, the larger lawn, and the solemnity of the termination at the cypresses that lead up to his mother's tomb, are managed with exquisite judgment; and though Lord Peterborough assisted him

"To form his quincunx, and to rank his vines,"

those were not the most pleasing ingredients of his little perspective. I do not know whether the disposition of the garden at Rousham, laid out by General Dormer, and, in my opinion, the most engaging of all Kent's works, was not planned on the model of Mr. Pope's, at least in the opening and retiring "shades of Venus's Vale."

It ought to be observed, that many years before this Epistle was written, and before Kent was employed as an improver of grounds, even so early as the year 1713, Pope seems to have been the very first person that censured and ridiculed the formal French, Dutch, false and unnatural mode in gardening, by a paper in the Guardian, No. 173, levelled against capricious operations of art,

Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;

NOTES.

and every species of verdant sculpture and inverted nature; which paper abounds with wit as well as taste, and ends with a ridiculous catalogue of various figures cut in evergreens. Neither do I think that these four lines in this Epistle,

Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost on Nilus' dusty urn;

do at all excel the following passage in his Guardian:

"A citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like those of Guildhall. I know of an eminent cook who beautified his country-seat with a coronation dinner in greens, where you see the champion flourishing on horseback at the end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other."

But it was the vigorous and creative imagination of Milton, superior to the prejudices of his times, that exhibited in his Eden the first hints and outlines of what a beautiful garden should be; for even his beloved Ariosto and Tasso, in their luxuriant pictures of the gardens of Alcina and Armida, shewed they were not free from the unnatural and narrow taste of their countrymen; and even his master, Spenser, has an artificial fountain in the midst of his bower of bliss.

I cannot forbear taking occasion to remark in this place, that in the sacred drama, entitled L'Adamo, written and published at Milan, in the year 1617, by Gio Battista Andreini, a Florentine, which Milton certainly had read (and of which Voltaire has given so false and so imperfect an account in his Essays on the Epic Poets), the prints that are to represent Paradise are full of clipped hedges, square parterres, straight walks, trees uniformly lopped, regular knots and carpets of flowers, groves nodding at groves, marble fountains, and water-works. And yet these prints were designed by Carlo Antonio Proccachini, a celebrated landscape painter of his time, and of the school of Carraches: many of those works are still admired at Milan. To every scene of this drama is prefixed a print of this artist's designing. The poem, though wild and incorrect, has many strokes of genius. The author was an actor.

Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,
Turn Arcs of Triumph to a Garden-gate; 30

NOTES.

It hence appears, that this enchanting art of modern gardening, in which this kingdom claims a preference over every nation in Europe, chiefly owes its origin and its improvements to two great poets, Milton and Pope. May I be suffered to add, in behalf of a favourite author, and who would have been a first-rate poet, if his style had been equal to his conceptions, that the Seasons of Thomson have been very instrumental in diffusing a general taste for the beauties of nature and landscape?

Ver. 28. *And of one beauty many blunders make;*] Because the road to *Taste*, like that to Truth, is but one; and those to error and absurdity a thousand.

Ver. 29. *Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,*] In which there is a complication of absurdities, arising both from their different *natures* and *forms:* for the one being for *religious service*, and the other only for *civil amusement*, it is impossible that the profuse and lascivious ornaments of the latter should become the modesty and sanctity of the other. Nor will any examples of this vanity of dress in the sacred buildings of antiquity justify this imitation; for those ornaments might be very suitable to a Temple of Bacchus, or Venus, which would ill become the sobriety and purity of the Christian Religion.

Besides, it should be considered, that the form of a Theatre would not permit the architectonic ornaments to be placed but on the outward face; whereas those of a *Church* may be as commodiously, and are more properly, put within; particularly in great and close pent-up Cities, where the incessant driving of the smoke, in a little time, corrodes and destroys all outward ornaments of this kind; especially if the members, as in the common taste, be small and little.

Our Gothic ancestors had juster and manlier notions of magnificence, on Greek and Roman ideas, than these Mimics of *Taste*, who profess to study only classic elegance. And because the thing does honour to the genius of those Barbarians, I shall endeavour to explain it. All our ancient Churches are called, without distinction, *Gothic;* but erroneously. They are of two sorts; the one built in the *Saxon* times; the other in the *Norman*. Several *Cathedral* and *Collegiate* Churches of the first sort

Reverse your Ornaments; and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;

NOTES.

are yet remaining, either in the whole or in part: of which this was the Original. When the Saxon kings became Christian, their piety (which was the piety of the times) consisted in building Churches at home, and performing pilgrimages abroad, especially to the Holy Land: and these spiritual Exercises assisted and supported one another. For the most venerable as well as most elegant models of religious edifices were then in Palestine. From these, our Saxon Builders took the whole of their ideas, as may be seen by comparing the drawings which travellers have given us of the churches yet standing in that country, with the Saxon remains of what we find at home; and particularly in that sameness of style in the *later* religious edifices of the Knights Templars (professedly built upon the model of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem), with the earlier remains of our Saxon Edifices. Now the architecture of the Holy Land was Grecian, but greatly fallen from its ancient elegance. Our Saxon performance was indeed a bad copy of it; and as much inferior to the works of St. Helene and Justinian, as theirs were to the Grecian models they had followed: yet still the footsteps of ancient art appeared in the circular arches, the entire columns, the division of the entablature, into a sort of Architrave, Frize, and Corniche, and a solidity equally diffused over the whole mass. This, by way of distinction, I would call the SAXON Architecture.

But our Norman works had a very different original. When the *Goths* had conquered Spain, and the genial warmth of the climate, and the religion of the old inhabitants, had ripened their wits, and inflamed their mistaken piety (both kept in exercise by the neighbourhood of the Saracens, through emulation of their science and aversion to their superstition), they struck out a new species of Architecture unknown to Greece and Rome; upon original principles and ideas much nobler than what had given birth even to classical magnificence: for this northern people having been accustomed, during the gloom of paganism, to worship the Deity of GROVES (a practice common to all nations), when their new religion required covered edifices, they ingeniously projected to make them resemble *Groves*, as near as the distance of Architecture would permit; at once indulging

Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a Front.

NOTES.

their old prejudices, and providing for their present conveniences, by a cool receptacle in a sultry climate. And with what skill and success they executed the project by the assistance of Saracen Architects, whose exotic style of building very luckily suited their purpose, appears from hence, That no attentive observer ever viewed a regular Avenue of well-grown trees, intermixing their branches over-head, but it presently put him in mind of the long Visto through a Gothic Cathedral; or ever entered one of the larger and more elegant edifices of this kind, but it represented to his imagination an Avenue of trees. And this alone is what can be truly called the GOTHIC style of Building.

Under this idea, of so extraordinary a species of Architecture, all the irregular transgressions against art, all the monstrous offences against nature, disappear; every thing has its reason; every thing is in order, and a harmonious Whole arises from the studious application of means, proper and proportioned to the end. For could the *Arches* be otherwise than *pointed* when the Workman was to imitate that curve which branches of two opposite trees make by their intersection with one another? Or could the *Columns* be otherwise than split into distinct shafts, when they were to represent the Stems of a clump of Trees growing close together? On the same principles they formed the spreading ramifications of the stone-work in the windows, and the stained glass in the interstices; the one to represent the branches, and the other the leaves, of an opening Grove; and both concurred to preserve that gloomy light which inspires religious reverence and dread. Lastly, we see the reason of their studied aversion to *apparent* solidity in these stupendous masses, deemed so absurd by men accustomed to the *apparent* as well as *real* strength of Grecian Architecture. Had it been only a wanton exercise of the Artist's skill, to shew he could give real strength without the appearance of any; we might indeed admire his superior science, but we must needs condemn his ill judgment. But when one considers, that this surprising lightness was necessary to complete the execution of his idea of a Sylvan place of worship, one cannot sufficiently admire the ingenuity of the contrivance.

This too will account for the contrary qualities in what I call

Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar, 35
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;

NOTES.

the *Saxon Architecture*. These artists copied, as has been said, from the churches in the Holy Land, which were built on the models of the Grecian Architecture; but corrupted by prevailing barbarism; and still farther depraved by a religious idea. The first places of Christian worship were Sepulchres and subterraneous caverns, low and heavy from necessity. When Christianity became the Religion of the State, and sumptuous Temples began to be erected, they yet, in regard to the first pious ages, preserved the massive Style; made still more venerable by the *Church of the Holy Sepulchre;* where this style was, on a double account, followed and aggravated.

Such as is here described was GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. And it would be no discredit to the warmest admirers of *Jones* and *Palladio* to acknowledge it hath its merit. They must at least confess it had a nobler birth, though an humbler fortune, than the GREEK and ROMAN ARCHITECTURE.—The Reader may see Sir Christopher Wren's account of this matter from some papers of his, published since the printing this, in a book called *Parentalia*, page 273—297—306-7-8—355, and then judge for himself. W. —See Wren's Parentalia, the Preface to Bentham's History of Ely Cathedral, in which it is said he was assisted by Gray. A fuller history of Gothic and Saxon Architecture, on another idea, is expected from an able hand.

Ver. 30. *Turn Arcs of Triumph to a Garden-gate;*] This absurdity seems to have arisen from an injudicious imitation of what these Builders might have heard of, at the entrance of the ancient Gardens of Rome: but they do not consider, that those were *public Gardens*, given to the people by some great man after a triumph; to which, therefore, *Arcs* of this kind were very suitable ornaments. W.

Ver. 36. *Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;*] In the foregoing instances, the Poet exposes the absurd imitation of foreign and discordant *manners* in *public* buildings; here he turns to the still greater absurdity of taking their models from a discordant *climate*, in their *private:* which folly, he supposes, may be more easily redressed, as men will be sooner brought to feel for themselves than to see for the public. W.

Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.
  Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than Expense,
And something previous ev'n to Taste—'tis Sense:
Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And though no Science, fairly worth the seven:
A Light, which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
  To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To swell the Terrace, or to sink the Grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.

NOTES.

Ver. 46. *Le Nôtre*] The architect of the groves and grottos of Versailles. He came hither on a mission to improve our taste. He planted St. James's and Greenwich Parks: no great monuments of his invention." Walpole on Gardening, p. 278.

Ver. 50. *In all, let Nature*] In Castell's Villas of the Ancients, folio, London, 1728, may be seen how much the celebrated Tuscan villa resembled our gardens, as they were planned a few years ago. Pliny's villa was like his genius.

Ver. 53. *Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,*] For when the same beauty obtrudes itself upon you over and over: when it meets you full at whatever place you stop, or to whatever point you turn, then Nature loses her proper charms of a *modest fair*; and you begin to hate and nauseate her as a prostitute. W.

Ver. 54. *Where half the skill is decently to hide.*] If the Poet was right in comparing the true dress of *Nature* to that of a *modest*

He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the Bounds.

Consult the Genius of the Place in all;
That tells the Waters or to rise, or fall;

NOTES.

fair, it is a plain consequence, that one half of the designer's art must be, *decently to hide;* as the other half is *gracefully to discover*. W.

Ver. 57. *Consult the Genius of the Place*, &c. to *designs*, Ver. 64.] The personalizing, or rather *deifying*, the *Genius of the place*, in order to be consulted as an *Oracle*, has produced one of the noblest and most sublime descriptions of *Design* that Poetry could express. Where this *Genius*, while presiding over the work, is represented by little and little, as advancing from a simple *adviser*, to a *creator*, of all the beauties of improved Nature, in a variety of bold metaphors and allusions, all rising one above another, till they complete the unity of the general idea.

First, the *Genius* of the place *tells the waters*, or only simply gives directions: then he *helps th' ambitious hill*, or is a fellow-labourer: then again he *scoops the circling Theatre*, or works alone, or in chief. Afterward, rising fast in our idea of dignity, he *calls in the country*, alluding to the orders of princes in their progress, when accustomed to display all their state and magnificence: his character then grows sacred, he *joins willing woods*, a metaphor taken from one of the offices of the priesthood; till at length he becomes a Divinity, and creates and presides over the whole:

> "Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines;
> Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs."

Much in the same manner as the *plastic Nature* is supposed to do in the work of generation. W.——Not a single remark will I make on this supposed string of fanciful metaphors and allusions here ascribed to the Poet, but leave it to the derision and astonishment of the reader, or rather his regret and concern, at seeing so considerable a writer as this commentator trifle so egregiously, and endeavour to mislead the reader, and expose the Poet; who would have been ridiculous enough if these extorted meanings could be justly imputed to him.

Ver. 58. *That tells the Waters*] Would it not give life and vi-

Or helps the ambitious Hill the Heav'ns to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the Vale;
Calls in the Country, catches op'ning Glades,
Joins willing Woods, and varies Shades from Shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.
Still follow Sense, of ev'ry art the soul,
Parts answ'ring parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, strike from Chance;
Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow
A Work to wonder at—perhaps a STOW.

NOTES.

gour to this noble *prosopopœia*, if we were to venture to alter only one word, and read, in the second line,

He tells the Waters———

instead of

That tells?———

Our Author is never happier than in his allusions to painting, an art he so much admired and understood: so below, at Ver. 81.

The Wood *supports* the Plain, the parts *unite*,
And *strength* of *Shade* contends with *strength* of *Light*.

Indeed, the two arts in question differ only in the materials which they employ. And it is neither exaggeration or affectation to call Mr. BROWN a great *painter*; for he has realized

Whate'er LORRAIN light-touch'd with soft'ning hue,
Or savage ROSA, or learn'd POUSSIN drew.

Ver. 66. *Parts answ'ring parts shall slide into a whole,*] *i. e.* shall not be *forced*, but *go of themselves*; as if both the parts and whole were not of *yours*, but of *Nature's* making. The metaphor is taken from a piece of mechanism finished by some great master, where all the parts are so previously fitted, as to be easily put together by any ordinary workman: and each part slides into its place, as it were through a groove ready made for that purpose. W.

Ver. 69. *Nature shall join you;*] I recollect no ancient that had so just a taste as Atticus, who preferred Tully's house at

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's Terraces desert their walls:
The vast Parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake:

NOTES.

Arpinum to all his other houses; declaring a contempt of the laboured magnificence, marble pavements, artificial canals, and forced streams, of the villas of Italy, compared with the natural beauties of this place. De Legibus, lib. ii.

Every reader of taste, we presume, must be acquainted with the English garden of Mr. Mason, and with the commentary and notes upon it by Mr. Burgh.

Ver. 70. The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham, in Buckinghamshire. P.

Ver. 71. *proud Versailles!*] Every instance of false taste and false magnificence is to be found at Versailles; a true picture of the spurious greatness of its vain, gaudy, unnatural, ostentatious owner, Louis XIV.

Ver. 72. This line is obscure; it is difficult to know what is meant by the terraces *deserting* their walls. In line 172, below, is another obscurity, "his hard heart denies,"—it does not immediately occur *whose* heart. In line 71, "Without *it*," is obscure. Without what? Good sense, he means, which is too far disjoined in the context.

Ver. 74. *Lo!* COBHAM *comes, and floats them with a Lake:*] A high compliment to the noble person on whom it is bestowed, as making him the *substitute of good Sense.*—This office, in the original plan of the Poem, was given to another Man of Taste, Bridgman; who not having the Sense to see that a compliment was intended him, it convinced the Poet that it did not belong to him. W.

"Magnificence and splendour are the characteristics of Stow; it is like one of those places celebrated in antiquity, which were devoted to the purposes of religion, and filled with sacred groves, hallowed fountains, and temples dedicated to several deities; the resort of distant nations, and the object of veneration to half the heathen world: this *pomp* is at *Stow* blended with *beauty;* and the place is equally distinguished by its *amenity* and *grandeur.*" Observations on Modern Gardening, p. 213.

Or cut wide views through Mountains to the Plain,
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in a Hermitage set Dr. Clarke.

NOTES.

Among the many edifices with which these gardens are decorated, one of the most striking is the Temple of the British Worthies, filled with the following Bustoes, with inscriptions containing their respective characters: Pope, Sir Thomas Gresham, Ignatius Jones, John Milton, William Shakspeare, John Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Francis Bacon, King Alfred, Edward Prince of Wales, Queen Elizabeth, King William III. Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, John Hampden, Sir John Barnard. Of these characters and inscriptions the two most remarkable are those of Locke and Hampden, which are drawn with great energy, and a strong spirit of liberty.

Ver. 75, 76. *Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain,*
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.] This was done in Hertfordshire by a wealthy citizen, at the expense of about 5000*l.* by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain), he let in the north wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods. P.

Ver. 77. *Ev'n in an ornament*] These lines are as ill-placed, and as injudicious, as the busto they were designed to censure. Pope imbibed an aversion to this excellent man from Bolingbroke, who hated Clarke, not only because he had written a book which this declamatory philosopher could not confute, but because he was a favourite of Queen Caroline. In Pope's MSS. were two lines on Dr. *Alured Clarke*, Dean of *Exeter*, who must not be confounded with the *Rector* of *St. James's:*

"Let Clarke tire half his days the Poor's support,
But let him pass the other half at Court;"

for he was instrumental in building our two first county hospitals at Winchester and at Exeter.

Ver. 78. *set Dr. Clarke.*] Dr. S. Clarke's busto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the Doctor duly frequented the Court. P.—But he should have added—with the innocence and disinterestedness of a hermit. W.

Behold Villario's ten-years' toil complete;
His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet;
The Wood supports the Plain, the parts unite,
And strength of Shade contends with strength of Light;
A waving Glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the scene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at last, he better likes a Field.
Through his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade,
With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His Son's fine Taste an op'ner Vista loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves;

NOTES.

Ver. 82. *And strength of Shade*] After celebrating Kent as very instrumental in promoting the new and just taste in gardening, Mr. Walpole adds; "Just as the encomiums are that I have bestowed on Kent, he was neither without assistance or faults. Whoever would search for his faults will find an ample crop in a very favourite work of his, the Prints for Spenser's Fairy Queen. As the drawings were exceedingly cried up by his admirers, the blame was unjustly thrown on the engraver. His celebrated monument of Shakspeare in the Abbey was preposterous.

Ver. 83. *A waving Glow*] These three lines are full of gay and florid epithets, well adapted to the subject.

Ver. 88. *he better likes a Field.*] The late Earl of Leicester, being complimented upon the completion of his great design at Holkham, replied, "It is a melancholy thing to stand alone in one's country. I look round; not a house is to be seen but mine. I am the giant of Giant-castle, and have ate up all my neighbours."

One boundless Green, or flourish'd Carpet views,
With all the mournful family of Yews;
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those Alleys they were born to shade.
  At Timon's Villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.

NOTES.

Ver. 95. The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a *boundless Green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flourish'd Carpet*, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece are lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent. P.

Ver. 95. *Carpet views,*] His fine *taste, views*, is an inaccurate expression, and hardly grammar; at least, an harsh combination of words. Is a total banishment of evergreens right? Has not this fashion of banishing them been carried too far?

Ver. 96. *mournful family of Yews;*] Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of Evergreens (particularly Yews, which are the most tonsile), as to destroy the nobler Forest-trees to make way for such little ornaments as Pyramids of dark green continually repeated, not unlike a Funeral procession. P.

Ver. 99. *At* Timon's *Villa*] This description is intended to comprise the principles of a false Taste of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but Good Sense can attain it. P.

Ver. 103. *Greatness, with Timon,*] The first edition of this Epistle was in folio, 1731. A spurious one was published in octavo, 1732, with many severe remarks by Concanen and Welsted, as was supposed; to which was prefixed a print designed by Hogarth, in which Pope is represented standing on a builder's high stage, and white-washing the great gate-way of Burlington-house, and at the same time bespattering the coach of the Duke of Chandos passing by. Hogarth suppressed this

To compass this, his building is a Town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before: a Lake behind
Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall!
No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees;

NOTES.

print, which is now become very valuable. It is remarkable our Author never once names Hogarth, though he had so many opportunities of doing it.

Ver. 104. *All Brobdignag*] It is worth mentioning, that two pieces of burlesque poetry, one on *Pygmies*, by Moreau the preceptor of Scarron, and the other by Scarron himself, on *Giants*, bear a close resemblance to the Lilliput and the Brobdignag of Swift.

Ver. 109. *Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!*] *Grandeur* in building, as in the human frame, does not take its denomination from the body, but the soul of the work; when the soul therefore is lost or encumbered in its envelope, the unanimated parts, how *huge* soever, are not members of grandeur, but mere *heaps of littleness*. W.

Ver. 110. *A labour'd Quarry*] In his letters he applies this expression to Blenheim; the massy magnificence of which Sir Joshua Reynolds always defended against the common cant of its being *heavy*. By Brown's late improvements, Blenheim is become one of the finest examples of laying out grounds judiciously.

With here a Fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a Summer-house, that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bow'rs;
There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.
My Lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First thro' the length of yon hot Terrace sweat;
And when up ten deep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his Study-door he'll bless your eyes.
His Study! with what Authors is it stor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;

NOTES.

Ver. 121. *With here a Fountain,*] It is amusing to see how far our taste in gardening has spread. The present Empress of Russia writes thus to Voltaire, June 25, 1772: "J'aime à la folie présentement les jardins à l'Anglaise, les lignes courbes, les pentes douces, les étangs en forme de lacs, les archipels en terre ferme; et j'ai un profond mepris pour les lignes droits, les allées jumelles. Je hais les fontaines qui donnent la torture a l'eau pour lui faire prendre un cours contraire à sa nature; les statues sont relèguées dans les galeries, les vestibules, &c. En un mot, l'Anglomanie domine dans ma plantomanie."

Ver. 124. The two Statues of the *Gladiator pugnans*, and *Gladiator moriens.*

Ver. 124. *die in flow'rs;*] This is more finical and puerile than his usual manner.

Ver. 130. The *Approaches* and *Communication* of house with garden, or one part with another, ill-judged, and inconvenient. P.

Ver. 133. *His Study!* &c.] The false Taste in books; a satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of Fortune than the study to understand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; some have carried

To all their dated backs he turns you round;
These Aldus printed, those Du Suëil has bound!
Lo, some are Vellum, and the rest as good
For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:
Light quirks of Music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a Jig to Heav'n.
On painted Cielings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,

NOTES.

it so far, as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand, as to exclude the most useful in one they do. P.

Ver. 138. *but they are Wood.*] There is a flatness and insipidity in this couplet, much below the usual manner of our Author. Young has been more sprightly and poignant on the same subject. Universal Passion, Sat. 3.

Ver. 139. *or Milton*] This is one of the few places in which our Author seems to speak highly of Milton.

Ver. 142. The false taste in *Music*, improper to the subjects, as of light airs in churches, often practised by the organist, &c. P.

Ver. 142. *That summons you to all the* Pride *of Pray'r:*] This absurdity is very happily expressed; *Pride*, of all human follies, being the first we should leave behind us when we approach the sacred altar.—But he who could take Meanness for Magnificence, might easily mistake Humility for meanness. W.

Ver. 145.—And in *Painting* (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in churches, &c. which has obliged some Popes to put draperies on some of those of the best masters. P.

Ver. 146. *There* sprawl *the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,*] This was not only said to deride the indecency and awkward position

On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.

NOTES.

of the figures, but to insinuate the want of dignity in the subjects. Raphael's pagans, as the devils in Milton, act a nobler part than the *Gods* and *Saints* of ordinary poets and painters. The cartoons at Hampton-Court are talked of by every body; they have been copied, engraved, and criticised; and yet so little studied or considered, that in the noblest of them, of which likewise more has been said than of all the rest, we are as much strangers to St. Paul's audience in the Areopagus, as to those before whom he preached at Thessalonica or Berea.

The story from whence the painter took his subject is this:—"St. Paul came to Athens,—was encountered by the Epicureans and Stoics,—taken up by them to the court of Areopagus,—before which he made his apology; and amongst his converts at this time were, Dionysius the Areopagite, and a woman named Damaris." On this simple plan he exercises his invention. Paul is placed on an eminence in the act of speaking, the audience round him in a circle: and a statue of Mars, in the front of his temple, denotes the Scene of Action.

The first figure has been taken notice of for the force of its expression. We see all the marks of conviction and resignation to the direction of the divine Messenger. But I do not know that it has been suspected that a particular character was here represented. And yet the Platonic countenance, and the female attendant, shew plainly, that the painter designed DIONYSIUS, whom Ecclesiastical story makes of this sect; and to whom sacred history has given this companion. For the woman is DAMARIS, mentioned with him, in the *Acts*, as a joint convert. Either the Artist mistook his text, and supposed her to be converted with him at this audience; or, what is more likely, he purposely committed the indecorum of bringing a woman into the Areopagus, the better to mark out his *Dionysius*; a character of great fame in the Romish Church, from a mystic voluminous impostor, who has assumed his titles. Next to this PLATONIST of open mien, is a figure deeply collected within himself, immersed in thought, and ruminating on what he hears. Conformable to his state, his arms are buried in his garment, and his chin reposing on his bosom; in a word, all his lineaments denote the STOIC; he says as plainly, *Ne te quæsiveris extra*, as if the Painter had

To rest, the Cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite. 150

NOTES.

drawn this Symbol of his Sect out of his mouth on a label. Adjoining to him is an old man, with a squalid beard and habit, leaning on his crouch, and turning his eyes upwards on the Apostle; but with a countenance so sour and canine, that one cannot hesitate a moment in pronouncing him a CYNIC. The next who follows, by his elegance of dress, and placid air of raillery and neglect, proclaims himself an EPICUREAN: as the other which stands close by him, with his finger on his lips, denoting *silence*, plainly marks out a follower of PYTHAGORAS. After these come a group of figures, cavilling in all the rage of disputation, as criticising the divine Speaker. These plainly design the ACADEMICS, the genius of whose school was to debate *de quolibet ente*, and never come to a conclusion. Without the Circle, and behind the principal figures, are a number of young faces, to represent the scholars and disciples of the several sects. These are all fronting the Apostle. Behind him are two other figures: one regarding the Apostle's action, with his face turned upwards: in which the passions of malicious zeal and disappointed rage are so strongly marked, that we needed not the *red bonnet*, to see he was a Jewish Rabbi. The other is a pagan priest, full of anxiety for the danger of the established Worship.

Thus has this great Master, in order to heighten the dignity of his subject, brought in the heads of every sect of philosophy and religion which were most averse to the principles, and most opposite to the success, of the Gospel; so that one may truly esteem this cartoon as the greatest effort of his divine genius. W.

I have the authority of two such eminent artists as Sir Joshua Reynolds and Nathaniel Dance, Esq. to say, that this whole criticism, on the cartoons of Raphael, is ill-grounded, and fanciful to the last degree.

Ver. 146. *Where* sprawl] This single verb has marked with felicity and force the distorted attitudes, the indecent subjects, the want of nature and grace, so visible in the pieces of these two artists, employed to adorn our royal palaces and chapels. "I cannot help thinking," says Pope to Mr. Allen, in Letter lxxxix. vol. ix. "and I know you will join with me, who have been making an altar-piece, that the zeal of the first reformers was ill-placed, in removing pictures (that is to say, examples) out of

But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a Genial room? 155
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.

NOTES.

churches; and yet suffering epitaphs (that is to say, flatteries and false history) to be a burden to church-walls, and the shame as well as derision of all honest men." This is a sentiment, it may be said, of a papistical poet; and yet it appears to be founded on good sense, and religion well understood. Notwithstanding the many just and well-founded arguments against popery, yet I hope we may still, one day, see our places of worship beautified with proper ornaments, and the generosity and talents of our living artists perpetuated on the naked walls of St. Paul's.

Ver. 146. *Verrio or Laguerre,*] Verrio (Antonio) painted many cielings, &c. at Windsor, Hampton-Court, &c. and Laguerre at Blenheim-castle, and other places. P.

Ver. 150. *Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.*] This is a fact: a reverend Dean, preaching at Court, threatened the sinner with punishment in "a place which he thought it not decent to name in so polite an assembly." P.

Ver. 153. Taxes the incongruity of *Ornaments* (though sometimes practised by the ancients), where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the shocking images of serpents, &c. are introduced into Grottos or Buffets. P.

Ver. 155. *Is this a dinner?* &c.] The proud Festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where pride destroys the ease, and formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment, of the entertainment. P.

Ver. 156. *a Hecatomb.*] Alluding to the *hundred footsteps* before. W.——This observation is very ridiculously strained.

Ver. 160. Sancho's *dread Doctor,*] See Don Quixote, chap. xlvii. P.

Between each Act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no Day was ever pass'd so ill.

Yet hence the Poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his Infants bread
The Lab'rer bears: What his hard heart denies,
His charitable Vanity supplies.

Another Age shall see the golden Ear
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
Deep Harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

NOTES.

Ver. 169. *Yet hence the Poor*, &c.] This is the *Moral* of the whole; where PROVIDENCE is justified in giving Riches to those who squander them in this manner. A bad Taste employs more hands, and diffuses wealth more usefully, than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Ep. ii. Ver. 230—7, and in the Epistle preceding this, Ver. 161, &c. P.

This reflection is very different from the flagitious principle of Mandeville, that private vices are public benefits. Of whom, says Hume very shrewdly, "Is it not very inconsistent for an author to assert in one page, that moral distinctions are inventions of politicians for public interest; and in the next page maintain, that vice is advantageous to the public?"

Ver. 173. *Another Age*, &c.] Had the Poet lived but three years longer, he had seen his general prophecy against all ill-judged magnificence fulfilled in a very particular instance. W.

In the edition of 1751, this note ran thus: "Had the Poet lived three years longer he had seen this prophecy fulfilled:" which so plainly pointed at what had happened at Canons, that it was altered as it here stands.

Ver. 176. *And laughing Ceres reassume the land.*] The great

Who then shall grace, or who improve the Soil?
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like
BOYLE.
'Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expense,
And Splendour borrows all her rays from Sense.
His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he increase:
Whose cheerful Tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the soil;

NOTES.

beauty of this line is an instance of the art peculiar to our Poet; by which he has so disposed a trite classical figure, as not only to make it do its vulgar office, of representing a very *plentiful harvest*, but also to assume the personage of *Nature*, re-establishing herself in her rights, and mocking the vain efforts of magnificence, which would keep her out of them. W.

Ver. 179, 180. *'Tis Use alone that* sanctifies *Expense,*
And Splendour borrows all her rays from Sense.]

Here the Poet, to make the *examples* of good Taste the better understood, introduces them with a summary of his *Precepts*, in these two sublime lines; for, the consulting *Use* is *beginning with Sense*, and the making *Splendour* or *Taste borrow all its rays* from thence, is *going on with Sense*, after she has led us up to *Taste*. The art of this disposition of the thought can never be sufficiently admired. But the Expression is equal to the Thought. This *sanctifying* of expense gives us the idea of something consecrated and set apart for sacred uses; and indeed it is the idea under which it may be properly considered: for wealth employed according to the intention of Providence is its true consecration; and the real uses of humanity were certainly *first* in its intention. W.

Lord Chesterfield wrote the following lines, intending to shew that Lord Burlington did not always attend to this rule of our Poet:

Possest of one great hall for state,
Without one room to sleep or eat,
How well you build, let flattery tell,
And all mankind, how ill you dwell.

Ver. 182. *if he increase:*] Badly expressed.

Whose ample Lawns are not asham'd to feed
The milky heifer, and deserving steed;
Whose rising Forests, not for pride or show,
But future Buildings, future Navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a Country, and then raise a Town.

You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:

NOTES.

Ver. 185. *not asham'd to feed*] Cattle, and not deer.

Ver. 191. *You too proceed!*] This is not fulsome adulation, but only such honest praise as the noble Lord, whom he addressed, strictly deserved; who inherited all that love of science and useful knowledge for which his family has been so famous. The name of Boyle is indeed auspicious to literature. That sublime genius and good man, Bishop Berkeley, owed his preferment chiefly to this accomplished peer: for it was he that recommended him to the Duke of Grafton, in the year 1721, who took him over with him to Ireland when he was Lord-Lieutenant, and promoted him to the deanery of Derry in the year 1724. Berkeley gained the patronage and friendship of Lord Burlington, not only by his true politeness, and the peculiar charms of his conversation, which was exquisite, but by his profound and perfect skill in architecture; an art which he had very particularly and accurately studied in Italy, when he went and continued abroad four years with Mr. Ashe, son of the Bishop of Clogher. With an insatiable and philosophic attention, Berkeley surveyed and examined every object of curiosity. He not only made the usual tour, but went over Apulia and Calabria, and even travelled on foot through Sicily, and drew up an account of that very classical ground; which was lost in a voyage to Naples, and cannot be sufficiently regretted. His generous project for erecting a university at Bermudas, the effort of a mind truly active, benevolent, and patriotic, is sufficiently known.

Ver. 193. *Jones*] See an accurate and judicious account of his Works in Walpole's Anecdotes, vol. ii. from page 261 to page

Till Kings call forth th' Ideas of your mind
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd),
Bid Harbours open, public Ways extend,
Bid Temples, worthier of the God, ascend;
Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring Main;

NOTES.

280, full of curious particulars. Dr. Clarke, of All Souls College, Oxford, had Jones's Palladio, with his own notes and observations in Italian, which the Doctor bequeathed to Worcester College.

Ver. 195, 197, &c. *Till Kings—Bid Harbours open*, &c.] The Poet, after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expense, in the private works of great men, comes to those great and public works which become a prince. This Poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is satirically alluded to in our Author's imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. 2.

"Shall half the new-built Churches round thee fall").

Others were vilely executed, through fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c. Dagenham-breach had done very great mischiefs; many of the Highways throughout England were hardly passable; and most of those which were repaired by Turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamously executed, even to the entrance of London itself. The proposal of building a Bridge at Westminster had been petitioned against and rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an Act for building a Bridge passed through both Houses. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above mentioned, who would have made it a *wooden one*; to which our Author alludes in these lines,

"Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile."

See the notes on that place P.

Ver. 197. *Bid Harbours open,*] No country has been enriched and adorned, within a period of thirty or forty years, with so many works of public spirit, as Great Britain has been; witness

Back to his bounds their subject Sea command,
And roll obedient Rivers through the Land:
These Honours, Peace to happy BRITAIN brings,
These are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

NOTES.

our many extensive roads, our inland navigations (some of which excel the boasted canal of Languedoc), the lighting, and the paving, and beautifying, our cities, and our various and magnificent edifices. A general good taste has been diffused in gardening, planting, and building. The ruins of Palmyra, the antiquities of Athens and Spalatro, and the Ionian antiquities, by Wood, Stuart, Adam, and Chandler, are such magnificent monuments of learned curiosity as no country in Europe can equal. Let it be remembered, that these fine lines of Pope were written when we had no Wyatt or Brown, Brindley or Reynolds; no Westminster Bridge, no Pantheon, no Royal Academy, no king that is at once a judge and a patron of all those fine arts which ought to be employed in raising and beautifying a palace equal to his dignity and his taste.

On the whole, this Epistle contains rather strictures on the false taste, than illustrations of the true; which circumstance gave room to Mr. Mason to treat the subject in a more open and ornamental manner, and with more picturesque and poetical imagery in his English Garden.

Ver. 203. *These Honours, Peace*] One of the chief sources of the great riches of this country was, the long Peace which was enjoyed during the ministry of Sir Robert Walpole; who, however he may have been censured, deserved high praise on this account.

EPISTLE V.

TO MR. ADDISON.

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

SEE the wild Waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad Sepulchre appears!

NOTES.

This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of Medals; it was some time before he was Secretary of State; but not published till Mr. Tickell's Edition of his works: at which time the verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720. P.

Ver. 1. *See the wild Waste*] This treatise on Medals was written by Addison in that pleasing form of composition, so unsuccessfully attempted by many modern authors, Dialogues. In no one species of writing have the ancients so indisputable a superiority over us. The dialogues of Plato and Cicero, especially the former, are perfect dramas; where the characters are supported with consistency and nature, and the reasoning suited to the characters.

"There are in English three dialogues, and but three," says a learned and ingenious author, who has himself practised this agreeable way of writing, "that deserve commendation, namely, the Moralists in Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Addison's Treatise on Medals, and the Minute Philosophy of Bishop Berkeley." Alciphron did, indeed, well deserve to be mentioned on this occasion; notwithstanding it has been treated with contempt by writers much inferior to Berkeley in learning, genius, and taste. Omitting those passages in the fourth dialogue, where he has introduced his fanciful and whimsical opinions about *vision*, an attentive reader will find that there is scarce a single argument that can be urged in defence of Revelation, but what is here placed in the clearest light, and in the most beautiful diction. In this work there is a happy union of reasoning and imagination. The two different characters of the two different sorts of

With nodding arches, broken temples, spread!
The very Tombs now vanish'd like their dead!

NOTES.

free-thinkers, the sensual and the refined, are strongly contrasted with each other, and with the plainness and simplicity of Euphranor.

These dialogues of Addison are written with that sweetness and purity of style which constitute him one of the first of our prose writers. The Pleasures of Imagination, the Essay on the Georgics, and his last papers in the Spectator and Guardian, are models of language. And some late writers, who seem to have mistaken stiffness for strength, and are grown popular by a pompous rotundity of phrase, make one wish that the rising generation may abandon this unnatural, false, inflated, and florid style, and form themselves on the chaster model of Addison. The chief imperfection of his Treatise on Medals, is, the persons introduced as speakers, in direct contradiction to the practice of the ancients, are *fictitious* not *real;* for Cynthio*, Philander, Palæmon, Eugenio, and Theocles, cannot equally excite and engage the attention of the reader, with Socrates and Alcibiades, Atticus and Brutus, Cowley and Spratt, Maynard and Somers. It is somewhat singular, that so many of the modern dialogue-writers should have failed in this particular, when so many of the most celebrated wits of modern Italy had given them eminent examples of the contrary proceeding, and closely following the steps of the ancients, constantly introduced living and real persons in their numerous compositions of this sort; in which they were so fond of delivering their sentiments, both on moral and critical subjects; witness the Il Cortegiano of B. Castiglione, the Asolani of P. Bembo, Dialoghi del S. Sperone, and the great Galileo, the Naugerius of Fracastorius, and Lil. Gyraldus de Poetis, and many others. In all which pieces the famous and living geniuses of Italy are introduced discussing the several different topics before them.

Ver. 2. *her own sad Sepulchre*] St. Jerome says, "Roma quondam orbis caput, postea populi Romani sepulcrum."

* How ill the forms, and ceremonies, and compliments, of modern good-breeding, would bear to be exactly represented; see Characteristics, vol. i. p. 209.

Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations spoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her Floods:
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,
Statues of Men, scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal, conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
That Name the Learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
Ambition sigh'd: She found it vain to trust
The faithless Column, and the crumbling Bust:

NOTES.

Ver. 6. *Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:*] Palladio, speaking of the Baths of Dioclesian, says, "Nell' edificazione delle quali, Dioclesiano tenne molti anni 140 mila Christiani a edificarle." W.

Ver. 6. *groaning Martyr*] Dodwell, in his Dissertationes Cyprianicæ, has undertaken to prove that the number of Martyrs was far less than hath been usually imagined. His opinion is combated by Mosheim in the 5th chapter of his excellent History of the Church.

Ver. 7. *Huge Theatres,*] Is this equal or superior to what Addison says on the same subject?

"That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held *uncrowded* nations in its womb."

Ver. 18. *And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.*] A fine insinuation of the want both of taste and learning in Antiquarians; whose ignorance of characters misleads them (supported only by a name) against reason and history.

Ver. 19. *Ambition sigh'd:*] Such short *personifications* have a great effect. "*Silence* was pleas'd," says Milton; which person-

Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her Triumphs shrink into a Coin.
A narrow ORB each crowded conquest keeps,
Beneath her Palm here sad Judea weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.

NOTES.

ification is taken, though it happens not to have been observed by any of his commentators, from the Hero and Leander of Musæus, v. 280.

Ver. 25. *A narrow* ORB *each crowded* Conquest *keeps,*] A ridicule on the pompous title of *Orbis Romanus*, which the Romans gave to their Empire. W.——No ridicule was nor could be here intended.

Ver. 27. *the proud Arch*] *i. e.* The triumphal Arch, which was generally an enormous mass of building.

Ver. 29. *A small Euphrates*] The two first-mentioned rivers, the Nile and Rhine, having been personified, the Euphrates should not have been spoken of a mere river. The circumstance in line 30, is very puerile and little.

Ver. 35. *With* sharpen'd sight *pale Antiquaries pore,*] *Microscopic glasses*, invented by Philosophers to discover the beauties in the minuter works of Nature, ridiculously applied by Antiquaries to detect the cheats of counterfeit medals. W.

This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius one employs his Schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd:
And Curio, restless by the Fair One's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

NOTES.

Ver. 37. *This the blue varnish, that the green endears,*] *i. e.* This a collecter of silver; that, of brass coins. W.

Ver. 39. *To gain Pescennius*] The lively and ingenious Young says, in his 4th Satire,

"How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat which Joseph never wore!
He shews, on holidays, a sacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff that touch'd Queen Bess's chin."

How much wit has been wasted and misplaced in endeavouring to ridicule antiquarians, whose studies are not only pleasing to the imagination, but attended with many advantages to society, especially since they have been improved, as they lately have been, with singular taste and propriety, in elucidating what, after all, is the most interesting and important part of *all* history—the *history* of *manners!*

Ver. 41. *Poor Vadius,*] See his history, and that of his Shield, in the *Memoirs of Scriblerus.* W.

Ver. 43. *And Curio, restless,* &c.] The Historian Dio has given us a very extraordinary instance of this Virtuoso-taste. He tells us, that one Vibius Rufus, who, in the reign of Tiberius, was the fourth husband to Cicero's widow, Terentia, then upwards of a hundred years old, used to value himself on his being possessed of the two noblest pieces of Antiquity in the world, TULLY'S WIDOW and CÆSAR'S CHAIR, that Chair in which he was assassinated in full Senate. W.

Ver. 44. *Sighs for an Otho,*] Charles Patin was banished from the Court because he sold Louis XIV. an Otho that was not genuine. Patin's Treatise on Medals is a good one. Ficorini, the

Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her Gods, and godlike Heroes, rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage;

NOTES.

celebrated virtuoso at Florence, said to Mr. Spence, "Addison did not go any great depth in the study of medals; all the knowledge he had of that kind, I believe, he received of me; and I did not give him above twenty lessons on that subject."

Ver. 48. *her faded*] In Winkelman's History of Art among the Ancients, is to be found perhaps the best account of the gradual decay of painting, architecture, and medals, that can be read; abounding with many instances of the fate that has befallen many exquisite pieces of art. Among the rest he says, that when the Austrians took Madrid, Lord Galloway searched for a very celebrated Busto of Caligula, that he knew Cardinal G. Colonna had conveyed to Spain; which fine Busto he at last found in the Escurial, where it served for a weight of the church-clock. What Winkelman says of the Laocoon, vol. ii. sect. 3, is a capital piece of criticism and just taste; which he finishes by mentioning a matchless absurdity, worthy of the country where it is to be found, that in the Castle of St. Ildephonso in Spain there is a Relief of this group of Laocoon and his sons, with a figure of Cupid fluttering over their heads, as if flying to their assistance. As to the revival of arts in Italy, we have lately been gratified with a curious account of this important event, in the elegant History of the Life of Lorenzo de Medici, their chief restorer and protector. See particularly, chapter ix. p. 196.

Ver. 49. *Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;*] A senseless affectation, which some Authors of eminence have betrayed; who, when fortune or their talents have raised them to a condition to do without those arts, for which only they gained our esteem, have pretended to think letters below their character. This false shame M. Voltaire has very well, and with proper indignation, exposed in his account of Mr. Congreve: "He had one defect, which was, his entertaining too mean an idea of his first profession (that of a Writer), though it was to this he owed his fame and fortune. He

The verse and sculpture bore as equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.
Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the Patriot's honest face;
There Warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's, looks agree;
Or in fair series laurel'd Bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy CRAGGS (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open, shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,

NOTES.

spoke of his works as of trifles that were beneath him; and hinted to me, in our first conversation, that I should visit him upon no other foot than that of a gentleman, who led a life of plainness and simplicity. I answered, that had he been so unfortunate as to be a mere gentleman, I should never have come to see him; and I was very much disgusted at so unseasonable a piece of vanity." *Letters concerning the English Nation*, xix. W.

Ver. 53. *Oh when shall Britain*, &c.] A compliment to one of Mr. Addison's papers, in the Spectator, on this subject. W.

Ver. 62. *A Virgil there,*] Copied evidently from Tickell to Addison on his Rosamond;

"Which gain'd a Virgil and an Addison."

This elegant copy of Verses was so acceptable to Addison, that it was the foundation of a lasting friendship betwixt them. Tickell deserves a higher place among poets than is usually allotted to him.

" Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;

NOTES.

Ver. 67. *Statesman, yet friend to Truth,* &c.] It should be remembered, that this poem was composed to be printed before Mr. Addison's *Discourse on Medals,* in which there is the following censure of *long legends* upon coins: " The first fault I find with a modern legend is its diffusiveness. You have sometimes the whole side of a medal overrun with it. One would fancy the Author had a design of being Ciceronian—but it is not only the tediousness of these inscriptions that I find fault with; supposing them of a moderate length, why must they be in verse? We should be surprised to see the title of a serious book in rhyme." *Dial.* iii. W.

Ver. 67. *Statesman,*] These nervous and finished lines were afterward inscribed as an epitaph on this worthy man's monument in Westminster Abbey, with the alteration of two words in the last verse; which there stands thus:

" Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd."

It was Craggs, who raised himself by his abilities, his father being a barber, that, in the most friendly and alluring manner, offered our Author a pension of three hundred pounds per annum; which if he had accepted we should have been deprived of his best satires. Poets have a high spirit of liberty and independence. They neither seek or expect rewards.

Mæcenases do *not* create geniuses. Neither Spenser, nor Milton, nor Dante, nor Tasso, nor Corneille, were patronised by the governments under which they lived. And Horace, and Virgil, and Boileau, were formed before they had an opportunity of flattering Augustus and Lewis XIV.

Though Pope enlisted under the banner of Bolingbroke, in what was called the country party, and in violent opposition to the measures of Walpole, yet his clear and good sense enabled him to see the follies and virulence of all parties; and it was his favourite maxim, that, however factious men thought proper to

Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd unenvied, by the Muse he lov'd."

NOTES.

distinguish themselves by names, yet when they got into power, they all acted much in the same manner; saying,

"I know how like Whig ministers to Tory."

And among his manuscripts were four very sensible, though not very poetical lines, which contain the most solid apology that can be made for a minister of this country:

"Our ministers like gladiators live:
'Tis half their business blows to ward, or give:
The good their virtue would effect, or sense,
Dies between exigents and self-defence."

Yet he appears sometimes to have forgotten this candid reflection.

Ver. ult. *And prais'd unenvied, by the Muse he lov'd.*] It was not likely that men acting in so different spheres, as were those of Mr. Craggs and Mr. Pope, should have their friendship disturbed by envy. We must suppose then that some circumstances in the friendship of Mr. Pope and Mr. Addison are hinted at in this place. W.

APPENDIX.

AN

ESSAY ON SATIRE,

OCCASIONED BY

THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

INSCRIBED TO MR. WARBURTON.

BY J. BROWN, A.M.

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PART I.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow sped;
And POPE lies number'd with the mighty Dead!
Resign'd he fell; superior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in YOURS and BRITAIN'S Heart:
You mourn: but BRITAIN, lull'd in rest profound,
(Unconscious BRITAIN!) slumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting Light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the Night:
Rous'd at the signal, Guilt collects her train,
And counts the triumphs of her growing Reign:
With inextinguishable rage they burn;
And snake-hung ENVY hisses o'er his Urn:
Th' envenom'd Monsters spit their deadly foam,
To blast the Laurel that surrounds his Tomb.
But YOU, O WARBURTON! whose eye refin'd
Can see the greatness of an honest mind;
Can see each Virtue and each Grace unite,
And taste the Raptures of a *pure* Delight;
YOU visit oft his awful Page with Care,
And view that bright Assemblage treasur'd there;
You trace the Chain that links his deep design,
And pour new Lustre on the glowing Line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse,
Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues:
Intent from this great Archetype to draw
SATIRE'S bright Form, and fix her equal law;

Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And rev'rence His and Satire's gen'rous End.
In ev'ry breast there burns an active flame,
The love of Glory, or the dread of Shame:
The Passion One, tho' various it appear,
As brighten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
The lisping Infant, and the hoary Sire,
And Youth and Manhood feel the heart-born fire:
The charms of Praise the Coy, the Modest woo,
And only fly, that Glory may pursue:
She, Pow'r resistless, rules the wise and great;
Bends ev'n reluctant Hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud City, and the lowly Shade,
And sways alike the Sceptre and the Spade.
Thus Heav'n in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
To urge Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame:
But Man, vain Man, in folly only wise,
Rejects the Manna sent him from the Skies:
With rapture hears corrupted Passion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
He for the *imag'd* Substance quits the *true;*
Eager to catch the visionary Prize,
In quest of Glory, plunges deep in vice;
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry Praise he pants to gain.
Thus still imperious Nature plies her part;
And still her dictates work in ev'ry heart.
Each Pow'r that sov'reign Nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but Man can ne'er destroy:
Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The Passions rage, obstructed in their course;

Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those Virtues which they fed before.
And sure, the deadliest Foe to Virtue's flame,
Our worst of Evils, is *perverted shame.*
Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled Slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by fashionable fear oppress'd,
We seek our Virtues in each other's breast;
Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign Vice,
Another's weakness, int'rest, or caprice.
Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,
That pines in splendid wretchedness of state,
Tir'd in the treach'rous Chace, would nobly yield,
And, but for shame, like SYLLA, quit the field:
The demon *Shame* paints strong the ridicule,
And whispers close, "The World will call you Fool."
Behold yon Wretch, by impious fashion driv'n,
Believes and trembles while he scoffs at Heav'n.
By weakness strong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow coxcombs thrown;
Dauntless pursues the path *Spinoza* trod;
To Man a *Coward*, and a *Brave* to God.
Faith, Justice, Heav'n itself now quit their hold,
When to false Fame the captiv'd heart is sold:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 80. *To Man a Coward*, &c.]

"Vois tu ce Libertin en public intrépide,
Qui preche contre un Dieu que dans son Ame il croit?
Il iroit embrasser la Verité, qu'il voit;
Mais de ses faux Amis il craint la Raillerie,
Et ne brave ainsi Dieu que par Poltronnerie."
Boileau, Ep. iii.

Hence, blind to truth, relentless *Cato* died;
Nought could subdue his Virtue, but his Pride.
Hence chaste *Lucretia's* Innocence betray'd
Fell by that Honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When Passions, borne her friends, revolt her foes.
Hence SATIRE's pow'r: 'tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild disorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise:
In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise,
And bids the Hag in native horror rise;
Strikes tow'ring Pride, and lawless Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.
Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagin'd pow'r,
Tho' oft she mourn those ills she cannot cure.
The Worthy court her, and the Worthless fear:
Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the Vain and Vile obey,
And ev'ry foe to Wisdom feels her sway.
Smarts, Pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain;
Desponding Fops resign the *clouded cane:*
Hush'd at her voice, pert Folly's self is still,
And Dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
Like the arm'd BEE, with art most subtly true,
From pois'nous Vice she draws a healing dew:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 110. *From pois'nous Vice*, &c.] Alluding to these lines of Mr. Pope;

"In the nice Bee what Art so subtly true
From pois'nous Herbs extracts a healing Dew?"

Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, securely wrapt in wiles;
And Force strong sinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
The stream of Vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too strong,
Ev'n fair Religion, Native of the skies,
Scorn'd by the Crowd, seeks refuge with the Wise;
The Crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain.
But SATIRE's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast:
She plays a *ruling passion* on the rest:
Undaunted storms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the *Brave* that Earth and Heav'n defied.
When fell Corruption, by her vassals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground;
Swift to redress an injur'd People's groan,
Bold SATIRE shakes the Tyrant on her throne;
Pow'rful as Death, defies the sordid train,
And Slaves and Sycophants surround in vain.
But with the friends of Vice, the foes of SATIRE,
All truth is spleen; all just reproof, Ill-nature.
Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill;
Well may they tremble, when she draws her quill;
Her magic quill, that, like ITHURIEL's spear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids Vice and Folly take their nat'ral shapes,
Turns Dutchesses to strumpets, Beaux to apes;
Drags the vile Whisp'rer from his dark abode,
Till all the Demon starts up from the toad.
O sordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
That true good-nature still must wear a smile!

In frowns array'd her beauties stronger rise,
When love of Virtue makes her scorn of Vice:
Where Justice calls, 'tis Cruelty to save;
And 'tis the Law's good-nature hangs the Knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend;
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end:
To Guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd,
The object of her love is all Mankind.
Scarce more the friend of Man, the wise must own,
Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's frown:
This to chastise, as That to bless, was giv'n;
Alike the faithful Ministers of Heav'n.
Oft in unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent:
Tho' strong th' example, weak the punishment.
They least are pain'd, who merit Satire most;
Folly the *Laureat's*, Vice was *Chartres'* boast:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of Fools and Knaves already dead to shame?
Oft SATIRE acts the faithful Surgeon's part;
Gen'rous and kind, tho' painful is her art:
With caution bold, she only strikes to heal;
Tho' Folly raves to break the friendly steel.
Then sure no fault impartial SATIRE knows,
Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs:
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

PART II.

DARE nobly then: But conscious of your trust,
As ever warm and bold, be ever just:
Nor court applause in these degen'rate days:
The Villain's censure is extorted praise.
But chief, be steady in a noble end,
And shew mankind that Truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write,
As Foplings grin to shew their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameless heart.
O lost to honour's voice, O doom'd to shame,
Thou Fiend accurst, thou murderer of Fame!
Fell Ravisher, from Innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return!
Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn?
And know, immortal Truth shall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth shall bid the shaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poison in thy heart.
With caution next, the dang'rous pow'r apply;
An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye:
Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
And ere she strike, be sure she strike a foe.

Nor fondly deem the real fool confest,
Because blind *Ridicule* conceives a jest:
Before whose altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a destin'd Victim shall be led:
Lo, *Shaftesb'ry* rears her high on Reason's throne,
And loads the Slave with honours not her own:
Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke,
Profaneness spawns, pert Dunces nurse the joke!
Come, let us join awhile this titt'ring crew,
And own the *Ideot Guide* for once is *true;*
Deride our weak forefathers' musty rule,
Who *therefore* smil'd, *because* they saw a Fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our isle,
We *therefore* see a Fool, *because* we smile.
Truth in her gloomy Cave why fondly seek?
Lo, gay she sits in Laughter's dimple cheek:
Contemns each surly academic foe,
And courts the spruce Freethinker and the Beau.
Dædalion arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conq'ring hand
Shall work *Herculean* wonders through the Land:
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
You, mighty Warburton, shall rage in vain,
In vain the trackless maze of Truth you scan,
And lend th' informing Clue to erring Man:
No more shall Reason boast her pow'r divine,
Her Base eternal shook by Folly's mine!
Truth's sacred Fort th' exploded laugh shall win;
And Coxcombs vanquish Berkley by a grin.
But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule,
That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:

On truth, on falsehood let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay Prism but mocks the flatter'd eye
And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry die.
Beware the mad Advent'rer: bold and blind
She hoists her sail, and drives with ev'ry wind
Deaf as the storm to sinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a Friend's destruction, or her own.
Let clear-ey'd Reason at the helm preside,
Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reason can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to shore.
  Tho' distant Times may rise in SATIRE's page,
Yet chief 'tis Her's to draw the *present Age:*
With Wisdom's lustre, Folly's shade contrast,
And judge the reigning Manners by the past:
Bid *Britain's* Heroes (awful shades!) arise,
And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the Sons blush at what their Fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just;
When *low-born* Sharpers only dar'd a lie,
Or falsify'd a card, or cogg'd the die;
Ere Lewdness the stain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chastity was carted for the Whore;
Vice flutter'd in the plumes of freedom dress'd;
Or public Spirit was the public jest.
  Be ever, in a just expression, bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair SATIRE to a Scold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
But let her smile, and let her frown with grace:

In mirth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her spleen;
Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a sore,
Nor call his Lordship ——, her Grace a ——:
The Muse's charms resistless then assail,
When wrapt in *Irony's* transparent veil:
Her beauties half conceal'd, the more surprise,
And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with sharp encomiums grac'd:
Style *Clodius* honourable, *Bufa* chaste.
Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
Whoe'er discharg'd Artillery on a Fly?
Deride not Vice: Absurd the thought and vain,
To bind the Tiger in so weak a chain.
Nay more: when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The Knave exults: to smile is to approve.
The Muse's labour then success shall crown,
When Folly feels her smile, and Vice her frown.
Know next what Measures to each Theme belong,
And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies.
Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
Free the expression, simple be the verse.
In artless numbers paint th' ambitious Peer
That mounts the box, and shines a Charioteer:
In strains familiar sing the midnight toil
Of Camps and Senates disciplin'd by *Hoyle;*
Patriots and Chiefs, whose deep design invades
And carries off the captive King—of *Spades!*
Let SATIRE here in milder vigour shine,
And gaily graceful sport along the line;

Bid courtly fashion quit her thin pretence,
And smile each Affectation into sense.
Not so when Virtue by her Guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her Throne, implores the Muse's aid:
When *crimes*, which erst in kindred darkness lay,
Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day;
Indignant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chastity with tears retires;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from *Cocytus* rears her baleful head:
When private Faith and public Trust are sold,
And Traitors barter Liberty for Gold:
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of a sinking State:
When Giant-Vice and Irreligion rise,
On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies:
Then warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE's page,
And all her smiles are darken'd into rage:
On eagle-wing she gains *Parnassus'* height,
Not lofty EPIC soars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty World.
Yet SATIRE oft assumes a gentler mien,
And beams on Virtue's friends a smile serene:
She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
Glad to commend where Worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when Virtue, Learning, Arts decline,
She joys to see unconquer'd merit shine;
Where bursting glorious, with departing ray,
True Genius gilds the close of Britain's day:

With joy she sees the stream of Roman art
From MURRAY's tongue flow purer to the heart:
Sees YORKE to Fame, ere yet to Manhood known,
And just to ev'ry Virtue but his own:
Hears unstain'd CAM with gen'rous pride proclaim
A SAGE's, CRITIC's, and a POET's name:
Behold, where WIDCOMBE's happy hills ascend,
Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend:
To HAGLEY's honour'd Shade directs her view;
And culls each flow'r, to form a Wreath for YOU.
  But tread with cautious step this dangerous ground,
Beset with faithless precipices round:
Truth be your guide: disdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's *native lustre* that must *shine;*
The Poet can but *set it* in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A *sordid pebble* meanly grac'd with *gold?*
Let *real* Merit then adorn your lays,
For shame attends on prostituted praise:
And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art,
But makes us grieve you want an honest heart.
  Nor think the Muse by SATIRE's Law confin'd:
She yields description of the noblest kind.
Inferior art the Landscape may design,
And paint the purple ev'ning in the line:
Her daring thought essays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates Passion, pictures Man.
And great the toil, the latent soul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue strike our eyes,
Now bid a *Wolsey*, or a *Cromwell* rise;

Now with a touch more sacred and refin'd,
Call forth a CHESTERFIELD's or LONSDALE's mind.
Here sweet or strong may ev'ry Colour flow:
Here let the pencil warm, the canvas glow:
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life.

PART III.

THROUGH Ages thus has SATIRE keenly shin'd,
The Friend to Truth, to Virtue, and Mankind:
Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had sprung,
And Man was guilty ere the Poet sung.
This Muse in silence joy'd each better Age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight.
First on the Sons of *Greece* she prov'd her art,
And *Sparta* felt the fierce IAMBIC dart.[1]
To LATIUM next, avenging SATIRE flew:
The flaming faulchion rough LUCILIUS[2] drew;
With dauntless warmth in Virtue's cause engag'd,
And conscious Villains trembled as he rag'd.
Then sportive HORACE[3] caught the gen'rous fire;
For SATIRE's bow resign'd the sounding lyre:
Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
And, as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.
His art conceal'd in study'd negligence,
Politely sly, cajol'd the foes of sense:

NOTES.

[1] "Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo." Hor.

[2] "Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet auditor, cui frigida mens est
Criminibus, tacita sudant præcordia culpa." Juv. S. i.

[3] "Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso."—Pers. S. i.

He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,
But while he sported, drove it to the heart.
In graver strains majestic PERSIUS wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly sedate, contemn'd a Tyrant's reign,
And lash'd Corruption with a calm disdain.
More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage,
Inflame bold JUVENAL's exalted page,
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
And swept audacious Greatness to its doom;
The headlong torrent thund'ring from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.
But lo! the fatal Victor of Mankind!
Swoln *Luxury!*—pale *Ruin* stalks behind!
As countless Insects from the north-east pour,
To blast the Spring, and ravage ev'ry flow'r:
So barb'rous Millions spread contagious death:
The sick'ning Laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
Beneath whose baleful dews the Poppy sprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulness nodded in the Muse's grove:
Wit, Spirit, Freedom, were the sole offence,
Nor aught was held so dangerous as Sense.
At length, again fair Science shot her ray,
Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.
Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now, load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow!
'Tis done!—See, great ERASMUS breaks the spell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell!
(In vain the solemn Cowl surrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her sour grimace,)

With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of Reason urg'd by Wit.
'Twas then plain DONNE in honest vengeance rose,
His Wit harmonious, tho' his Rhyme was prose:
He 'midst an age of Puns and Pedants wrote
With genuine sense, and Roman strength of thought.
Yet scarce had SATIRE well resum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muse records her Country's shame,)
Ere Britain saw the foul revolt commence,
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Sense.
Then rose a shameless mercenary train,
Whom latest Time shall view with just disdain:
A race fantastic, in whose gaudy line
Untutor'd thought, and tinsel beauty shine;
Wit's shatter'd Mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not Nature, but confounds the sight.
Dry Morals the Court-Poet blush'd to sing:
'Twas all his praise to say, "*the oddest thing.*"
Proud for a jest obscene, a Patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaspheme his God.
Ill-fated DRYDEN! who unmov'd can see
Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in Thee!
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred skies,
Low creeping in the putrid sink of vice;
A Muse whom Wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The Pimp of Pow'r, the Prostitute to Gain:
Wreaths that should deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To Strumpets, Traitors, Tyrants vilely thrown:
Unrivall'd parts, the scorn of honest fame;
And Genius rise, a Monument of shame!
More happy *France:* immortal BOILEAU there
Supported Genius with a Sage's care:

Him with her love propitious SATIRE blest,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breast:
Fancy and Sense to form his line conspire,
And faultless Judgment guides the purest Fire.
But see at length the *British* Genius smile,
And show'r her bounties o'er her favour'd Isle:
Behold for POPE she twines the laurel crown,
And centres ev'ry Poet's power in *one:*
Each *Roman's* force adorns his various page,
Gay smiles, corrected strength, and manly rage.
Despairing Guilt and Dulness loathe the sight,
As Spectres vanish at approaching light:
In this clear Mirror with delight we view
Each image justly fine, and boldly true:
Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's supreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity:
While self-seen Virtue in the faithful line
With modest joy surveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,
But faintly to express the Poet's mind!
Who yonder Star's effulgence can display,
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a God, unless the God inspire?
What catch the Lightning, but the speed of fire?
So, mighty POPE, to make thy Genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' IDALIAN grove;
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next, to her Bard majestic Wisdom came;
The Bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame:

With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can sway, or guilty Greatness bribe;
At Fancy's call, who rear the wanton sail,
Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimer views *thy* daring Spirit bound;
Thy mighty Voyage was Creation's round;
Intent new Worlds of Wisdom to explore,
And bless Mankind with Virtue's sacred store:
A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart;
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
Fantastic Wit shoots momentary fires,
And, like a Meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit kindled by the sulph'rous breath of Vice,
Like the blue Lightning, while it shines, destroys:
But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and constant, like the source of day:
Like this, its beam prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly dispels each wintry Passion's gloom,
And opens all the Virtues into bloom.
This Praise, immortal POPE, to thee be giv'n:
Thy Genius was indeed a *Gift* from Heav'n.
Hail, Bard unequall'd, in whose deathless line
Reason and Wit, with strength collected shine;
Where matchless Wit but wins the second praise,
Lost, nobly lost, in Truth's superior blaze.
Did FRIENDSHIP e'er mislead thy wand'ring Muse?
That Friendship sure may plead the *great* excuse:
That sacred Friendship which inspir'd thy Song,
Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong.
Error like this ev'n Truth can scarce reprove;
'Tis almost Virtue when it flows from Love.

Ye deathless Names, ye Sons of endless praise,
By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!
Say, shall an artless Muse, if you inspire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O WARBURTON, inspir'd by YOU,
The daring Muse a nobler path pursue,
By you inspir'd, on trembling pinion soar,
The sacred founts of social bliss explore,
In her bold numbers chain the Tyrant's rage,
And bid *her Country's Glory* fire her page:
If such her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end:
Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To court no Friend, nor own a Foe but *thine*.
But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apostate heart should e'er incline
To offer incense at Corruption's shrine;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confound,
And dash the smoking Censer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear instructed Bards may see,
That Guilt is doom'd to sink in Infamy.

A LETTER[1]

TO

A NOBLE LORD,

ON OCCASION OF SOME LIBELS WRITTEN AND PROPAGATED AT COURT, IN THE YEAR 1732-3.

My Lord, Nov. 30, 1733.

Your Lordship's[2] epistle has been published some days, but I had not the pleasure and pain of seeing it till yesterday: Pain to think your Lordship should attack me at all; Pleasure, to find that you can attack me so weakly. As I want not the humility, to think myself in every way but *one* your inferior, it

[1] This Letter (which was first printed in the Year 1733) bears the same place in our Author's prose that the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot does in his poetry. They are both Apologetical, repelling the libellous slanders on his Reputation: with this difference, that the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, his friend, was chiefly directed against *Grub-street Writers*, and this letter to the Noble Lord, his enemy, against *Court Scribblers*. For the rest, they are both Masterpieces in their kinds; *That* in verse, more grave, moral, and sublime; *This* in prose, more lively, critical, and pointed; but equally conducive to what he had most at heart, the vindication of his moral Character: the only thing he thought worth his care in literary altercations; and the first thing he would expect from the good offices of a surviving Friend. W.

[2] Intitled, *An Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court, Aug.* 28, 1733, and printed the November following for J. Roberts. Fol. W.

seems but reasonable that I should take the only method either of self-defence or retaliation, that is left me against a person of your quality and power. And as by your choice of this weapon, your pen, you generously (and modestly too, no doubt) meant to put yourself upon a level with me; I will as soon believe that your Lordship would give a wound to a man unarmed, as that you would deny me the use of it in my own defence.

I presume you will allow me to take the same liberty in my answer to so *candid*, *polite*, and *ingenious*, a Nobleman, which your Lordship took in yours, to so *grave*, *religious*, and *respectable*, a clergyman[3]: As you answered his *Latin* in *English*, permit me to answer your *Verse* in *Prose*. And though your Lordship's reasons for not writing in *Latin* might be stronger than mine for not writing in Verse, yet I may plead *Two good* ones, for this conduct: the one that I want the talent of spinning *a thousand lines in a* Day[4] (which, I think, is as much *Time* as this subject deserves), and the other, that I take your Lordship's *Verse* to be as much *Prose* as this letter. But no doubt it was your choice, in writing to a friend, to renounce all the pomp of Poetry, and give us this excellent model of the familiar.

When I consider the *great difference* betwixt the rank your Lordship holds in the *World*, and the rank which your *writings* are like to hold in the *learned world*, I presume that distinction of style is but ne-

[3] Dr. S.

[4] And Pope with justice of such lines may say,
His Lordship spins a thousand in a day.—Epist. p. 6.

cessary, which you will see observed through this letter. When I speak of *you*, my Lord, it will be with all the deference due to the inequality which Fortune has made between you and myself: but when I speak of your *writings*, my Lord, I must, I can do nothing but trifle.

I should be obliged indeed to lessen this *Respect*, if all the Nobility (and especially the elder brothers) are but so many hereditary fools[5], if the privilege of Lords be to want brains[6], if noblemen can hardly write or read[7], if all their business is but to dress and vote[8], and all their employment in court, to tell lies, flatter in public, slander in private, be false to each other, and follow nothing but self-interest[9]. Bless me, my Lord, what an account is this you give of them? and what would have been said of me, had I immolated, in this manner, the whole body of the Nobility, at the stall of a well-fed Prebendary?

Were it the mere *Excess* of your Lordship's *Wit*, that carried you thus triumphantly over all the bounds of decency, I might consider your Lordship on your *Pegasus*, as a sprightly hunter on a mettled horse;

[5] That to good blood by old prescriptive rules,
Gives right hereditary to be Fools.

[6] Nor wonder that my Brain no more affords,
But recollect the privilege of Lords.

[7] And when you see me fairly write my name;
For *England's* sake wish all could do the same.

[8] Whilst all our business is to dress and vote.—Epist. p. 6.

[9] Courts are only larger families,
The growth of each, few truths, and many lies:
Who do in private satyrize, in public flatter.
Few to each other, all to one point true;
Which one I shan't, nor need explain. Adieu.—P. ult.

and while you were trampling down all our works, patiently suffer the injury, in pure admiration of the *Noble Sport.* But should the case be quite otherwise, should your Lordship be only like a *Boy* that is *run away with;* and run away with by a *Very Foal;* really common charity, as well as respect for a noble family, would oblige me to stop your career, and to *help you down* from *this Pegasus.*

Surely the little praise of a *Writer* should be a thing below your ambition: You, who are no sooner born, but in the lap of the Graces; no sooner at school, but in the arms of the Muses; no sooner in the World, but you practise all the skill of it; no sooner in the Court, but you possessed all the art of it! Unrivall'd as you are, in making a figure, and in making a speech, methinks, my Lord, you may well give up the poor talent of turning a Distich. And why this fondness for Poetry? Prose admits of the two excellences you most admire, Diction and Fiction: It admits of the talents you chiefly possess, a most fertile invention, and most florid expression; it is with prose, nay the plainest prose, that you best could teach our nobility to vote, which you justly observe, is half at least of their business[1]: And give me leave to prophesy, it is to your talent in prose, and not in verse, to your speaking, not your writing, to your art at court, not your art of poetry, that your Lordship must owe your future figure in the world.

My Lord, whatever you imagine, this is the advice of a Friend, and one who remembers he formerly had the honour of some profession of Friendship

[1] All their bus'ness is to dress, and vote.

from you: Whatever was his *real share* in it, whether small or great, yet as your Lordship could never have had the least *Loss* by continuing it, or the least *Interest* by withdrawing it; the misfortune of losing it, I fear, must have been owing to his own *deficiency* or *neglect*. But as to any *actual fault* which deserved to forfeit it in such a degree, he protests he is to this day guiltless and ignorant. It could at most be but a fault of *omission;* but indeed by omissions, men of your Lordship's uncommon merit may sometimes think themselves so injured, as to be capable of an inclination to injure another; who, though very much below their quality, may be above the injury.

I never heard of the least displeasure you had conceived against me, till I was told that an imitation I had made of[2] *Horace* had offended some persons, and among them your Lordship. I could not have apprehended that a few *general strokes* about a *Lord scribbling carelessly*[3], a *Pimp*, or a *Spy* at Court, a *Sharper* in a gilded chariot, &c. that these, I say, should be ever applied as they have been, by *any malice* but that which is the greatest in the world, *the Malice of Ill people to themselves.*

Your Lordship so well knows (and the whole Court and Town through your means so well know), how far the resentment was carried upon that imagination, not only in the *Nature* of the *Libel*[4] you propagated against me, but in the extraordinary *manner*,

[2] The first Satire of the second Book, printed in 1732.

[3] He should have added, that he called this Nobleman, who scribbled so carelessly, *Lord Fanny.*

[4] *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, afterward printed by J. Roberts, 1732, Fol.

place, and *presence*, in which it was propagated[5]; that I shall only say, it seemed to me to exceed the bounds of justice, common sense, and decency.

I wonder yet more, how a *Lady* of great wit, beauty, and fame, for her poetry (between whom and your Lordship there is a *natural*, a *just*, and a *well-grounded esteem*,) could be prevailed upon to take a part in that proceeding. Your resentments against me indeed might be equal, as my offence to you both was the same; for neither had I the least misunderstanding with that Lady, till after I was the *Author* of my own misfortune in discontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be unpleasing to either of you; I assure you my reason for so doing, was merely that you had both *too much wit* for me[6]; and that I could not do with *mine*, many things which you could with *yours*. The injury done you in withdrawing myself could be but small, if the value you had for me was no greater than you have been pleased since to profess. But surely, my Lord, one may say, neither the Revenge, nor the Language you held, bore any *proportion* to the pretended offence: The appellation of [7]*Foe* to *humankind*, an *Enemy* like the *Devil* to all that have *Being*; *ungrateful*, *unjust*, deserving to be *whipt*, *blanketed*, *kicked*, nay *killed*: a *Monster*, an *Assassin*, whose conversation every man ought to *shun*, and

[5] It was for this reason that this Letter, as soon as it was printed, was communicated to the Queen.

[6] Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing a female Wit.
See the Letter to Dr. ARBUTHNOT, *amongst the Variations.*

[7] See the aforesaid *Verses to the Imitator of Horace.*

against whom *all doors* should be shut; I beseech you, my Lord, had you the least right to give, or to encourage or justify any other in giving such language as this to me? Could I be treated in terms more strong or more atrocious, if during my acquaintance with you I had been a *Betrayer*, a *Backbiter*, a *Whisperer*, an *Eaves-dropper*, or an *Informer?* Did I in all that time ever throw *a false Die*, or palm *a foul Card* upon you? Did I ever *borrow*, *steal*, or accept, either *Money*, *Wit*, or *Advice*, from you? Had I ever the honour to join with either of you in one *Ballad*, *Satire*, *Pamphlet*, or *Epigram*, or any person *living* or *dead?* Did I ever do you so great an *injury* as to put off *my own verses* for *yours*, especially on *those Persons* whom they might *most offend?* I am confident you cannot answer in the affirmative: and I can truly affirm, that ever since I lost the happiness of your conversation, I have not published or written one syllable of or to either of you; never hitched your *names* in a *Verse*, or trifled with your *good names in company*. Can I be honestly charged with any other crime but an *Omission* (for the word *Neglect*, which I used before, slipped my pen unguardedly) to continue my admiration of you all my life, and still to contemplate, face to face, your many excellences and perfections? I am persuaded you can reproach me truly with no great *Faults*, except my *natural ones*, which I am as ready to own, as to do all justice to the contrary *Beauties* in you. It is true, my Lord, I am short, not well shaped, generally ill-dressed, if not sometimes dirty: Your Lordship and Ladyship are still in bloom; your figures such, as rival the

Apollo of *Belvedere*, and the *Venus* of *Medicis;* and your faces so finished, that neither sickness or passion can deprive them of *Colour;* I will allow your own in particular to be the finest that ever *Man* was blest with: preserve it, my Lord, and reflect, that to be a Critic, would cost it too many *frowns*, and to be a Statesman, too many *wrinkles!* I farther confess, I am now somewhat old; but so your Lordship and this excellent Lady, with all your beauty, will (I hope) one day be. I know your Genius and hers so perfectly *tally*, that you cannot but join in admiring each other, and by consequence in the contempt of all such as myself. You have both, in my regard, been like—(your Lordship, I know, loves a *Simile*, and it will be one suitable to your *Quality*)—you have been like *Two Princes*, and I like a *poor Animal* sacrificed between them to cement a lasting league: I hope I have not bled in vain; but that such an amity may endure for ever! For though it be what common *understandings* would hardly conceive, Two *Wits* however may be persuaded, that it is in friendship as in enmity, The more *danger* the more *honour*.

Give me the liberty, my Lord, to tell you, why I never replied to those *Verses* on the *Imitator* of *Horace?* They regarded nothing but my *Figure*, which I set no value upon; and my *Morals*, which, I knew, needed no defence: Any honest man has the pleasure to be conscious, that it is out of the power of the *Wittiest*, nay the *Greatest Person* in the kingdom, to lessen him *that way*, but at the expense of his own *Truth*, *Honour*, or *Justice*.

But though I declined to explain myself just at the

time when I was sillily threatened, I shall now give your Lordship a frank account of the offence you imagined to be meant to you. *Fanny* (my Lord) is the plain English of *Fannius*, a real person, who was a foolish Critic, and an enemy of *Horace:* perhaps a Noble one, so (if your Latin be gone in earnest[8]) I must acquaint you, the word *Beatus* may be construed;

Beatus Fannius! ultro
Delatis capsis et imagine.

This *Fannius* was, it seems, extremely fond both of his *Poetry* and his *Person*, which appears by the pictures and *Statues* he caused to be made of himself, and by his great diligence to propagate *bad Verses* at *Court*, and get them admitted into the library of *Augustus*. He was moreover of a delicate or *effeminate complexion*, and constant at the Assemblies and Operas of those days, where he took it into his head to *slander poor Horace;*

Ineptus
Fannius, *Hermogenis* lædat *conviva Tigelli*;

till it provoked him at last just to *name* him, give him a *lash*, and send him whimpering to the *Ladies*.

Discipularum *inter jubeo plorare cathedras.*

So much for *Fanny*, my Lord. The word *spins* (as Dr. *Freind* or even Dr. *Sherwin* could assure you), was the literal translation of *deduci;* a metaphor taken from a *Silk-worm*, my Lord, to signify any *slight*, *silken*, or (as your Lordship and the Ladies call it) *flimsy*[9] piece of work. I presume your Lordship has

[8] All I learn'd from Dr. Freind at school,
Has quite deserted this poor John Trot-head,
And left plain native English in its stead.—Epist. p. 2.

[9] Weak texture of his flimsy brain.

enough of this, to convince you there was nothing *personal* but to *that Fannius*, who (with all his fine accomplishments) had never been heard of, but for *that Horace* he injured.

In regard to the right honourable Lady, your Lordship's friend, I was far from designing a person of her condition by a name so derogatory to her, as that of *Sappho;* a name prostituted to every infamous Creature that ever wrote Verse or Novels. I protest I never *applied* that name to her in any verse of mine, *public* or *private;* (and I firmly believe) not in any *Letter* or *Conversation.* Whoever could invent a Falsehood to support an accusation, I pity; and whoever can believe such a Character to be theirs, I pity still more. God forbid the Court or Town should have the complaisance to *join* in that opinion! Certainly I meant it only of such modern *Sapphos*, as imitate much more the *Lewdness* than the *Genius* of the ancient one; and upon whom their wretched brethren frequently bestow both the *Name* and the *Qualification* there mentioned[1].

There was another reason why I was silent as to that paper—I took it for a *Lady's* (on the printer's word in the title page), and thought it too presuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that *Sex* in *altercation:* For I never was so mean a creature as to commit my Anger against a *Lady* to *paper*, though but in a *private Letter.* But soon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a Noble

[1] From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
Pox'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
1 Sat. B. ii. Hor.

person of *real Honour* and *Truth*. Your Lordship indeed said you had it from a Lady, and the Lady said it was your Lordship's; some thought the beautiful by-blow had *Two Fathers*, or (if one of them will hardly be allowed a man) *Two Mothers*; indeed I think *both sexes* had a share in it, but which was *uppermost*, I know not: I pretend not to determine the exact method of this *Witty Fornication*: and if I call it *Yours*, my Lord, it is only because, whoever *got* it, you *brought it forth*.

Here, my Lord, allow me to observe, the different proceeding of the *Ignoble Poet*, and his *Noble Enemies*. What he has written of *Fanny*[2], *Adonis*, *Sap-*

[2] All the topics of contempt, ridicule, and satire that are used in this letter against Lord Hervey, had been used before, 1731, by the Author of a Reply to a late Scurrilous Libel: particularly the topics of the delicacy of his manners, and the foppery of his dress, and effeminacy of his person. He is there said, "to be such a composition of the two sexes, that it is difficult to distinguish which is most predominant." My friend Horace hath described him much better than I can:

"Quem si puellarum insereres choro,
Mire sagaces falleret hospites
Discrimen obscurum, solutis
Crinibus, ambiguoque vultu."

And it is added, "Though it would be barbarous to handle such a delicate hermaphrodite, such a pretty little master-miss, too roughly, yet you must give me leave, my dear, to give you a little gentle correction for your good." Page 6.

Lord Hervey left behind him Memoirs of his own Times, said to be full of curious matter, and which it is to be hoped will one day be published: Mr. Hans Stanley told me he had read them.

In the second volume of the Letters of Voltaire, page 305, is a very long and curious letter to Lord Hervey, full of high encomiums on this Peer, and still higher of Louis XIV. and his reign. From whence it appears that Lord Hervey had made

pho, or who you will, he owned he published, he set his name to: What they have *published* of him, they have denied to have *written;* and what they have *written* of him, they have denied to have *published.* One of these was the case in the past Libel, and the other in the present. For though the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is such as he has been obliged to deny in the most particular terms, to the great person whose opinion *concerned him most.* Yet, my Lord, this Epistle was a piece not written in *haste*, or in a *passion*, but many months after all pretended provocations; when you was at *full leisure* at Hampton-court, and I the object *singled*, like a *Deer out of Season*, for so ill-timed and ill-placed a diversion. It was a *deliberate* work, directed to a *Reverend Person*[3], of the most *serious and sacred* character, with whom you are known to cultivate a *strict correspondence*, and to whom it will not be doubted but you open your *secret Sentiments*, and deliver your *real judgment* of men and things. This, I say, my Lord, with submission, could not but awaken all my *Reflection* and *Attention.* Your Lordship's opinion of me as a *Poet*, I cannot help; it is yours, my Lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man; but it is not yours *alone*, you must be content to share it with the *Gentlemen* of the *Dunciad*, and (it may be) with many *more innocent* and *ingenious men.* If your

some objections to this work of Voltaire; and particularly for his entitling it, The Age of Louis XIV.

In a celebrated pamphlet, entitled, the Court Secret, written on occasion of the death of Lord Scarborough, Lord Hervey was very severely satirized under the name of Ibrahim. 8vo. 1791.

[3] Dr. Sherwin.

Lordship destroys my *poetical* character, *they* will claim their part in the glory: but, give me leave to say, if my *moral* character be ruined, it must be *wholly* the work of *your Lordship;* and will be hard even for you to do, unless I *myself co-operate.*

How can you talk (my most worthy Lord) of all *Pope's* Works as so many *Libels,* affirm, that *he has no invention* but in *Defamation*[4], and charge him with *selling another man's labours printed with his own name*[5]; Fie, my Lord, you forget yourself. He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention; that person himself has told you and all the world in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen at the conclusion of his notes to the Odyssey. I can only suppose your Lordship (not having at that time *forgot your Greek*) despised to look upon the *Translation;* and ever since entertained too mean an opinion of the Translator to cast an eye upon it. Besides, my Lord, when you said he *sold* another man's works, you ought in justice to have added that he *bought* them, which very much *alters the Case.* What he gave him was five hundred pounds; his receipt can be produced to your Lordship. I dare not affirm that he was as *well paid* as *some Writers* (much his inferiors) have been since; but your Lordship will reflect that I am no man of quality, either to *buy* or *sell* scribbling so high: and that I have neither *Place, Pension,* nor Power to reward for *Secret Services.* It cannot be, that one of

[4] To his eternal shame
Prov'd he can ne'er invent but to defame.

[5] And sold Broom's labours printed with Pope's name. P. 7.

your rank can have the least *Envy* to such an author as I: but were that *possible*, it were much better gratified by employing *not your own*, but some of *those low and ignoble pens* to do you this *mean office*. I dare engage you will have them for less than I gave, Mr. Broom, if your friends have not raised the market: Let them drive the bargain for you, my Lord; and you may depend on seeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) Verses, as these of your Lordship.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor person should be abused by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot *Curl* do the same? nay, has he not done it before your Lordship, in the same *kind of Language*, and almost the *same words?* I cannot but think the worthy and *discreet clergyman* himself will agree, it is *improper*, nay *unchristian*, to expose the *personal* defects of our brother: that both such perfect forms as yours, and such unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the same *Maker;* who *fashioneth his Vessels* as he pleaseth, and that it is not from their *shape* we can tell whether they are made for *honour* or *dishonour*. In a word, he would teach you Charity to your greatest enemies; of which number, my Lord, I cannot be reckoned, since, though a Poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my Lord, as to the *Obscurity of*[6] *my Birth* (a reflection copy'd also from Mr. *Curl* and his brethren), I am sorry to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my *Family* in the same leaf with your

[6] Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure.

Lordship's: but my Father had the honour in one instance to resemble you, for he was a *younger Brother*. He did not indeed think it a happiness to bury his *elder Brother*, though he had one who wanted some of those good qualities which *yours* possessed. How sincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young Nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much *Wit* and *Honour* as he left behind him in any branch of it. But as to my Father, I could assure you, my Lord, that he was no mechanic (neither a hatter, nor, which might please your Lordship yet better, a Cobler), but in truth of a very tolerable family: And my mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that *Lady*, whom your Lordship made choice of to be the *Mother of your own Children;* whose merit, beauty, and vivacity (if transmitted to your posterity), will be a *better present* than even the noble blood they derive *only* from *you*. A mother, on whom I was never obliged so far to reflect, as to say, she *spoiled me*[7]. And a Father, who never found himself obliged to say of me that he *disapproved my conduct*. In a word, my Lord, I think it enough that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a *Blush;* and that their Son, such as he is, never cost them a *Tear*.

I have purposely omitted to consider your Lordship's Criticisms on my *Poetry*. As they are exactly the same with those of the *forementioned Authors*, I apprehend they would justly charge me with par-

[7] A noble Father's heir spoil'd by his mother.
His Lordship's account of himself, p. 7.

tiality, if I gave to *you* what belongs to *them*; or paid more distinction to the *same things* when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be showing both them and you (my Lord) a *more particular respect*, to observe how much they are honoured by *your imitation of them*, which indeed is carried through your whole Epistle. I have read somewhere at *School* (though I make it no *Vanity* to have forgot where), that *Tully* naturalized a few phrases at the instance of some of his friends. Your Lordship has done more in honour of these Gentlemen; you have authorized not only their *Assertions*, but their *Style*. For example, *A* Flow *that* wants skill *to restrain its* ardour,—*A* Dictionary *that gives us nothing at* its own expence.—*As luxuriant branches* bear *but little fruit, so Wit unprun'd* is *but raw fruit* —*While you* rehearse ignorance, *you still* know enough *to do it in Verse*—*Wits* are *but glittering* ignorance.—The *account of* how *we pass our time*—and, *The Weight on Sir R. W—'s* brain, *You can* ever *receive from* no *head more than such a head* (as no head) *has to give:* Your Lordship would have said, *never* receive instead of *ever*, and *any head* instead of *no head:* but all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enriched our language.

You are merry, my Lord, when you say, *Latin* and *Greek*

> Have quite deserted your poor *John Trot-head*,
> And left plain native English in their stead;

for (to do you justice) this is nothing less than *plain English*. And as for your *John Trot-head*, I can't conceive why you should give it that name; for by

some[8] papers I have seen sign'd with that name, it is certainly a head *very different* from your Lordship's.

Your Lordship seems determined to fall out with every thing you have learned at school: you complain next of a *dull Dictionary*,

> That gives us nothing at its own expence,
> But a few modern words for ancient Sense.

Your Lordship is the first man that ever carried the love of Wit so far, as to expect a *witty Dictionary*. A Dictionary that gives us *any thing but words*, must not only be an *expensive* but a very *extravagant Dictionary*[9]. But what does your Lordship mean by its giving us but *a few modern words* for *ancient Sense?* If by *Sense* (as I suspect) you mean *words (a mistake not unusual)*, I must do the Dictionary the justice to say, that it gives us *just as many modern words as ancient ones.* Indeed, my Lord, you have more need to complain of a bad Grammar than of a dull Dictionary.

Doctor *Freind*, I dare answer for him, never taught you to talk

> of Sapphic, Lyric, and Iambic odes.

Your Lordship might as well bid your present Tutor, your Taylor, make you a *Coat, Suit of Cloaths*, and *Breeches:* for you must have forgot your Logic, as well as Grammar, not to know, that Sapphic and Iam-

[8] See some Treatises printed in the Appendix to the Craftsman, about that time.

[9] Yet we have seen many of these *extravagant* Dictionaries, and are likely to see many more, in an age so abounding in science, that the ordinary vehicles of it being insufficient to distribute it abroad, recourse is had to this extraordinary method of conveyance. W.

bic are both included in Lyric; that being the *Genus*, and those the *Species*.

> For all cannot *invent* who can *translate*,
> No more than those who *cloath* us, can *create*.

Here your Lordship seems in labour for a meaning. Is it that you would have Translations, *Originals?* for it is the common opinion, that the *business* of a Translator is to *translate*, and not to *invent*; and of a Taylor to *cloath*, and not to *create*. But why should you, my Lord, of all mankind, abuse a Taylor? not to say *blaspheme* him; if he can (as some think) at least go halves with God Almighty in the formation of a *Beau*. Might not Dr. *Sherwin* rebuke you for this, and bid you *Remember your* Creator *in the days of your youth?*

From a *Taylor*, your Lordship proceeds (by a beautiful gradation) to a *Silkman*.

> Thus *P—pe* we find
> The gaudy *Hinchcliff* of a beauteous mind.

Here too is some ambiguity. Does your Lordship use *Hinchcliff* as a *proper name?* or, as the Ladies say, a *Hinchcliff* or a *Colmar*, for a *Silk* or a *Fan?* I will venture to affirm, no Critic can have a perfect taste of your Lordship's works, who does not understand both your *Male Phrase* and your *Female Phrase*.

Your Lordship, to finish your Climax, advances up to a *Hatter*; a Mechanic, whose Employment, you inform us, is not (as was generally imagined) to *cover people's heads*, but to *dress their brains*[1]. A most useful Mechanic indeed! I cannot help wishing to have

[1] For this Mechanic's like the Hatter's pains,
Are but for dressing other people's brains.

been one, for some people's sake.—But this too may be only another *Lady-Phrase:* Your Lordship and the Ladies may take a *Head-dress* for a *Head*, and understand, that to *adorn the Head* is the same thing as to *dress the Brains.*

Upon the whole, I may thank your Lordship for this high Panegyric: For if I have but *dressed* up *Homer*, as your *Taylor, Silkman*, and *Hatter, have equipped your Lordship*, I must be owned to have dressed him *marvellously indeed*, and no wonder if he is *admired by the Ladies*[2].

After all, my Lord, I really wish you would learn your *Grammar*. What if you put yourself awhile under the Tuition of your Friend *W——m?* May not I with all respect say to you, what was said to *another Noble Poet* by Mr. Cowley, *Pray, Mr.* Howard[3], *if you did read your* Grammar, *what harm would it do you?* You yourself wish all Lords would *learn to write*[4]; though I do not see of what use it could be, if their whole business is to *give their Votes*[5]: It could only be serviceable in *signing their Protests.* Yet surely this small portion of learning might be indulged to your Lordship, without any Breach of that *Privilege*[6] you so generously assert to all those of your rank, or too great an Infringement of that *Right*[7]

[2] by Girls admir'd. P. 6.

[3] The Honourable Mr. Edward Howard, celebrated for his poetry.

[4] And when you see me fairly write my name,
For England's sake wish all Lords did the same.

[5] —All our bus'ness is to dress and vote. P. 4.

[6] The want of brains. Ibid.

[7] To be fools. Ibid.

which you claim as *Hereditary*, and for which, no doubt, your Noble Father will thank you. Surely, my Lord, no Man was ever so bent upon depreciating himself!

All your Readers have observed the following Lines:

> How oft we hear some Witling pert and dull,
> By fashion Coxcomb, and by nature Fool,
> With hackney Maxims, in dogmatic strain,
> Scoffing Religion and the Marriage chain?
> Then from his Common-place-book he repeats,
> The Lawyers all are rogues, and Parsons cheats,
> That Vice and Virtue's but a jest,
> And all Morality Deceit well-drest;
> That Life itself is like a wrangling game, &c.

The whole Town and Court (my good Lord) have heard *this Witling;* who is so much every body's acquaintance but his own, that I will engage *they all name* the *same Person.* But to hear *you* say, that this is only——*of whipt Cream* a *frothy Store,* is a sufficient proof, that never mortal was endued with so humble an opinion both of himself and his own Wit, as your Lordship: For, I do assure you, these are by much the best Verses in your whole Poem.

How unhappy is it for me, that a Person of your Lordship's *Modesty* and *Virtue,* who manifests so tender a regard to *Religion, Matrimony,* and *Morality;* who, though an ornament to the Court, cultivate an exemplary Correspondence with the *Clergy;* nay, who disdain not charitably to converse with, and even assist, some of the very worst of Writers (so far as to cast a few *Conceits,* or drop a few *Antitheses,* even among the *Dear Joys* of the *Courant*); that you, I

say, should look upon Me alone as reprobate and unamendable? Reflect what *I was*, and what *I am*. I am even *annihilated* by your anger: For in these Verses you have robbed me of *all power to think*[8], and, in your others, of the very *name* of a *Man!* Nay, to shew that this is wholly your own doing, you have told us that before I wrote my *last Epistles*, (that is, before I unluckily mentioned *Fanny* and *Adonis*, whom, I protest, I knew not to be your Lordship's Relations), *I might have lived and died in glory*[9].

What would I not do to be well with your Lordship? Though, you observe, I am a mere *Imitator* of *Homer*, *Horace*, *Boileau*, *Garth*, &c. (which I have the less cause to be ashamed of, since they were *Imitators of one another*), yet what if I should solemnly engage never to imitate *your* Lordship? May it not be one step towards an accommodation, that while you remark my *Ignorance in Greek*, you are so good as to say, you have *forgot your own?* What if I should confess I translated from *D'Acier?* That surely could not but oblige your Lordship, who are known to prefer *French* to all the learned languages. But allowing that in the space of *twelve years* acquaintance with *Homer*, I might unhappily contract as much *Greek* as your Lordship did in *Two* at the University, why may not I forget it again as happily?

Till such a reconciliation take effect, I have but one thing to entreat of your Lordship. It is, that

[8] P—e, who ne'er cou'd think. P. 7.

[9] In glory then he might have liv'd and died. Ibid.

you will not decide of my *Principles* on the same grounds as you have done of my *Learning:* Nor give the same account of my *Want of Grace*, after you have lost all acquaintance with my *Person*, as you do of my *Want of Greek*, after you have confessedly lost all acquaintance with the *Language*. You are too generous, my Lord, to follow the *Gentlemen* of the *Dunciad* quite so far, as to seek my *utter Perdition;* as *Nero* once did *Lucan's*, merely for presuming to be a *Poet*, while one of so much greater quality was a *Writer*. I therefore make this humble request to your Lordship, that the next time you please *to write of me, speak of me*, or even *whisper of me*[1], you will recollect it is full *eight Years* since I had the honour of *any conversation* or *correspondence* with your Lordship, except *just half an hour* in a Lady's Lodgings at Court, and then I had the happiness of her being present all the time. It would therefore be difficult even for your Lordship's penetration to tell, to what, or from what *Principles, Parties*, or *Sentiments*, Moral, Political, or Theological, I may have been converted, or perverted, in all that time. I beseech your Lordship to consider the injury a Man of your *high Rank* and *Credit* may do to a *private Person*, under *Penal Laws* and many other disadvantages, not for want of *honesty* or *conscience*, but merely perhaps for having too *weak a head*, or too *tender a heart*[2]. It is by *these alone* I have hitherto lived excluded from all

[1] "The *whisper*, that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sov'reign's ear."
Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot.

[2] See Letters to Bishop Atterbury, Lett. iv.

posts of *Profit* or *Trust:* As I can interfere with the *Views* of *no man*, do not deny me, my Lord, *all that is left*, a little *Praise*, or the common Encouragement due, if not to my *Genius*, at least to my *Industry*.

Above all, your Lordship will be careful not to wrong my *Moral Character* with THOSE[3] under whose *Protection* I live, and through whose *Lenity* alone I can live with Comfort. Your Lordship, I am confident, upon consideration, will think, you inadvertently went a little *too far* when you recommended to THEIR perusal, and strengthened by the weight of your Approbation, a *Libel*, mean in its reflections upon my poor *figure*, and scandalous in those on my *Honour* and *Integrity:* wherein I was represented as "*an Enemy* to Human Race, a *Murderer* of Reputations, and a *Monster* marked by God like *Cain*, deserving to wander accursed through the world."

A strange Picture of a Man, who had the good fortune to enjoy many friends, who will be always remembered as the first ornaments of their Age and Country; and no Enemies that ever contrived to be heard of, except Mr. *John Dennis*, and your Lordship: A Man, who never wrote a line in which the *Religion* or *Government* of his Country, the *Royal Family*, or their *Ministry*, were disrespectfully mentioned; the Animosity of any one Party gratify'd at the expence of another; or any Censure past, but upon *known Vice*, *acknowledged Folly*, or *aggressing Impertinence*. It is with infinite pleasure he finds,

[3] The K. and Q.

that *some Men*, who seem *ashamed* and *afraid* of *nothing else*, are so very sensible of *his Ridicule:* And it is for that very reason he resolves (by the grace of God, and your Lordship's good leave)

> That while he breathes, no rich or noble knave
> Shall walk the world in credit to his grave.

This, he thinks, is rendering the best Service he can to the Public, and even to the good Government of his Country; and for this, at least, he may deserve some Countenance, even from the GREATEST PERSONS in it. Your Lordship knows OF WHOM I speak. Their NAMES I shall be as sorry, and as much ashamed to place near *yours*, on such an occasion, as I should be to see *You*, my Lord, placed so near *their* PERSONS, if you could ever make so ill an Use of their Ear[4] as to asperse or misrepresent any innocent man.

This is all I shall ever ask of your Lordship, except your pardon for this tedious Letter[5]. I have the honour to be, with equal *Respect* and *Concern*,

My Lord,

Your truly devoted Servant,

A. POPE.

[4] "Close at the ear of Eve." Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot.

[5] The whole is so severe that we may say,

> Impressit memorem dente labris notam.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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